FOREST AND STREAM.

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For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page v.

The Forest and Stream will shortly remove to new offices in the New York Life Building, No. 346 Broadway, entrance on Leonard Street.

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THE COWBOY.

A MAN who has punched cows himself becomes after a while a little tired of hearing and reading that all cow punchers are drunken villains, and feels like saying something in defense of this class of outdoor livers. They themselves are not much given to writing, for their hands are more accustomed to the rope and the latigo than to the pen; but even if they were practiced writers, it may be doubted if they would take up arms for the class to which they belong.

To the plains of civilized days the cow puncher is just what the Indian and the old-time hunter were to the prairies of buffalo times. They hunted the brown wild cattle that dotted these rolling uplands; he follows their domestic successors. They spent their lives on horseback and were always moving from place to place; he too is most at home in the saddle and is a true nomad. They had their own country, beyond which they seldom traveled except on certain special occasions; he also has his own range. Like them, and for the same reason—because his life is spent in the open air and in close communion with nature—he is in many ways simple and childlike and true. Like them, and for the same reason—because his life is spent away from the confining influences of civilization—he often lacks self-control and easily falls into temptation.

No life is harder than that of the cowboy, and men of no class do their work more faithfully than these. For poor pay they ride long and hard, conscientiously looking after the interests of their employers, and facing unflinchingly the bitterest weather and the sternest hardships. Often in the saddle from daylight till dark, and in addition to this standing night herd, they are hard worked beyond most men, and as a rule their service is not a long one. Many are crippled by accident or exposure, but even if this does not happen, the work is too hard for men of mature years, and most cowboys are either boys indeed or very young men.

The cow puncher of to-day differs in many ways from his brother of twenty years ago and this difference is the natural sequence of the spread of the settlements westward and of the restraining influences of an increased population. When the old-time cowboy came into town with a drive he was likely to promptly fill himself with whisky and then to seek diversion by taking the town and holding it until he fell asleep or was himself taken by a deputy sheriff. This law officer the cowboy looked on as his natural enemy, and if the two types came to blows—or shots—a funeral often followed. If occasion arose for such a gathering it was sometimes preceded by another assemblage when the friends of the dead man constituted themselves a vigilance committee—locally known as "stretchers"—and hung the surviving combatant to a telegraph pole, a bridge trestle or a box car.

The cow puncher of 1896 is different. He is just as faithful to his employer, rides just as hard and as long, and faces wind and weather, hunger and fatigue, with the same steadfast endurance, but he is less picturesque. He wears smaller spurs; his hat band, instead of being a strip of fur, a snake skin, or of silver, is a plain leather strap. His saddle is less highly ornamented. He does not wear such expensive shaps. Besides, he no longer regards himself as the most important being in the country. He remembers that others besides himself have rights and privileges which must be respected. He no longer takes towns, and the "stretchers" no longer suspend him in return.

By his lack of self-control and the liberty he allowed himself the cow puncher of old times gained for himself a bad name which still clings to the calling. He was a sort of land sailor, who got drunk whenever he came to town, just as his prototype of the sea got drunk when he reached port. When drunk he was hard to manage—a tough customer. The cow puncher of to-day is a mild-mannered man, well-intentioned and a good citizen. He is as full of strange oaths and odd turns of speech as his predecessor of twenty years ago, is quite as good-natured and as hospitable, but he is less selfish and more regardful of others. Civilization has had its effect on him.

Yet, just as to-day you will sometimes in riding the range see an old broad-horned steer of the true old-fashioned Texas type, so sometimes you may come upon a cowboy of the old type—one who, being by nature a ruffian, models his conduct after that of the cowboys that he has read of, and strives to live up to the standard which he has set for himself. Happily such examples are seldom seen now, and the cow puncher of our day is a pleasant, light-hearted fellow, with whom anyone might be glad to camp.

SNAP SHOTS.

It is a decided pleasure to record that Utah has come to the front with a law forbidding entirely the export of game. As we have repeatedly pointed out, the United States Supreme Court decision in the Connecticut case is an indication of the nature of effective game protective legislation for which we should work in every State. Whatever question there may have been in the past respecting the complete jurisdiction of Utah over its own game, this was fully settled for all time when the Supreme Court handed down its determination of the Geer case. We trust that we may record similar action elsewhere until the game of the continent shall be confined within its own State limits.

A non-export bill was not approved by the New Jersey Legislature. One law enacted, however, which was in itself of sufficient merit to counterbalance many failures of legislation in other respects, was the one to abolish the charter of the West Jersey Game Protective Society. This peculiar institution has been described by us more than once. It was a private corporation to which the State delegated authority to make public laws binding upon non-residents shooting or fishing in the lower counties. Such delegation of legislative power was an extraordinary instance of how not to do it, and we have frequently stated our belief that if tested in the higher courts the statute would be thrown out as unconstitutional. The purpose of the society was ostensibly to protect the game of New Jersey against the inroads of shooters from abroad, but as a matter of fact the membership of 640 was composed almost entirely of residents of other States. Thus we had the spectacle of the game and fish of New Jersey controlled not only by private individuals, but by individuals who were not even citizens of the State.

The New Jersey Legislature also passed the Stokes bill providing for the appointment of county game commissioners and the imposition of a license upon non-resident shooters. At the time of going to press this bill is in the Governor's hands; we can hardly believe that it will be permitted to become a law.

The appointment of Col. Henry H. Lyman to be the Excise Commissioner of New York removes from the Fisheries Commission one of its most active and efficient members. Col. Lyman has made a good record on the Commission and has contributed much to its efficiency.

The most important subject of consideration at the meeting of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association in Philadelphia last week was the scheme of organizing a federation of fish protective clubs throughout the State. The Pennsylvania Association itself has been widely influential in the past, and to its watchfulness and activity the citizens of the State to-day owe a debt of gratitude for the conservation of their fish supply; but at the best an individual association must fail of exerting influence against all the contending and conflicting agencies which conspire at Harrisburg to defeat right legislation and to further the private and selfish interests of those who are intent upon getting all the fish they can now without regard to the future or to those who are to come after. There is abundant material in Pennsylvania, if combined and directed with the momentum of a single body, to have weight with the Legislature and to mould public opinion. Secretary M. G. Sellers, of the Association, has long been interested in the federation project, and he tells us that the plan will now be taken up in earnest and pushed to a successful conclusion.

Bear Chief and his party left New York on Tuesday night of last week, and by this time they are home again on the Blackfoot Reservation in Montana. The coming to New York was an eventful excursion, and if we could write down Bear Chief's impressions of what he saw from the time he left the reservation until his return, what a volume it would make. It is needless to say that every moment of the time in New York was improved in seeing the strange and wonderful sights of this "place of many houses." It will be an abiding satisfaction that our representative Native American Hunter was a man of such worth and bore himself with such never-failing dignity and good breeding throughout the trying ordeal of his visit to this city.

The FOREST AND STREAM will very shortly remove to new and handsome offices in the New York Life Building, No. 346 Broadway, corner of Leonard street. This is two blocks north of the present location. The offices will be on the eighth floor, reached by the elevator at the Leonard street entrance.

We invite the careful attention of our readers in Missouri to the paper in another column describing the condition of fishing in their waters to-day. The state of affairs may be summed up in the one word, ruin. The contributing agencies are such that no one class of fishermen, professional or amateur, may point the finger of blame at the other. All alike, whether they fish for market or for the sake of fishing, have done and are doing their share to ruin the supply once so plentiful.

The dynamiter and the fingerling netter for market contest in the indecent scrimmage with the braggart who fishes for count, and between the two desolation ensues. What Missouri stands in need of is education in fishery economics; it would require only a comprehension of the very simplest rudiments of the subject to make sure an end of the market fishing and the score fishing. If the present rate of destruction shall hold good much longer there will be left no fish supply worth worrying about.

Note also that Utah forbids for three years the sale of trout. Thus the youngest State in the Union is giving points to the older commonwealths.

A tragedy was enacted in the National Zoölogical Park in Washington last Saturday, when the veteran of the buffalo bulls herded there provoked a younger rival to conflict and was done to death, not ignominiously, but after a battle-royal well worthy the survivors of a noble race. Rosa Bonheur has just painted a picture of the famous duel between the great Godolphin Arabian and Hobgoblin in 1734; and it is pronounced to be her masterpiece. Where is the American artist to paint for us as it deserves to be depicted this memorable duel between the last of the American buffalo? Rosa Bonheur's picture commemorates the victory of a progenitor who was to gain growing renown from his progeny for a century to come, but the American artist's brush would preserve an incident in the extinction of a race; and if the Frenchwoman's canvas glows with color, his well might be somber and filled with gloom.

The Sportsman Tourist.

UNCLE LISHA'S OUTING.—XVII.

A Crusoe of the Marshes.

JOSEPH HILL stretched his cramped limbs with a sense of great relief to both body and mind while he watched the scow pass out of sight around the next bend, and caught the last glimpse of Uncle Lisha's hat rising and falling with slow regularity behind the tops of the marsh growth. The clank and splash of the oars faded out of hearing, and as far as he could see or hear he was the sole human occupant of the marshes.

Now and then a duck could be heard quacking a lazy call to comrades or uttering a startled note of alarm, and occasionally the quick, pulsing whistle of passing wings, and far away on the lake the wild cry of a loon, and high overhead the petulant scream of a hawk. Close at hand there was an infrequent rustle and splash of some invisible inhabitant of the marshes, but Joseph listened intently before he could catch the faintest sound of human life, such as the rumble of a distant wagon or ox-cart, or the mellowed shout of the teamster coming to him as if from a different world from that which held his indolent environment. He was quite contented with the isolation and the quietude as he sat at ease on the soft but stable roof smoking his pipe and patiently waiting for something to come and be killed.

Presently a huge pickerel appeared like an apparition in the dooryard of the muskrat, his cruel eyes and mottled sides shining with a magnified gleam through the clear, still water that barely covered his dorsal fin. Joseph had a mountaineer's admiration for this species, and deemed such a specimen a worthy trophy. His heart almost stood still as he realized the opportunity for securing such a noble prize. He made a cautious movement to bring his gun to bear upon it, but the wary fish detected it and dashed away with a sudden surge that tore the smooth surface into boiling eddies. Joseph dodged as if a blow had been struck him and gasped his disappointment.

"Gosh darn the luck! Wa'n't he a wolloper, though! Wal, tho' hain't no feathers on him, anyway!"

Comforting himself with this qualified consolation he set to patient waiting again, with some hope that his recent visitor might return. The last ripple subsided and the schools of minnows, recovered from their fright, began to dart back into the restored quiet of the pool, when its surface was moved by the sluggish undulation of an under wake, then silently broken as a muskrat's head appeared, regarding the strange occupant of its abode with a grim curiosity that would have been alarming if exhibited by a larger animal. The creature remained quite motionless, while Joseph with the utmost caution raised his gun to a deadly aim, and at such short range that it occurred to him, as his finger tightened on the trigger, that the furry skin would be riddled into worthlessness and he had no desire for wanton destruction.

"I shall blow ye all tu flinders, I know I shall," he whispered to himself as his finger relaxed. His left foot was drawn well under him, his arm resting across his bent knee and supporting the long gun barrel. "If he'd swim off jes' a leetle mite furder," he soliloquized as he looked straight into the fierce deep-set little eyes, "it seems jes' 's 'ough I might."

Suddenly his heel slipped down the sloping wall, the gun barrel as suddenly descended and the muskrat dived with a splash like the plunge of a 10lb. shot. It is said that the scream of a panther and the plunge of a muskrat will startle the steadiest and most accustomed nerves as often as heard or seen, and Joseph jumped as if he had suffered the double shock.

"Gosh, all Connecticut!" he ejaculated, gasping as if he himself had been plunged in the cold water. "Why don't ye scare a feller aouten his boots! I snum, I most wish I'd ha' let ye hev, an' spottered ye all over the ma'sh, seems 's 'ough I did, a'most."

Gradually he recovered his equanimity and now gave his attention to feathered game; but though he lay close on the back side of the house, hoping that some passing flock or single bird might chance to alight in the channel within gunshot, all such espied him and veered off with swifter flight or climbed higher above him, giving his poor ambuscade a wide berth. Only once a flock of teal, following the channel in low flight as if it was a path, flashed past him, slanting lower with set wings to alight, but dropped out of sight beyond the next bend before he heard the fluttering splash that told of their descent. After a while they reappeared, swimming down stream in a devious way, circling, ducking, diving and nibbling the water, till at last they started with a sudden impulse directly toward him. His gun was leveled upon them, the muzzle gradually lowering as they drew nearer and shaken by the tumultuous beating of his heart. Now they were almost within certain range, and his finger began to press the hard trigger and his teeth were set in expectation of the inevitable recoil, when all at once they became suspicious of the singular appearance of an old felt hat showing above the top of a muskrat house, and with one accord sprang to flight and vanished like wind-blown smoke.

"Wal, it does beat Sam Hill what tarnal luck I du hev right stret along this hul endurin' day! But them wa'n't nothin' but leetle pindlin' teal. I b'lieve the' wa'n't; not much meat on 'em, an' the feathers mere nothin'! But I swan, I wish I'd ha' got 'em!"

Half an hour passed, and he was drowsy with lying in the warm sunshine, when he was aroused by a stir of the rushes close by the nearest muskrat house, and then saw a large dusky gray duck swim out of the weeds and climb boldly and deliberately to its top. The slow upward movement of Joseph's gun was arrested by the thought that this could not be a wild duck, and he congratulated himself that he had not obeyed his first impulse.

"It's a dumb putty idee, folks a-lettin' the' poultry run loose, hither an' yon, an' then make folks pay for 'em when they git shot accidental." Then Joseph addressed the duck aloud: "Do ye know 'at you come almighty nigh a-gittin' shot, you ol' fool?"

The bird stood bolt upright and stretched its neck to the utmost, and Joseph clambering to the top of the house swung his hat and shouted lustily:

"G'long home, you ol' fool, 'fore someb'dy shoots ye! Shew!"

The duck squatted and sprang into the air with rapid wing-beats, uttering discordant quacks of terror, and shrank to a wavering speck in the distance, while Joseph gaped at the vanishing form in blank and speechless amazement.

"The very ol' scratch is in everything!" he said at last, and sat down, laying his gun aside as if he had no further use for it. "Dumbed if I try tu shoot anything, an' I wish't Uncle Lisher 'd come along back."

He took his luncheon from his pocket and ate it slowly, more to pass away the time than to appease hunger. The droughtiness of the repast was aggravated by the abundance of unpalatable water that surrounded him, clear and bright to the eye, but saturated with rank-flavored weeds and nauseous to a mountaineer's palate accustomed to draughts from ice-cold springs. The channel was ruffled by the light northerly breeze, and as he watched the swift ripples continually flickering past it seemed as if he on the artificial islet was being carried as rapidly in the opposite direction by the current. At times slight tremors were imparted to the house by some violent movement of its inmates, and this added to the impression of its instability till Joseph's head swam, and he could not convince himself that he was not afloat, though his relative position to surrounding objects remained unchanged.

"I don't see why in Sam Hill Uncle Lisher don't come along! Wonder 't he's hired his board up there? I know this 'ere haouse hain't floatin' off, but it seems jes' 's 'ough it was, an' I do' know but what them tormented mushrats is undermindin' on't, an' 'll let me daown kerswash fust I know! Shew! Ye plaguey leetle torments, scat!" he shouted as he pounded the side of the house with fists and heels.

So passed an hour of discomfort and apprehension, relieved at last by the welcome sound of an approaching boat, which he doubted not was the long expected craft of Uncle Lisha. But when with provoking slowness it appeared around the bend, he saw an unfamiliar figure stooping and rising to the deliberate strokes of the oars, that, though wielded with the skill of an experienced oarsman, shrieked and clanked in doleful discord in their unlubricated swivels. Two short fishpoles protruded from either side and the fisherman, who wore a black felt hat and a red-backed waistcoat, now and then ceased rowing to overhaul his lines, and once to boat a big pickerel that Joseph could hear threshing the boat's bottom to the accompaniment of the shrieking swivels when their music was resumed.

Joseph had an impression that he had seen the ancient hat and red-backed waistcoat before, and when the boat passed him and its occupant's profile was revealed, he recognized the stolid features of Uncle Tyler, with whom he had had a brief acquaintance during a previous voyage on these waters. Remembering the old man's deafness he hailed him lustily, but the unconscious face gave no sign and the regular rise and fall of the oars was uninterrupted. Joseph drew in a great double lung full of air and let it out in a hail that would have done credit to Uncle Lisha himself; but if the old fisherman heard it, he mistook the direction from which it came, for he turned his head the other way.

"Hello there!" Joseph repeated, "come he-ere! Help! murder! fi-er."

But Uncle Tyler did not become aware of him till he had rowed quite past, and saw him prancing about on the narrow footing of the muskrat house and frantically swinging his hat.

"Was you a-speakin' tu me?" he bawled in an unmodulated tone as he ceased rowing. "What ye want? What ye duin' on top o' that 'ere mushrat haouse? Where's your bwut?"

"Hain't got no boat! Come back here an' git me!"

"No, I hain't got no terbarker. Sent up tu the store by a feller tu git me some last night, but he forgot it. Smoked my last pipeful a-comin' long daown."

"Gol dumb it, come back here an' take me int' your boat!" Joseph howled till his voice cracked. "I'll give ye all the terbarker I've got," and he beckoned with his hat, reinforcing the signal by waving a blue paper of Lorillard's long cut. This had the desired effect upon the old man's comprehension, and after carefully winding in his trolling lines, he put about and ran in to Joseph, who crept eagerly but cautiously on board the scow.

"Git int' the starn there!" Uncle Tyler commanded.

"Int' the what?" Joseph asked at the top of his voice.

"Int' the starn! the starn!" Uncle Tyler repeated as loudly, indicating the direction with all the fingers of one hand.

"Starn?" Joseph repeated, still unenlightened, as he crouched on hands and knees beside the ancient mariner and shouted in his ear, while he scanned the after part of the scow with a puzzled face. "I don't seem tu see nothin'. Guess you forgot tu fetch it, didn't ye?"

"Good land o' massy! You do' know no more 'baout a bwut 'an a hen!" Uncle Tyler declared in disgust. "Go an' set daown in that 'ere seat. That 'ere's the starn an' t'other eend's the bow, an' this 'ere's 'midships. There, sed daown an' gin me that terbarker."

Joseph obeyed the last command first and crept to his designated place, steadying himself with a hand on either gunwale as he picked careful footsteps among seven or eight large pickerel that lay dead or at the last gasp on the slippery floor. These he had time to admire while Uncle Tyler leisurely filled and lighted his pipe, remarking as he did so:

"I sent up tu the store for some terbarker las' night by a feller, but he forgot it."

"You are some nigher gittin' on 't 'an you was four, five year ago," said Joseph. "If you don't disremember you forgot tu send for it then. I shouldn't wonder but what like 'nough you'd git ye some in four, five year more." But the old man chose not to hear hear him till he asked in no louder voice, "Why didn't ye stop the boat when I hollered fust?"

"Did ye holler afore? Wal, naow, I hear'd suthin', but I reckoned 't wasn't nothin' but Larkin's bull a-bellerin'. I wa'n't a-lookin' for nobody rwustin' on a mushrat haousen. Haow come ye here anyway?"

"I got left here," Joseph shouted.

"Deaf in yer left ear? Can't ye hear me? Turrible disagreeable tu be deaf, I s'pose, most ev'ybody speaks so low naow-er-days. I ast ye haow ye come here—on this mushrat haouse? Onderstand?"

"Come in a boat! Got on here tu shoot ducks!"

"Ooh, tu shoot ducks," said Uncle Tyler, backing his scow into the channel. "Yes, yes, 'spected tu find ducks in a muskrat haouse! Wal, wal, that's a cur'us idee."

The old man gave way to an expression of mirth which was like the laughter of a ghost, being without sound. Having got his boat and his pipe well a-going, Uncle Tyler was enabled to observe his passenger more closely, when a gleam of recognition lighted up his stolid face.

"Good land o' massy!" he mumbled, trying to speak with the pipe wabbling between his gums and then letting the oars trail that he might remove it for freer speech. "I b'lieve I've seen you afore! Wa'n't you daown here afore, last year or year afore, or some'er's along there, you an' another feller 'at didn't know no more'n you du 'baout a bwut, gi'n me a polt top o' the head wi' an oar, hain't you one on 'em?" He took off his hat and searched for the exact spot on his bald pate as if to establish evidence or refresh his memory.

"Yes, I b'lieve I was one o' the ones," said Joseph, and proceeded to give a loud and brief account of himself and friends, to which the old man, as he plied the oars, listened as well as he could with his pipe preventing the opening of his mouth, which he apparently depended upon as much as his ears as an organ of hearing. When Joseph concluded with the relation of his latest adventure his auditor fell into another silently boisterous laughter, which brought on a violent fit of coughing, and after that he recovered speech.

"O, good land o' massy! You must be sick for tu think ducks 'ould come tu ye settin' right in plain sight. Wal, wal, you must be sick! I'll tell ye haow tu shoot ducks if ye won't tell nobody. You jest take an' shove a slab way aout int' the aidge o' the ma'sh an' sprinkle a mess o' oats onto 't, an' you fix ye up a bough haouse so 't you can rake it eend ways, an' bimeby when the ducks diskiver the bait and git wonted they'll come there reg'lar to feed, an' then you lay low fer 'em airly in the mornin'. Mebby you'll ketch a hull slabful on 'em a feedin' tu oncte an' then, sir, you c'n rip up the hull magazine. That's the way tu shoot ducks! You c'n git 'em that way! Any lunkhead can! Naow you take an' let aout one o' them trollin' lines an' ketch a pickerel. You do' know 's you can? Wal, any dumb fool can heng a holt of a pole an' yarn in a fish arter he's ketched hisself. I guess you can, an' you'd orter git a good one a-goin' by the Saouth Slang."

Joseph was diffident, but otherwise not loath to accept a chance of redeeming his ill luck, and awkwardly paid out one of the clumsy lines while his skilled companion handily got the other to its work, though his attention was also given to keeping the boat moving in its proper course, his pipe in blast and a critical oversight of Joseph's management of the tackle.

"I do' know exackly," the latter shouted, bringing his mouth to bear on the other, after some intent moments of watching his line, "but it most seems 's 'ough I druther ketch a whoppin' big pickerel 'an tu shoot a duck, seems 's 'ough I druther, tu-day."

"Wal, like 'nough you'll git you're druther," Uncle Tyler responded, and sure enough when his lure was trailing past the mouth of the South Slang it was arrested by a sullen, vicious pull that made the stout pole bend like a drawn bow and brought Joseph's heart into his throat at one leap. Remembering the lesson of a former year, he drew the top of the pole forward till he could lay hold of the line and then hauled it in hand over hand. Then amid a conflict of hopes and fears he saw a monster pickerel coming toward the boat with jaws as wide open as if he had an intention of swallowing it and the crew. Good fortune and a stout line and hook combined to favor Joseph in getting the fish on board in spite of flustered awkwardness, and he was fairly faint with pride and thankfulness when he saw his prize at his feet threshing the bottom of the boat and snapping the wide jaws, toothed as cruelly as a wolf trap. In the midst of his excitement he did not notice that Uncle Tyler had quit rowing and was calmly hauling in his own strained line till, with an easy motion, the old man lifted a fish as big as his own into the boat, remarking as he did so,

"That's the way tu ketch a pickerel!"

Thence to the landing at the willows the voyage was occasionally enlivened by the capture of a fish, and arriving there, Joseph offered the hospitalities of the camp to his rescuer, unlimited tobacco and such victuals as the place afforded in the absence of the cook.

In consideration of their mutual obligations, they became very friendly and conversed so constantly and loudly that the arrival of Uncle Lisha's boat was unheard, as was his no less noisy ascent of the path, slipping, stumbling and puffing asthmatically.

"Good airth an' seas! Be you here, Joseff? I snum, I never was tickleder tu see a man in this livin' airth. Why in time didn't ye stay where you was till I come? What d' ye wanter git on there for anyway?"

With alternate expressions of mirth, vexation and rejoicing over his safe return, he listened to Joseph's relation of the adventures of his exile, which Joseph ended with a solemn declaration that he would never again under any circumstances embark in any craft smaller than a canal boat, no matter how he might be tempted by fish or fowl.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

"A Looted Audubon."

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see in this week's number of FOREST AND STREAM some correspondence about "Audubon's Birds of America," taken from a house on the line of Sherman's march.

If there is to be any restoration of property "appropriated" during the war, the writer would like to come in for his share. He can furnish a list of some 350 volumes and about fifty other articles of household use and adornment that were taken from his house at New Berne, N. C., after that city was captured by Gen. Burnside, and sent to their homes by the officers occupying the house, although previous to such taking the colonel commanding was informed that the property belonged to a loyal clergyman who had been forced to abandon it and go North on account of his loyalty to the United States Government, and the colonel promised to protect it.

The writer can give the number of the Massachusetts regiment and the names of the officers who occupied the house when the books and articles were taken. Gen. Burnside promised to pay for them—and stop the amount out of the officers' pay on the next pay-day; but before that day came the regiment had been sent to reinforce Gen. McClellan at the time of his "change of base," and when that movement was completed the officers of the regiment were entirely changed, and could not justly be made to pay for the sins of their predecessors, and therefore the writer was not reimbursed.

WALTON.

THE READING OF THE ROBE.

OVER the willow frame of the sweat lodge in the FOREST AND STREAM Indian camp was spread a robe whose inner surface was covered with strange figures, specimens of Indian drawing. This was the life-history of Bear Chief expressed after the fashion of his people. Crude though the drawings were, they were plain to him and his people. He valued this war record as a white chief does the sweet praise of the artist and the printing press. So graphic, though rude, were some of the pictures upon the skin, that persons leaning over the railing could catch an occasional glimpse of their meaning. Persons within the railing could catch more of it and could question about it. Bear Chief would point with pride to such and such a drawing, and utter words which none but the interpreter could understand. Yet the more he pointed, the more the interest in the story robe grew. At length it was thought well that Bear Chief should tell aloud his history to some of the newspaper men who wished to learn about him, and a time was set for this event. The robe was spread down upon the floor near the lodge, and Bear Chief began to talk to a dozen or so representatives of the New York dailies. In a few moments the crowd pushed over the railings, and it was impossible to continue the reading of the robe. At the suggestion of Mr. Crane, therefore, the party took the robe up to the press rooms, and there, behind closed doors, to an audience of less than a score, occurred one of the most impressive scenes of the week.

Bear Chief was in full Indian costume. His shirt and leggings were of fringed and beaded buckskin. The fur of the ermine hung in long streamers on his breast. His sleeves and leggings were fringed with long, soft, black hair—too soft for the hair of horse—in short, hair from the scalps of his enemies, taken in the days of war. Bear Chief stood at the edge of the robe, pointing with an old buffalo bow which he held in his right hand, the interpreter, Schultze, being near at his left. At no time was Bear Chief's face more dignified and lofty than at this moment, as he stood erect and looked on the circle of faces about him. The ways of the Indian are not as ours. To him this was an invitation to a council. These men about him were chiefs, who had asked to hear him speak. To these he was to tell of his record as a warrior. He was to recount his coups. To him the occasion was one of dignity and importance to be met with deliberation.

Bear Chief began his story by pointing to a picture of three sleeping persons. "This was my first war trail," said he. "I was then 17 years of age. I went to war. We killed these three persons (Assinaboines) at night, and I took a horse.

"The next season," he continued, pointing to another drawing, "I went against the Sioux. This is I (putting his bow upon one figure). I had resolved to make a coup or die, but I had bad luck. The Sioux took me prisoner. I shot at one man, but missed him, and this man wanted to kill me. They took me to the tipi of Sitting Bull, and Sitting Bull it was who set me free. He said, 'You go with a whole skin because I am fighting the whites (this was about 1874 or 1875), and I want you to tell your people to join me in this fight.'

"At another time," continued Bear Chief, in the indefinite way of his kind, "I went against the Yanktonais Sioux. Our party met the Sioux coming up to fight. There was one warrior who seemed to be their bravest man. I killed him. I was glad.

"Another season I went against the Assinaboines again, and met them. One man was a coward. I went up to him and took his gun away from him and killed him with his own gun.

"Another season I went against the Crees. I did not do very much (this perhaps in irony), but I managed to kill one man by shooting him through the head.

"Another time a party which I was leading surprised a bivouac of Sioux who were not expecting attack. We killed six men and took thirty-seven horses.

"Another season I went to war. I found a Cree village and here the people were afraid, so they had their horses tied near the lodge doors. I was leading away a horse when a man came out. I shot and killed him as he came out of the lodge.

"Another time I found another village where they had their horses tied. I took a good horse and was trying to ride away silently, but a chief heard me. He ran out and caught me by the hair and tried to pull me off the horse. I pulled my pistol out then and shot him in the heart. As I rode away I shouted, 'You Sioux are no good. We Blackfeet are always too much for you.' I did not think that man or his people would understand, but I shouted this out anyway.

"Another season I went against the Crows. One man ran away and I followed him on horseback, and killed him with arrows as I rode.

"Another time I went south, to the Gros Ventre country, and we met a party of those people coming up to fight us. I followed one man, but he was a coward and would not fight, so I would not shoot him. I rode up and sprang on his horse behind him and killed him with my knife."

By the time Bear Chief had advanced thus far in his narrative, over half an hour had elapsed. The daily reporters were getting uneasy, and one of them, thinking to hasten matters, abruptly asked how many men Bear Chief had killed in all. This man may be pardoned for a discourtesy committed in ignorance, yet a greater discourtesy never was committed. Bear Chief was silent. On his impassive face was an expression that plainly meant he had been offended. The interpreter at length persuaded him to tell the number of his coups. Bear Chief said that he had killed in war twenty-one men. Then he refused to talk any more, though the story of the robe was not half told. The interpreter explained that an Indian chief when thus interrupted in council while telling his war record considers himself disgraced, as though discredit had been put upon him. The most profuse apologies were made, but it was too late. He would talk no more of his coups. At length he again spoke, and rarely has one seen orator show more dignity or impressiveness.

"When the buffalo went away," said he, "I saw that we must change. The white men came, and I saw that my old road was wrong. I said I would not go again upon the war path. I resolved to follow the road of the white man. I have been following that road the best I could. I am not even with the white man yet in this road (placing one extended forefinger a little behind the other), but I do the best I know how. I am glad now to be in the white man's country, and to see these chiefs. This is all I have to say."

When the interpreter had delivered these words the impression was distinct. The rough and ready but kind-hearted boys of the press recognized the dignity of the man, though realizing the error of his conclusions in regard to themselves. They crowded about him in genuine admiration and regard, and offered explanations which it is hoped at last satisfied him that no disrespect was intended when he was interrupted. On the following days they did all their city editors would let them do. One paper (the *Press*) gave over half a page of drawings from Bear Chief's robe, and a story describing the same. From then on Bear Chief was fairly lionized in New York. During the latter days of the Exposition, after his constraint wore off and after he found himself held a personage of importance, he thawed out more and became distinctly sociable and pleasant. He was a surprise to all who met him. His powers of observation are very keen, and he sees without apparent looking, and once having seen a thing never forgets it. On the street and at the table he was polite and made no errors. It was evidently his intention not to offend anyone and to "follow the road of the white man." There are many white men less kindly, less sincere and less gentlemanly than this head man of the Piegan tribe. Our prominent men, our leading citizens—what is the record of their robe? What is the record of their successes, their sacrifices, their resolves, their fulfillments of their resolves?

Natural History.

ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been very much interested in what has been written in the FOREST AND STREAM from time to time on the question as to whether animals are possessed of intelligence. It would seem that there could be but little difference of opinion, yet there is considerable; but the opposition comes mainly from people prone to accept theological ideas, whether they conflict with fact or not.

HEAD OF MOUNTAIN GOAT
Stolen from the Sportsmen's Exposition.

In the establishment of the Christian religion as it is now understood care was taken to draw a line between intelligence and reasoning powers and instinct; for to concede intelligence to the lower order of animals was, it was held, to invest them with a degree of moral responsibility proportioned to their mental activities. This conception, however, was an offshoot of ignorance, for it implied a necessity on the part of man to explain mysteries which are of the Creator.

Man is said to possess instinct as well as intelligence. The distinction is most finely drawn, like that of the closest synonym, and it applies almost as well to animals, birds and insects as to man. The mind contains three elementary constituents: emotion, or feeling; volition, or the will; and intelligence, or thought. When we enjoy pleasure or suffer pain, we are said to feel; when we act to procure the one or avoid the other, we put forth voluntary energy; when we remember, compare, reason, our intelligence is exerted. Do not these definitions have a lower as well as higher order of application? There has been a disposition to underrate the acquired aptitudes of the inferior animals, and to refer their capability of self-preservation purely to their natural or primitive endowments. But in point of fact men and animals alike possess both instinct and acquisitions; for, although in man the preponderance is greatly in favor of the acquired, he too must start from something primordial, the basis of the other.

There has been and still is a tendency to underrate the acquired knowledge of animals, if not to ignore it altogether. It is made a matter of vulgar marvel that they should do by inborn power what human beings require an education to perform. We even attribute to them something like a superhuman inspiration, as when we speak of the bee as a geometer, of the swallow as a meteorologist, and of the beaver as an architect.

To trace the line of intelligence from the elephant to the ant, from the eagle to the gnat—for it is herein conceded to them—becomes at once an interesting study, foreign, however, to the purpose of this article. We may go further, too, with our observations, into the vegetable kingdom, in pursuit of knowledge under the head of "instinct," or some other characterization, and ask how it is that the grapevine puts out its tendrils at the proper place for clinging to trellis; the ivy its clingers in the niches of the wall; why it is that the roots of the willow and other aqua-loving trees and vines invariably put their roots toward a running stream or stagnant pool when either is near; why many things in tree and shrub are seen which seem to be manifestations of some strange activity? But of course I make no such claim for vegetation; it would be absurd to do so.

But I have no more doubt that intelligence exists with animals and birds and fishes than that it exists in man. I am not yet quite ready to believe the doctrine that because they are possessed of intelligence they are consequently possessed of souls; still I confess that it is not for man to know what may hereafter be required in return for the endowment of that something, called by whatever name, which is chief among the wonders and mysteries of nature.

A dissenter from these views must never have been afield, must never have patiently studied the subject as presented to him, not in books, but in nature's own way. To know the habits and characteristics of animals and birds and fishes is to awaken the reasoning powers to the greatest activities, to set mere theory and philosophy aside when they conflict with unquestioned fact. There is a science of religion, so too there is the science of nature, with this difference: while the former rests upon faith and investigation, the latter, especially in its relation to animals, is an open book.

The doctrine of universal animal intelligence strengthens rather than weakens the basis upon which Christianity is founded, for it broadens our ideas of the infinite wisdom of the Creator. Since, as Buffon says, "neither ambition, interest nor desire of revenge can corrupt the dog," we see that the lower animals are in some respects man's superiors; that they possess such morality as man cannot claim, giving to them a cleanliness of life such as better accords with Divine commands than is always found in the higher order of intelligence. M. Blaze has said that "the dog most undoubtedly has all the qualities of a man possessed of good feeling, while man cannot be said to have the fine qualities of the dog." This, of course, is to be read in its broad sense, as what Sir Walter Scott said should also be: "He (the dog) has a nature noble and is incapable of deceit. He has a share of man's intelligence, but no share of man's falsehood;" and as James G. Blaine said: "What is there that is more noble, generous or amiable in man which may not be found in the dog also?" As of the dog, so of almost any beast educated as the dog may be; but there are exceptions to the rule, as indicated by the qualified statement: What that is possessed of life as these that cannot be trained?

Shall we not keep abreast with the sciences and the general advancement of thought, and hold fast to the idea that animals and birds and fishes and insects and creeping things are all endowed with intelligence?

DWIGHT H. BRUCE.

SYRACUSE, March, 1896.

THE BLUEBIRD'S COMING.

NEWTONVILLE, Mass., March 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The bird flight has been in progress for a week or more and *Laus Deo!* we have bluebirds once more!

Last year I did not see or hear a single bluebird here or in any other part of the country. Last Sunday I thought I heard them in the orchard, but hardly dared believe it true. I was at much pains to verify my impression and finally caught sight of one bluebird and think I heard others. Mr. Maynard, the well-known naturalist, tells me he also has seen them and again this morning I heard them in another part of the town. This is a great cause for joy to me. I had feared it would be many a year before these dear friends of my childhood would again be abundant and I am not yet fully reassured by any means, but I feel greatly encouraged. I hope the readers of FOREST AND STREAM will report promptly in these columns all bluebird news.

The next best news is of the liberation of capercailzie and black game in the woods of New Sweden, in Maine.

I have received a very interesting and touching account of the welcome given to these birds by the Swedes of the colony and of their very great joy at the prospect of having in their new home these birds with which they have been so well acquainted at home. It is true that but a few pairs of the birds have been as yet set free in the Maine woods, but I understand that an effort will be made to import more for the same purpose, and now that the proper method has been adopted and the ridiculous attempt to stock the State by raising birds in captivity has been abandoned, we may hope for success. I hope the people of New Sweden will be able to report from time to time on the result of this last experiment.

C. H. AMES.

ITHACA, N. Y.—Notwithstanding the cold and wintry aspect of the weather the spring migrants are making their appearance. Ducks and geese were moving northward in large numbers March 22. A pair of starlings were seen the 23d. Robins and song sparrows have been numerous for the past two weeks. An occasional red-winged blackbird is seen. That aristocratic looking little chap the bluebird has thus far failed to put in an appearance. He was a rarity last year. Ruffed grouse wintered well, as did the quail supply, which consists of several good-sized bevies located in various parts of the county.

M. CHILL.

A Stolen Goat's Head.

REFERENCE was made in these columns last week to the theft of a Rocky Mountain goat's head which was taken from the exhibit of T. W. Fraine, the Rochester taxidermist, at the close of the Sportsmen's Exposition. This head was the property of Mr. J. J. Pierrepont, of Brooklyn, who had loaned it for the Exposition. Mr. Pierrepont has given us the following particulars, which in connection with the photograph shown herewith will make identification easy should the head be offered for sale: Length of head 14in., horns 11in., ears 5in.; eyes 5in. apart; glands behind horns, oval and well marked.

The accompanying illustration of the head will serve to identify it.

Captive California Vulture.

THERE was captured in the early part of the present month near Chino, in San Bernardino county, Cal., a living California vulture (*Pseudogryphus californianus*). The specimen, which is reported to be a young one, is said to have been feeding on a cow and was so gorged with food that it could not rise in the air, and was roped, tied and put in the stable of Mr. Richard Gird's ranch. It is precisely in this way that the California vulture used to be captured by the Californians in early days, before that country became a part of the United States and when these birds were extremely abundant. Of late years they have greatly diminished in numbers, for their vast size leads to their almost continual pursuit. Great numbers too have been poisoned by carcasses set out as baits for wolves, mountain lions and other wild animals.

In the press accounts of the capture of this specimen the usual embroidery is to be found. The bird is said to weigh 100lbs. and to have a spread of wings 12ft.

As a matter of fact, the California vulture is the largest, though not always the heaviest, of North American birds. Its length varies from 4 to 5ft., its spread of wings from 8 to 11ft., and its weight is from 20 to 25lbs. It thus nearly approaches the condor in size.

From the description given of the captive bird it would seem to be a young one. Mr. Gird, its present owner, has it confined and values it at $1,000.

Will English Snipe Eat Corn?

TWO weeks since the writer was spending a few days at the Princess Anne Club, twelve miles below Virginia Beach, when one of the members, who had been shooting snipe in the immediate vicinity of the club house, returned with about a dozen birds. The dog in retrieving one wounded bird pinched it severely and the gentleman noticed in taking the bird from the dog some grains protruding from the bird's craw which upon examination proved to be pop corn, there being some ten or twelve kernels which did not seem to be in the least affected or decomposed by the gastic juices. The following day he also killed another snipe from which some twelve or fifteen kernels of the pop corn exuded from its craw. This pop corn has been preserved and will be planted at the club grounds this year.

The writer, having killed hundreds of snipe, was very much surprised at the fact that a snipe would feed on corn, a diet entirely foreign to its nature, in his estimation.

Where in the South did these birds find the kernels of pop corn? The birds were wild, showing that their arrival was very recent, probably the night before they were shot. Has any one ever heard of such an instance and can any light be given on this subject?

PRINCESS ANNE.

A Deer at Sea.

BEN LEWIS and Joe Sidelinker, of Tiverton, R. I., recently started from Newport on a codfishing expedition. When about one and a half miles from Sachuest Point, R. I., the point bearing N. by E., they came across a large buck deer, apparently bound for Navesink Highlands, as he was heading in that direction and going full five miles an hour. After a hard chase Sidelinker laid him out by a blow on the head with an oar, but that it only stunned him they had abundant evidence before they secured him in the boat. They took him to Newport and finally sold him to Roger Williams Park in Providence for enough more than to compensate them for the time lost in his capture. Where did the buck come from, and where was he bound? Are deer given to ocean voyages as a rule? This one gave every evidence of being wild, and certainly for twenty miles either side of where he was captured no park deer are kept.

QUEQUECHAN.

Spring Movements of the Birds.

ASHBURNHAM, Mass., March 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The first bluebird of the season seen here appeared to-day. Five have been around the old box twittering as of old. Last year not one was seen in this or the adjoining town as far as I could learn. The pine grosbeak has been quite numerous all winter. I noticed the first flock Christmas Day. H. C. NEWELL.

BALLSTON SPA, Saratoga Co., N. Y., March 22.—At Song Sparrow's request to note when the birds arrive: I saw the first bluebird on March 19 and the first robin to-day, March 22. The weather is very cold with a foot of snow on the ground yet. They had better look out, for on March 28, 1872, they came and hundreds never went back. BLUEBIRD.

Caribou Measurements.

THE head of "The Emperor" caribou, killed at Grandfather's Lookout, White Hills, Newfoundland, Oct. 27, 1894, by Dr. S. T. Davis, Lancaster, Pa., and shown by the FOREST AND STREAM at the Sportsmen's Exposition, measured: Length of right beam from hair to tip, 42in.; length of left beam from hair to tip, 41½in.; tip to tip, 32½in.; spread, center to center, 37½in.; circumference of right beam at hair, 6in.; circumference of left beam at hair, 6½in.; points on right horn 32, points on left horn 15—47 points; breadth of right palm, 7½in.; breadth of left palm, 6½in.; circumference of entire rack, 11ft. 9in.; diameter of space occupied by rack, 4ft.

A New Man.

NEW YORK, March 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I feel that I must thank you for the benefit I have derived from the articles in your paper. At one time I used to read "dime novels" and other such literature, but your paper has made a man out of me. I now take some interest in sport, something I never did before, and I expect to have a very pleasant summer by following the good advice contained in your paper, instead of lounging around trying to find something to do.

Since your paper has taken the place of "cheap and poor" literature I am entirely changed. I now take an interest in other things besides my dress, etc.

You can credit yourself with having made a man out of a fop.

Again thanking you for what you have done for me, and wishing you everlasting success, I am gratefully,

C. C.

Game Bag and Gun.

JACK HUNTING.

BY A JACK HUNTER.

JUST at this time, when there is a hue and cry against this method of hunting, and when it looks as if our State Legislature were about to prohibit it by law, it may not be "good politics" to say anything in its favor. Practiced in early summer, in June and July, it can doubtless be made very destructive, as deer come to water much more during those months than later in the season, and the killing of a doe then means also the probable death of one or two fawns.

Take it within the present open season, after Aug. 15, and comparatively few deer will be killed by this method. By comparatively few I mean no greater percentage of the living supply than that supply will allow without permanent decrease. To have a successful night hunt several things are important, some absolutely necessary. Suppose you are hunting on a pond with from one to five miles of shore line or on a stream with perhaps ten miles. A deer coming to water is there from five to thirty minutes, seldom more than the latter, often less than the former.

The writer has, on several occasions, had deer cross the stream on which he was hunting just ahead of and also just behind his boat within plain hearing, yet come and go so quickly that he neither got sight of them nor even frightened them. With any considerable length of shore line several deer might come and go and stay in as long as they liked and yet never know that the hunter was abroad, as many a hunter can tell you who has hunted all night without even hearing a deer and yet saw plenty of fresh tracks on shore next day.

Then again the deer very soon gets "educated," and the educated deer knows his biz and don't you forget it.

There are numerous lakes and streams in the Adirondacks, yet there are many acres of land to one of water, and many ponds and streams are not frequented by deer. This from various causes, such as lack of feed, abrupt, rocky shores, deep water, etc.

Deer come to water to feed on the lilypads and on the tender grasses that grow on the bottom of some ponds and portions of some streams. A shallow pond with patches of lilypads or a grassy bottom is a good pond for deer, and here the jack hunter looks for and under favorable conditions finds his game. A warm, still, dark night is very desirable for a hunt. Not that deer are not killed on other nights, but the chances are not nearly so good. On a cold night fog raises and the hunter often tries in vain to get even a glimpse of the deer that he hears and from the sound judges to be within shooting distance. Presently the deer's nose discovers "where he is at" and he is up and away. On a windy night the deer is likely to scent the hunter long before he is within shooting distance, and even if he chance to be to windward of the game the water slaps against the sides of his boat, and his jack may be blown out just at the critical moment. With a big moon there is little use floating at all.

Commencing, then, with Aug. 15, the ideal nights for floating are very few indeed, and it seems rather too bad that the now law-abiding hunter who enjoys this method of hunting should be deprived of the privilege simply and solely because of those who kill earlier in the season in violation of the law as it is, and because it is not enforced.

Of course these same persons will not violate the more stringent law. Oh, dear, no! All the Legislature has to do is to make such a law as will prevent the man who now kills within the legal time from killing at all, and at once the woods will be full of deer. Why, I heard a member of the present Assembly just the other day say that he never saw a wild deer in his life, yet he should vote for the amendment.

But I beg the reader's pardon. This isn't what I started out to write. I started out to tell a few things about jack-hunting as I have seen them. Call it the history of a few hunts if you please.

My first jack-hunt I well remember, though it occurred about thirty-five years ago. I was then a boy, and my father lived in a backwoods settlement where deer and trout were comparatively plenty. One day a neighbor, whom I will call Fletcher, was at our house, and the conversation turned upon the sameness of salt pork seven days in the week. Fletcher said he thought a deer could be killed at Dodge Pond, a little pond some two miles away, almost any good night. We had no boat, but my father had some nails and rosin; Fletcher had some sound spruce boards, and saws and hammers were soon at work.

By middle of the same afternoon our craft was ready and we loaded it on to a wagon, yoked up a pair of 2-year-old steers, and with a single-barrel rifle, a "twenty-shilling" shotgun and a tallow candle, Fletcher and I were off for the pond. Before turning off the main road we met a bevy of young ladies, and one of them remarked while we were yet within hearing, "That is a spikey boat," and we saw no reason for contradicting the statement.

A short distance from the pond we halted in the barnyard of an abandoned clearing, unhitched our team and chained them to a wheel of the wagon, with a bundle of hay to keep them quiet.

After a due amount of hard work we had pulled, wiggled and hauled our boat to the pond and put it in to soak up, while we built a smudge to keep the punkies off, ate our luncheon, made a jack, loaded our guns, and then waited for darkness to come.

Our jack was a primitive affair—just a section of spruce bark about 1ft. long and wide enough to encircle the head except in front, with a piece of birch bark cut oblong and with the corners rounded at one end to form the bottom. The spruce bark was nailed to it at a distance of about one-third up and around the rounded end. The square end was allowed to project a little, that it might cast a shadow over the bow of the boat. Three small nails driven in the center of the bottom formed the socket for the candle.

The shotgun was loaded with as many fingers of powder as was deemed safe for the shooter, a paper wad on top well rammed down, then three large buckshot and another light wad, then and last a "G. D." cap. At first I used to wonder why these caps were called "G. D.," but subsequent use of them convinced me that there could be no doubt as to the proper names, and I believe to this day that they were well named.

Twilight came and went and darkness settled over woods and water, and it was with a sigh of relief that the boy, who, then at least, regarded himself as all-important to the success of the hunt, heard his companion announce in a whisper that it was time to light up and go out.

A few minutes later he was seated on a pile of boughs well up in the bow of the boat, the jack on his head, its one candle throwing out a few sickly rays of light, shotgun resting on his knees, and his senses of sight and hearing strained to the utmost to detect any presence of the game he was after.

Only those who have floated for deer and who remember their own first experience will understand his many disappointments—how his pulse quickened, how often his heart jumped up into his throat, how often his gun was half raised to his shoulder, to be lowered again as the paddler whispered, "That's only a rat," or "That's nothing but a log; don't shoot."

At length a different sound is heard, a faint cracking of brush, a swish, swish, in the grass on shore. The bow of the boat is turned toward it and the paddler whispers, "That's a deer." A few moments, and as we silently approach the shore the outlines of some animal, large and silvery, show dimly at first, then more plainly, and gradually take on the form of a deer. Slowly the shotgun comes to the shoulder, the boy glances along the barrel, feels sure that he is holding on in spite of the circles described by the muzzle, and then with a wince at the expected recoil he pulls the trigger. Peck! the cap has missed fire. The deer looks astonished for a brief instant and then the sharp crack of the paddler's rifle rings out, echoing from pond to mountain, from hill to crag. The deer has vanished in the darkness. Crash! crash! tunk! tunk! then silence. "He is dead, let's go ashore." It is Fletcher's voice that breaks the spell. My first night hunt is ended.

I do not remember the dates, but it was probably a year or two later on when one Saturday afternoon I saw two men from an adjoining town drive past with a boat on their wagon. Next day they drove back with two deer, and I soon found out that they killed them at Dodge Pond. The next Saturday night they hunted again, but got nothing.

This was more than the boy could stand, to have out-of-town hunters come and kill deer right under his nose, so to speak. They had hidden their boat of course, but not so securely that the sharp eyes of the boy could not find it. Once at the pond and five minutes' study told him where it ought to be hidden, and a few minutes' search found it. Then he returned home and hunted up a chum, and proposed that they go out floating. By this time the boy was the owner of a single-barrel pea-shooting rifle. A jack was easily made, and the weather being favorable the hunt began that same night as soon as darkness set in. There was the usual prelude of frogs and rats, false alarms at the sight of old gray logs and then the unmistakable splash, splash, of a deer walking in shallow water. It seemed ages almost, hours at least, and slowly the form of a deer loomed up to view. The rifle is carefully aimed and then—peck! With a snort the deer is off. Two or three jumps and he is within the thicket of small spruces that grow just back of the pebbly beach.

There is no accounting for some things. That deer stopped, turned partly around and deliberately stuck his head and neck into view from behind a spruce top. Quick fingers had pulled the "G. D." (?) cap from the nipple and replaced it with a fresh one.

The proper thing then had been to slowly bring the gun to shoulder and take deliberate aim, but the boy was a bit rattled perhaps, for he had learned by hearsay from his hunter friends just how to do it and knew better than to do what he did. He threw the gun to his shoulder with a jerk. The barrel gleamed in the light and the deer sprang. Giving the gun a jerk in the same direction and a little upward, the trigger was pressed, and the report for the moment obliterated all other sounds. Then we heard a faint rustling in the bushes beyond, and following the instructions we had received we silently backed away from the shore and ran to another part of the shore to reload and ask each other in whispers whether the deer was killed.

As soon as it was light enough to see to shoot we went over to the place where I had shot, landed and quickly found a nice ten-prong buck dead and cold. My bullet had caught him in the flank, and ranging forward through the vitals had evidently produced almost instant death. My exact weight before and after the hunt I do not remember, but am quite sure that the difference was considerable.

A few years later one dark, warm night, found the writer, then a young man, seated in the stern of a little flat-bottomed boat on a pond near by Dodge Pond. A neighbor, whom I will call Bill, sat in the bow armed and equipped with the usual bark jack and single-barrel rifle. For an hour or more we paddled around, hearing nothing but the frogs, rats and hedgehogs. Getting tired of this we were lying off the shore some thirty rods, and Bill had taken the jack from his head and was half asleep, when there came a mighty splash from near the shore, followed by the souse, souse that sends a tingle through the veins of the night hunter. Turning the stern of the boat toward the sound, the jack was silently lighted and adjusted on Bill's head, and at his signal that he was ready I turned the boat around and approach the shore. Presently a light spot shone on the surface of the water and this soon took on the form of an antlered head. It soon shone plainly in the light, and not wishing to risk getting nearer I swung the boat for Bill to shoot. Slowly the rifle came to his shoulder, which it hardly touched before it was discharged. Then as the report died away there was a confusion of sounds. Bill was furious. The blank, blank gun went too easy; went before he expected it to, before he had taken any aim; he had just put his finger against the trigger when off it went, and he had missed the blank, blankest best shot he ever had in his life. I was obliged to take this all in with one ear, but with the other I was listening to the deer. I heard it plunge for the shore, try once to climb the bank and fall back. At the second attempt it succeeded. Then came two or three quick, spiteful jumps, a fall, a little rustling in the leaves, then silence. I waited until Bill got out of both adjectives and breath, and then quietly asked him what ailed him. He went over part of it again, and I laughed. Then he got mad

and swore that he didn't see anything to laugh at. At that I sobered down, and told him that if he would stop his confounded noise and go ashore perhaps he would. But only the sight of the dead deer a short distance from the shore would convince him that he had not made a clean miss, and he never took kindly to my suggestion that he should always shoot just before he was ready.

The reader may think that all my hunts have been successful. He will be confirmed perhaps in the idea advanced by some that to kill a deer by jack light is just as easy as falling off a slippery log. Don't believe either one. I think you may put it about in this way: Divide all the nights I have ever floated by twelve. On three of those nights I have seen one or more deer; on some others I have heard, but have not seen any. On one of the twelve nights I have had a shot. Seldom more than one shot, for I never hunted after making a kill until more meat was needed in camp.

I apply this average to my whole hunting career. For the past few years I have had a better average, though one season, four or five years ago, I hunted hard night after night on every halfway decent night during a four weeks' trip and never drew blood. This, too, with a modern jack and gun and a modern $3-a-day guide in the stern of the boat. Everything went wrong. If it wasn't one thing it was another. But during those four weeks I was about as lucky as any one, for I only heard of three deer being killed over a range of many miles, and the woods full of them and hunters too. That was one time at least when jack-hunting was not destruction to deer.

On one of these nights we were camped on a stream, narrow and crooked with marsh and alder shores for miles. We had run down stream some two miles when we met another boat hunting up stream. It was very dark and threatening rain and even as we sat chatting the big drops began to patter on the bushes and make bubbles on the water. "Boys, we had better get for camp; there will be no hunting after this and we will get wet." Well, I should say we did.

Our camp being the nearest shelter, we were soon hustling for it as fast as strong arms and skillful hands could shove the boats. Down came the rain, first in drops, then in streams, then by the bucketful it seemed, and we were all thoroughly soaked and our boats nearly half full of water by the time we reached shelter. Here we found the other hunters of our own camp, who had gone up the river, and also another party, all more or less and more rather than less wet.

A pail of water was hung over the fire to heat, the dish-pan brought out, the juice of half a dozen lemons squeezed into it, sugar added, the contents of a long black bottle labeled (perhaps) Godfrey's Cordial allowed to gurgle just a little, hot water to suit the taste and, well, the boys said they didn't mind a wetting half as much as they thought they would.

In all my night hunting I have wounded and lost very few deer. No greater percentage of hit deer ever escaped me than from the average still-hunter. Sometimes a deer has to be followed next morning and is found alive. I do not like that; it is too much like butchery (yet how many still-hunters get their game with the first shot). I like a clean kill or a clear miss. I never in my life made a night shot at a deer without making a thorough search next day, if the deer runs off. By doing this I have first and last saved several deer after my companion on this hunt had given them up.

Perhaps the reader will also think that to kill is all the enjoyment I find in the hunt. That would be a great mistake. The kill is but the final act that rounds out and completes the pleasure of a night that is hardly less enjoyable without it. Indeed, more enjoyable in some respects, for after the excitement of the hunt is over one feels more or less compunction for having deprived of life one of God's most beautiful creatures.

This recalls to me a night hunt a few years ago. We were camped far away in the deep woods and near a good deer pond. My wife was with me and one night she went floating with us, occupying a seat between the paddler and myself. We were going up the inlet of the pond, which here ran through an open marsh, and discovered a deer standing on the bank and looking away toward the woods. He knew that something was wrong, but couldn't quite determine what it was. As I slowly brought the gun to my shoulder Madam whispered, "Don't shoot, it looks so pretty," and I lowered my gun. After sniffing the tainted air a few moments the deer bounded away and soon his shrill good night was ringing through the forest.

My paddler did not like it that I had let the deer go, and I had to promise him that the next one should not enjoy Madam's protection. An hour later on the owner of a pair of eyes that blazed out at me from the dark woods on a steep hillside responded to my call, and as the death rattle sounded in his throat Madam remarked, "It's too bad."

Now let me take you to the Stillwater. We are a large party—four ladies, four men and two small boys. Two of the men are guides, one of them the regular custodian of the club house and grounds. Jim, as we all call him, is quite an artist. No one can draw a finer picture of things that pertain to the woods and hunting and fishing, sometimes with fewer facts for a foundation. He can tell the most interesting yarn imaginable, all from whole cloth, as the saying is, and never a wrinkle of the face nor a twinkle of the eye will warn the most wary that it is not solid facts they are getting. While a good man about camp, he is only at his best seated in the stern of the boat at night with the single blade in his hands. Here he is a genuine diamond of the first water. Some guides paddle, Jim floats. With most guides you can feel the boat quiver to a greater or less extent as it responds to the effort of the paddler. Not so with Jim. You just seem to be propelled by some mysterious power that drifts you along through the darkness hour after hour, perhaps.

Well, to our hunting. Ten people in camp and only salt pork for breakfast. The night is still and dark and we prepare for the hunt. The jack-lamp is filled with oil, the wick trimmed afresh, the lens polished, the lacing of the leather cap adjusted to fit the head and the lamp lighted. Then with gun and jack and arms full of blankets we go down to the landing. While I hold the light Jim arranges the seat and blankets and I step into the 30in. canoe and sit down. The blanket is spread out well under my feet, so I can move them without making a noise; the sides are drawn up over my knees, both to keep them warm—for sitting still hour after hour makes one feel chilly even on a warm night late in August—and to form a cushion on which to place the gun. Another blanket with part of it folded underneath me is spread over the back of the seat. Do not go floating without a good easy back to your seat. It is back-breaking business without one and you will soon get too tired to feel much interest in the hunt, and perhaps in trying to relieve the pain you can no longer endure you will move a little and in so doing make a noise and thereby lose your only chance for a shot that night.

Wriggling myself into an easy position with body turned a little to the right, so as to be able to shoot straight ahead of the boat if necessary, I wait till Jim is seated in the stern, then put my jack on my head. This is placed so it throws the light to the left at the angle natural to the line of the gun barrel when shooting, and so it will strike a level with the water at three to six rods away when sighting along the barrel. Then I put my gun to my shoulder, pick out a stone or tree to sight at and adjust the light so that when I bring my gun to my face it will sight well in the center of the circle of light. This is very important, and many a novice and a few old hands have lost a good shot by neglecting it. Now I am ready, and putting the cap over the front of my jack I signal to Jim to go. He pushes away from the dock and we turn our bow up stream.

For a distance of two miles and a half the river is nearly dead water, with low banks covered with grass and bushes. It crooks and turns to all points of the compass, and at one place comes within half a dozen rods of making an island, as indeed it does quite in times of high water. A large portion of this distance is good hunting ground, with frequent patches of lilypads, or grassy bottom. At the end of this level the stream becomes much narrower, with higher banks, numerous sandbars, a quicker current and less feed.

For a furlong perhaps Jim plies the paddle with noiseless strokes, and the canoe moves rapidly forward. Then we listen. All around us are the noises of the night—unwritten music. Here, in a hoarse, bass voice, one inhabitant of the stream is telling all the rest that he is the biggest frog in the pool, and another answers in the same tone, "That's so; that's so." Then another lesser voice chips in and says, "He's my uncle," and another asks, "What's his name?" and the little frog gayly responds, "Pete, Pete," which is supposed to be short for Peter. Then a bat flutters by so close to my face as to make me dodge, and a muskrat swimming past suddenly thinks there is danger and goes down with a ker-chug that makes me jump in spite of the fact that I know what it is.

Slowly we drift along. Hemlock Point is turned. Some distance beyond is Cedar Cove, and as we approach we strain every sense to the utmost, for the numerous stems of the water lily standing erect, denuded of the leaf (for deer do eat lilypads), show plainly that it is a favorite feeding place. Not a sound greets us and we float along. Suddenly a few rods ahead and near the right hand shore we hear souse, souse, souse, and a deer has gone out. A swishing of the grass, a cracking of brush, and then his shrill trumpet of alarm warns every deer within a mile that danger is abroad.

Of course I have snatched the cap from the jack, thrown off the safety to my Lefever and half brought it to my shoulder. No use; the distance is too great, and in a moment I cover the light again and settle back to my easy position. After all, it would have been but little sport to have killed a deer in half an hour from camp.

Jim mutters imprecations on the jack, which, he says, leaked a ray of light and caused the disaster, plugs the offensive crack with a piece of cloth torn from the lining of his coat, settles back into his seat and on we go.

Now we are nearing the cut-off that in high water helps form the island before mentioned. Here is good hunting ground; watch out sharp as we drift along. A heron which has been frogging or asleep in the shallows rises at our approach with great flapping of wings and hoarse croaking—evidently disgruntled at being disturbed—some little bird flutters in the bushes on the bank, the night wind softly sighs.

A little further on the cracking of a limb on the left hand shore causes Jim to bring the canoe to a full stop, and for five minutes or more we listen. Then the whine of a hedgehog is heard, and half disgusted we push on past Cedar Spring camp ground into the strait beyond, on around the bend past Flat Rock Cove, on past Sand Cove.

As we pass Sand Cove another hunt—my first one with Jim as paddler—is brought to mind, and I will tell you about it as we drift onward. We had been well up the river and were on our return. As I remember now we had not heard a deer at all, and it was well past midnight. As we approached the cove, Jim's ear—sharper than mine—detected the presence of game, and he whispered to me to uncover the light. I removed the cap and peered into a bank of fog. Splash! splash! splash! Away went the deer through the shallow water, while my eyes tried in vain to bore a hole through the mist.

Climbing the bank the deer swung sharply to the left to go up stream. In turning he for a moment showed me the gleam of one eye, and instantly the gun came to my shoulder and its loud report woke the echoes and silenced the noisy frogs in our immediate vicinity.

Then we listened. The deer went on, making but little noise, and I felt but little confidence in the success of the shot. Next morning, however, we found a few rods back a nice spike-horn buck with but a single shot through his neck.

While I have been yarning it, we have approached Burnt Rock. Just below it is quite a crossing and feeding place for deer, but the river is so full of lilypads, grass and rushes as to make it almost impossible to get up to one. This was our luck to-night, for though we heard one and Jim did his best to get there the deer took the alarm and was soon at a safe distance in the woods, from which vantage ground he sent us the usual compliments.

For another hour we go on; on out of the broader river into the more narrow part, past sandbar and cove, with only the frogs and muskrats to keep us company. Now we are almost up to the hay meadows and our chances seem rather poor, when a deer is heard walking in the water a few rods ahead. Instantly we are on the alert, and as we get a little nearer Jim whispers to uncover. Off comes the cap, and I fully expect to see a deer, or at least its eyes, but neither are visible, and I begin a careful search ahead.

A few rods further on the river makes an abrupt turn to the left, and in the point of the elbow of the stream is a small cove. Just at its lower right hand side grows a single alder. This is not enough to hide anything by daylight, but at night it casts a shadow. I can see nothing until, as I am partly past this bush and slowly swing my light to the right, there in full view stands a deer. I say stands, but it is hardly that, for it is already going into the air. It is a beauty, and so clearly is it shown by the light—I never before nor since saw one so well—that I seem to see each separate hair and to gather in an instantaneous view every graceful outline of its shape as the tense muscles are already at work to carry it away from danger. For almost less than an instant I enjoy this beautiful picture, and thus the hunter's instinct recalls the hunter to his senses, the gun springs to my shoulder, the muzzle is thrown upward and as far to the right as a brief instant will allow, in hopes to catch the quarry while in the air, and the trigger is pressed. Then we listen. The deer runs away very clean, but then there are but few bushes on the bank here and these are but small ones. After a few moments Jim says:

"You never touched it."

"I think I did."

"No, you didn't. You never saw that deer until it was in the air."

"I know it."

"And you took no aim."

"I had no time."

"You didn't even look along the barrel."

"I know it; still I think I hit the deer. It seemed to me that my gun was well ahead when I pulled."

"No, you were right onto that deer, and if you had hit it at all you would have broken it right down on its tracks. You weren't twenty feet from it."

"Oh, yes, I was. I know I was very close, but I was a good deal more than twenty feet."

"Well, you haven't touched it, that's all."

"For all that we will look for it in the morning."

The run home was a repetition of the hunt up, except that no sound of deer was heard. Tired with my night's work and perhaps having little faith in the success of my shot, while Jim had none whatever, it was well on toward noon when we landed where the deer went out. Not a drop of blood could be found and but few marks on the hard gravelly shore among the little scattering bushes.

Looking over the relative positions of the deer and of the boat as nearly as we could place it, Jim was satisfied that I was from 50 to 60ft. away instead of 20, and he said, "It has made a little more sign than a wild deer ought to, and did not blow. Still, if you had hit it why didn't you drop it in its tracks, or why don't we find any blood? We haven't found even a drop."

I felt I could say very little in reply. Slowly and most reluctantly I was beginning to feel that I must have made a clean miss. Just then Jim pointed to a witch hopple leaf on a low bush before me, and asked, "Is that blood or only a red leaf?" "Only a red leaf, I think," and indeed it looked much more like that than anything else. Jim picked off the leaf, wet his thumb in his mouth and rubbed it on the leaf, and, lo! his mouth widened and widened until it seemed as if his ears would tumble off the brink and be engulfed. His thumb was red with blood. I only caught the last of his next remark, but it sounded very much like, "—— —— you did hit it," and presently, "Yes, for here's a piece of bone. Now give me the Winchester and you stay behind, for Jim has got to do some fine tracking, for any blood has all dried up."

Slowly and with the greatest care Jim picked his way across the flat and up the hill out of sight. A few minutes later the crack of the rifle told me that the hunt was ended and that the camp could give salt pork a vacation. My shot had broken one hip. Since that night Jim has paddled me to two deer, neither of which got out of the water until we took them into the boat.

As I said earlier in the story, many another night's hunt has burned no powder nor wrought any havoc with the game supply. Many a time I have in the small hours of the morning returned to camp, shivering with cold or wet to the skin perhaps from some sudden shower. At other times we have run ashore, hauled out our boat, turned it bottom upward and got under it till morning or till the clouds rolled by.

I never hunted a night when I did not enjoy it, whether it brought any addition to the larder or not; but a better pen than mine is needed to describe all its attractions.

Adirondack Deer.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Gov. Morton advised in his message that hounding, floating and killing of deer in water be made unlawful, and he is right.

None of those methods are fair or sportsmanlike, but are brutal and take advantage of the game.

We paid large amounts for bounties on wolves in order to get them exterminated, and one dog loose in the Adirondacks will kill more deer than ten wolves would; for they only killed to eat, while dogs kill for slaughter just the same as they kill sheep—and it is a fact that many hounds are allowed to run loose winters in the woods in order to get their own living, and many more get loose and go off for days at a time, killing deer in the deer yards and on the crust, only returning home when satiated and tired out.

We should have, say, open season for still-hunting forty days—from Aug. 15 to Sept. 25—for those who like to go into the woods in warm weather, and say twenty days—from Nov. 10 to 30—for those who would rather go in on the snow and when the weather is cool enough, so that venison can be kept and sent home, and when it is fat and at its best.

No person should be allowed to kill or take more than two deer any one year, and only to ship them when he accompanies the shipment.

Another thing—about small game. I hear there is an attempt being made to have open season for partridges, woodcock, squirrels and hares begin Nov. 15. That will be wholly unfair to the sportsmen in the State north of the Pennsylvania line, for all woodcock have gone to New Jersey and Long Island before that time, and the bad fall weather cuts off nearly all shooting after Nov. 1 even. The open season should begin Sept. 30 to Oct. 1, and close Jan. 1—except on rabbits, to Feb. 1.

C. L. PARKER.

A WOMAN'S VERSION.

AFTER many weeks of planning, talking and preparing Mr. and Mrs. C. and my husband and myself were ready to start on our long-talked-of camping trip one morning late in September. We were prepared to camp, shoot and enjoy life. Mrs. C. and I had never done much shooting, but we had our guns and were not afraid to use them. What little experience we had was encouraging, and we hoped to kill some game.

As we were carried along by train we watched all the lakes and heard all the different opinions of the people in regard to game. Some ducks were seen, but the weather was too fine for many. About 3 in the afternoon we arrived at B., a small station in northern Minnesota, where we found our tents, which had been shipped several days before. We went to the hotel and spent the rest of the day in engaging teams, buying groceries and other necessaries and trying to find which direction to take. At last we had decided, and went to bed for the last time in four weeks in a house. It was raining and growing cold, so the prospect of living in tents was not very pleasing, but we had been told of all this, and did not expect to find all sunshine.

When morning came, what a day came with it! Cold, windy, and rain most of the time. We prepared for our long ride, and having plenty of wraps, were soon enjoying the ride and looking for game, camping places, etc. We passed many lakes, some of them large, with beautiful surroundings. After a ten-mile drive we came to the little village of M——, where we afterward received our mail. As we were leaving the village we passed a party of hunters, and saw that they had found many ducks, so we were encouraged and drove four miles further out. There we found our camping place. We spent some time looking the country over, but afterward concluded we were wise in our choice.

You that have camped can imagine the putting up of stoves and tents, unpacking of dishes, and getting something warm to eat after our long, cold ride. We soon had some coffee, hot muffins and eggs ready, and they were relished by all. The driver had in the meantime secured a nice load of straw, and our two tents were up, ready to settle. We filled the ticks for our beds, spread the canvas for carpets, after putting a good layer of straw down, and made ready for the night. To be sure the straw was in humps, and it seemed a little strange to be out of doors, but we all slept well and I might say long, if Mr. C. had not disturbed our morning dreams trying his sharp axe.

The second day was a busy one. Unpacking, settling, putting boats in the water, and doing some exploring. We found we had camped at Lake George, a small but picturesque lake.

Mr. C. and my husband found a point favorable for ducks and built a blind there and another on the island. These did not prove much of a success in after days, but some ducks were captured.

Mrs. C. and I had donned our corduroy suits, leggings and heavy boots, and were prepared for what came. We took a walk to the house—about a quarter of a mile away—the second evening, and of course carried our guns. As we were going along a pheasant rattled the dead leaves a few rods away. Shells were soon in my gun and I shot, but no pheasant could we find. We were encouraged though, for one of us had shot *at* something, at least. We were a curiosity to the settlers. Women with guns were unheard of there. We were called upon by all within two or three miles. One man came to see the "Injuns," and then it fell to my lot to be joked, being of dark complexion. One farmer came and made a long call, and astonished us all by saying he could not come again for a week. They were all kind, and desirous of giving all the information they could. From them we bought our milk, butter, eggs and vegetables.

The first week was fine, and of course we did not expect to see many ducks. We had time to explore the country and made many discoveries. We found to the north of us about half a mile Lake Jessie, and east of this a quarter of a mile another lake, which we call Lake Alice. Lake Jessie contained an island of a few acres of land, and on this we found several good passes. The owner had commenced two log houses and had them up to the second floor, and how we did wish we could finish them and make a permanent place to do our hunting. It is an ideal spot, with plenty of game. A mile north of us were the Leaf Mountains. You see, we were surrounded by lakes, mountains and wooded land. We enjoyed it all; took long walks of six and seven miles some days, which was a good distance to carry a gun. Mr. and Mrs. C. could not stand the long tramps, so my husband and I did the most of that. Mrs. C. would go out about the lake and camp, and always came in with game—one day a pheasant, an owl, a bluejay and a gray squirrel. She is a good shot, rarely missing what she aims at. We could shoot squirrels, gray, black and red, any hour in the day. Trees were full of them. Pheasants were plenty. We needed a good dog for them. We had a spaniel dog with us, a borrowed one, but never found what he was good for, and after two weeks sent him home.

One morning Mr. C. went out about ten rods from camp and was soon back with a pheasant. He asked my husband to come out and try for one, as there were more there, and in fifteen minutes they had killed three, so near to camp. We always had plenty of game to eat. Our camping stoves were of sheet iron, with folding oven and pipe made to telescope, so it was a small affair to carry; but they do first-class cooking and baking and were good heaters; we were much pleased with them, and surely our husbands were, for they had home cooking and lived as well as if they were there.

At last we found ourselves longing for stormy weather and ducks. This weather did come while we were there. There was only one day of rain, and then for only a short time, in all the four weeks. We finally found that ducks were coming more in the lake north of us than where we were, so we went over and toward night there were hundreds flying from Lake Alice to Lake Jessie. They were mallards and bluebills. My husband was sure it was a redhead lake, but the redheads never came. The only redhead he saw was on land, driving a team and holding a plow. Some or all of us would go over to the island in Lake Jessie and get on the passes and have good shooting every evening. I feel anxious to say that I shot a duck and winged another; but we did not get either, as they fell in the rice and we were without the much-needed dog. But it was enough to see them fall, and now I can see how the hunters become so infatuated with the sport. The cold weather, the gathering of decoys, the long tramp home and other hard work is all fun when you have killed the bird. As the fourth week of our camp life was near the end we knew our families must need our attention, so we began to prepare to leave Camp Daisy. A postal to B. brought Mr. H. and teams to our camp. We had had our breakfast and had packed the small belongings, and were only waiting to pull the stakes. It was all soon done, and we were sorry to bid good-by to the little red squirrel who had been with us through all, making a home in one of the trees overhanging our tents, and using the tents for his promenades and chatterings; and to the lakes, camping place and pleasant surroundings. We all remember our pleasant trip and hope to return next year.

Now this is a woman's version of a camping trip. If you see anything in it worthy of a place in our beloved FOREST AND STREAM (which is a weekly visitor in our home) print it. If not the waste basket is always handy.

MINNESOTA.

NOVA SCOTIA GAME.

THE annual report of Mr. George Piers, secretary of the Nova Scotia Game Society, demonstrates a commendable activity by the society in enforcing the laws. The following paragraphs afford an interesting index as to the game supply and its preservation:

The law which has been in force for the past two years was found, by experience, not suitable for the different classes of game. We found that by having the open season for partridges as early as Sept. 15, combined with the abominable practice of snaring, in a few years more there would not be a bird left in the country. We also decided that the law prohibiting the killing of cow moose would not work, as numbers of cows were killed by mistake, and left in the woods; and no hunter when seeing a moose in the thicket has a chance of telling what the sex is. Your secretary was continually receiving correspondence complaining most bitterly of that section of the law; and also that there were many more moose cows than bulls, the latter being principally young animals.

By a misprint in the present law, hares were allowed to be taken on Sept. 1; they are then alive with vermin, and cannot be brought to market so early in the season without being more or less tainted.

The majority of cock and snipe shooters wanted the open season for these birds to begin on Aug. 20, as it has been proved to the satisfaction of all observing sportsmen that the majority of woodcock and snipe, which are bred in the Province, leave here about the full moon in the latter part of August; and the cock shooters have to content themselves with the few birds that are not strong enough to take flight with their earlier hatched brethren. The sportsman gets no shooting worth while until the full flight comes along about Oct. 20, which only lasts a few days, as they leave here about the full moon at the end of October to go to a more genial climate.

The chief game commissioner had some 300 circulars printed and distributed throughout the Province, among those interested in the preservation of game, etc., with questions to be answered as to time of open season, etc., for game and fur-bearing animals. These circulars were much appreciated by the general public. The new law has been compiled as far as practicable from the answers received. A large proportion of persons both in the city and country are in favor of prohibiting the sale of all game for three years or even longer.

The pheasants imported by your society some three years ago have undoubtedly been a success, and have not been interfered with by persons living in their vicinity. Mr. Price, of Kentville, who put out a few pheasants in addition to three hens sent to him by the society, states that they are thriving and becoming scattered throughout the country. Professor Butler, of Windsor, also turned loose a number of pheasants. I have heard of them having been seen on several occasions in different parts of Hants county. I strongly recommend that your society import say fifty pairs of pintailed grouse, a bird well adapted to our climate. The expense would be but small, the freight being the largest item. A few members of the society imported thirteen of the above birds last spring, but too late to breed that year. The cost of the birds was $6, other expenses $28. Your council has tried to procure a few pairs of ptarmigan from Newfoundland, but without success.

Commissioner Archibald says, "At Sheet Harbor, Musquodobit, Salmon River, and Moser River in particular, moose are more numerous than they have been for many years. At Liscomb, Guysboro county, they are also very plentiful. Several herds of caribou have been reported near Moser River and Liscomb." Mr. Archibald reports about forty-six moose and one caribou having been killed in his district; he states that one head, horns and hide, sold for $64. From the large number of bulls that have been killed, he is of the opinion that there will be a great many barren cows for the next two years at least.

C. R. Kelley, agent at Yarmouth, reports having sold eleven licenses for large and nine for feathered game, amounting to $420. He has been vigilant in keeping a sharp lookout on all foreigners who came to his district to hunt; he says a number of strangers who come to Yarmouth do not take out licenses, but go by train to other sections of the Province, and avoid paying for their sport.

During the last season there have not been so many moose taken as in the previous year; partly on account of the weather having been unfavorable during the calling season and of the law prohibiting the killing of cows, but mainly owing to the fact that moose are gradually disappearing in this part of the Province. Mr. Kelley knows of but twenty-three having been killed this year. The red deer have been seen on several occasions and signs of young with them.

Charles Clarke reports that there have been sixteen moose killed at Bear River. Owing to his keeping a sharp lookout for snarers, there have been no violations of the law in his immediate locality, but some sportsmen who were hunting to the westward, in the vicinity of fourth and fifth lakes, which represent the hunting grounds back of Weymouth, told him that they were literally covered with snares, and another season the society should send a couple of good men to destroy them and bring the offenders to justice if possible. Several of the moose so caught were left in the snares to rot. The red deer have been seen occasionally and look well.

Commissioner Crooker, Queens county, reports that last March, the snow being deep with a hard crust, he sent a reliable man in the direction of Ohio Settlement to look after doggers; he searched the woods for seventeen days and found where a moose had been killed. Mr. C. has no doubt that the man was a great protection to the moose, as there were no more signs of dogging. He was also in the woods in the vicinity of Broad River Lakes (one of the best moose districts in the Province) with a surveying party for three weeks, and was continually coming across moose yards, and saw several moose; there were no signs of poachers, nor did he hear of any being out. Mr. Crooker writes us that there are a number of lawless hunters who live at Ohio in Lunenburg county, who keep a pack of bull dogs, and come over into Queens and Annapolis counties to hunt; it is reported that they killed eight moose last spring with their dogs; they are the sons of John and David Smith. There is also another notorious poacher by the name of Aaron Weazel. He hunts wildcats with a hound and drives the moose all over the country. Mr. C. has been credibly informed of two others by the name of Frank Rowden and Charles Connell, who snared four moose near the Randolph Lakes, and two others in another direction; notwithstanding moose are very plentiful. Mr. C. recommends that if a crust should form this spring, the society should send men in the direction where those parties having dogs would be likely to hunt.

John Daley, agent, Digby, sold four licenses amounting to $80. There were not so many moose killed this year as last. Caribou are diminishing and he agrees with H. A. P. Smith that wildcats destroy the fawns. The red deer are frequently seen by persons traveling through the woods. Mr. Daley does not know of any moose having been dogged last spring in his county, but there were several cases in Annapolis which were reported to the society. Mr. Daley writes that he is credibly informed that not less than ten moose were dogged and killed last March and the first week in April in the above county.

Dr. Bliss, agent for Cumberland, states that dogging moose was not indulged in in his part of the Province last spring. The fear of the law has certainly saved the lives of many moose during the last year. Snaring in Cumberland begins as early as the end of July or Aug. 1. The doctor thinks that about six moose were snared in the Athol district, most of them by old offenders. These men are very careful of themselves, visiting their snares by night with lanterns and altogether taking extraordinary precautions; some of them could have been "caught in the act" if reliable men could have been procured at the right time; one or two of the poachers may still be convicted if thought best by the society to try the case.

The abolition of spring shooting of blue-winged ducks on the Cumberland marshes has already proved the wisdom of the measure. The open day last autumn was a record breaker and large numbers were bagged. There were no golden plover in the vicinity of Amherst last fall.

David Freeman, agent at Kemp, Queens county, reports that moose are steadily increasing, and that there are quite as many bulls as cows. Last March when there was a hard crust on the snow Mr. Freeman kept a vigilant lookout for doggers and says that there was not one animal killed in that way; poachers knowing that they were watched. He found where moose had been started by hounds hunting for wildcats, which he thinks should not be allowed, as game is much harassed by the baying of the dogs when on the scent of their quest.

In Mr. Freeman's visit through the woods last fall he found but one snare; the practice is pretty well broken up in his section of the county. Mr. Freeman hopes that the society will urge the Dominion Government to stop the exportation of trout.

John Bower, agent at Shelburne, reports that moose are multiplying, 75 having been killed last season to his knowledge, six were shot within ten miles of the town. Mr. Bower, hearing that moose snarers were at work in Barrington municipality last fall, sent men to look after them, with the result of taking fifty-three snares. Bass was badly beaten when in the woods by some of those who lost their snares; he prosecuted them. Mr. Bower went to Barrington to attend the trial, which was a farce; the justice appeared to be afraid of the poachers and dismissed the case. The ruffians had the pleasure of paying $14 costs.

I. R. Ruggles, secretary branch society, Lockport, writes that their society has been the means of preventing the destruction of game out of season, and has no violation of the law to report in the vicinity of Lockport; but in the districts on the borders of Shelburne and Queens counties, where the society has been unable to reach, unlawful killing has been carried on. Mr. Ruggles sent out a man last spring when the crust formed to watch the suspected parties. The would-be offenders were on the grounds with their dogs, but the weather proved unfavorable for them, and his man could get no evidence which he considered satisfactory. Mr. Ruggles begs to call the attention of this society to this locality, and urges that they take steps to have it closely watched during the snaring and dogging season. Mr. Ruggles was informed by a reliable hunter that he saw in two days' travel forty snares.

Mr. Ruggles reports game generally on the increase; hunters tell him that there are more bulls than cow moose, also that there should be a larger bounty given for bears, as they are most destructive to young moose. More hares have been offered for sale this year than usual. Red deer and pheasants have been seen about thirteen miles back of Sable River. The fishing in the rivers and lakes has been almost destroyed by bad fishways, and unless steps are taken to remedy existing evils there will be no fish in a few years in those waters.

David Rumley, Liscomb Mills, Guysboro county, writes that moose and caribou are numerous. Twelve of the former and two of the latter were shot between Moser River and St. Mary's. Mr. Rumley destroyed a number of snares. There has been one red deer seen in his district.

A. O. Pritchard, commissioner, New Glasgow, in his report last year called your attention to the more than ordinary increase of moose in Pictou and Guysboro counties. This season they have not been so numerous, having been driven away by the fires at East Pictou into Halifax county. Snaring is not practiced as it was in former years. It is fairly suppressed, that is, as far as it is in the power of three or four men to cover the vast forest area in these counties in search of snares. The Indians

have been less troublesome than heretofore. Many fine moose heads were sold in New Glasgow, Pictou and Truro, and were exported to the United States. Mr. Pritchard says that cow moose far outnumber the bulls. He has not heard of any caribou having been seen in his district. Partridges are conspicuous by their absence, and it will only be a matter of time before they become extinct unless the sale of them is prohibited, as every man and boy belonging to both the agricultural and mining districts owns a gun, and the open season being a fortnight too early, the mining industries that are growing up not only on the borders, but in the depths of the forest, have considerable to do with the destruction of game.

Commissioner Bigney, of Wentworth, Cumberland, reports moose plentiful. During the few days' snow in December quite a number were killed.

W. B. Harlow, agent at Caledonia, Queens county, reports that all game in and about Caledonia are multiplying annually, with the exception of partridges, which are growing more scarce every year. Since snaring and dogging have been stamped out there has been a greater number of moose and caribou in his district; he thinks the law prohibiting the killing of cows is a very unjust one. Mr. Harlow considers his section one of the best in the Province for large game. One or two hunters reported having seen red deer.

The Cape Breton branch society, which has only been in existence for two or three months, with twenty-one paid up members and the promise of assistance of all the sportsmen in the county, has prosecuted three persons for illegally having partridges in possession, and another year they hope to be able to give the parent society considerable assistance in enforcing the game laws.

Commissioner Donald Ross, N. E. Margaree, C. B., writes that there are fewer caribou this season than in former years. Mr. Ross is pleased to state that there has not been a single case of snaring in his district the past year.

H. A. P. Smith, of Digby, who claims to be an old hunter, writes that notwithstanding the reports to the contrary, moose are not increasing in our Province; he says that if we consider the small area of country in Nova Scotia where moose still live, and the way they are hemmed in by the railroad and small villages, it is an easy matter to understand why the novice who goes into the woods for this game, and sees a lot of tracks, imagines them to be very thick, and often takes each track he sees for that of a separate animal. Dr. Smith is also of the opinion, backed by several old Indian hunters, that the scarcity of caribou is greatly owing to wildcats. They follow the does about the time they are going to drop their fawns, and destroy the young as soon as born; he states that two Indians saw five wildcats attack a full-grown caribou, and they would have certainly killed it had they not been frightened away. He is afraid the red deer imported by the society will fall a prey to the cats.

MONGOLIAN AND RING-NECK PHEASANTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read Mr. E. A. Brackett's remarks in your issue of March 28, in which he compares the merits of the pure Chinese pheasants with those of the English ring-necked birds.

I doubt if Mr. Brackett's experience is sufficient to entitle him to lay down the law so decidedly. A local knowledge gained within a very few years, with a comparatively limited number of birds, is of little value for general instruction. I do have "birds and eggs for sale," and those in large quantities, having handled during the past twelve years nearly 100,000 pheasants of all varieties. I would prefer, therefore, that some one else should emphatically contradict Mr. Brackett's statements, but that I think that there ought to be no delay in producing overwhelming evidence against his absolutely groundless libel on the English ring-necked pheasant. It is of no consequence whatsoever to me which kind I supply, but I am anxious as a sportsman that only the best all-round variety for game preserves should be introduced. I have sent English ring-necked pheasants to all the Northern States and different parts of Canada, even to Nova Scotia, and receive nothing but the best accounts of them from every part. A gentleman put out a few hundred birds on an island near New York where they are to be found now by the thousand after a season's heavy shooting. One of the largest preserves in America, situated in Vermont, was most successfully stocked with the same breed. A gentleman living on Long Island let out a few birds last spring to breed at liberty and found in the autumn that they had increased tenfold, and he assures me that within five years the whole island will abound with them. I can quote many other statements corroborating the above given instances from all parts of North America.

Mr. Brackett asserts that "the breeder who cannot raise from 85 to 90 per cent. is not in a position to instruct others." May I ask him if his experience has been gained by rearing these birds by the thousands or from a few coopfuls. If the latter is the case, it is needless to point out the vast weight his dictum will carry.

As I have previously pointed out on the authority of those competent to speak, the Chinese pheasant is the most unsatisfactory of all the varieties bred for sport. It is a third smaller than the English bird; it is a great wanderer and prefers its legs to its wings, and in all other countries is barred from their game preserves. But I must of course bow before Mr. Brackett's experience, which makes the opinions of other *soi-disant* authorities of no value. I hope, however, that he will forgive me for completely traversing his statements to the detriment of the English ring-necked pheasant, and allow me most unhesitatingly to maintain that wherever this breed has been introduced with any regard to its requirements, it has thriven and multiplied.

I noticed a letter some time ago in your columns about the inbreeding of pheasants, and advocating the constant introduction of fresh blood. I have always been convinced of the necessity of mating unrelated birds and have each year at great outlay and loss imported large consignments with that object. As another means to achieve this end I have begun an experiment in the crossing of Japanese pheasants (*phasecanus versicolor*) with the English ring-necked variety, and have so far found it extremely satisfactory in every way. This crop is very beautiful and hardy, and I hope soon to be able to supply it in large quantities.

I have been told several times that the views I have expressed in your paper and elsewhere about Chinese pheasants have brought down on my head very scathing remarks sent to other publications which I do not see. I do not think that this is a fair method of answering my opinions, as I cannot be expected to peruse all the sporting journals throughout the States, and it leaves unassailed, without an opportunity of defense, by persons I would gladly have replied to.

In conclusion I would acknowledge that even people of the largest experience in the management of these birds can learn yet more about them; but it is worse than useless to be guided by mere tyros in this fascinating occupation.

VERNER DE GUISE.

MAHWAH, N. J., March 27.

SCOUTING BELOW THE YELLOWSTONE.

LATE in the month of January last Capt. George S. Anderson, the commanding officer at Fort Yellowstone in the National Park, Wyoming, ordered Capt. Scott and Lieut. Lindsley to make a scout through the country to the southwest of the Yellowstone National Park for the purpose of learning what they could about the game and the game destruction of the region. The report of this scout made by Capt. Scott has been received in Washington, and from it we make some extracts.

The officers proceeded by rail to Market Lake, Idaho, where they learned that game trophies are occasionally shipped from that station, but always boxed and consigned as merchandise.

From this point they went on Jan. 29 twenty-five miles further to Rexburg, a little Mormon town of few inhabitants and no interest. On Jan. 30 they proceeded to St. Anthony, the county seat of Fremont county, whose inhabitants are largely Gentiles. At the hotel kept by Mr. White the officers learned that Rice & Findlay, bankers and leading merchants at St. Anthony, recently had a buffalo head which they had been trying to sell for $50. It was learned also that the Winegars, one of whom is the son-in-law of Bishop Parker, who was formerly the Mormon bishop of the Egin ward, killed some buffalo last fall, probably two or three, and that they have a cabin in the Squirrel Creek Meadows, where they go to hunt and trap. It was subsequently learned that the man who brought in the buffalo head which had been in possession of Rice & Findlay was one Osborn, of Island Park. This man is said to have killed eight buffalo last fall.

On Sunday, Feb. 2, Capt. Scott and Lieut. Lindsley met Mr. Hawley, the deputy sheriff and acting game warden. All of the county officials seemed much in favor of game protection, and especially of a law for the preservation of the buffalo in Idaho. The present law prohibits the killing of elk and moose, and several attempts have been made to enforce it, but as yet the officials have been unable to secure a conviction. Many of the settlers to the north and east of St. Anthony kill elk for their winter's meat, but except the Winegars they do no other hunting and no trapping. One of the buffalo heads that Rice & Findlay had was a cow. Of the other no description could be had. On Capt. Scott's broaching the subject to Rice, he seemed considerably frightened and at first denied everything. Finally, however, he admitted that he had known the whereabouts of two heads and that he had been negotiating for them. He said, however, that he had got frightened and had refused to have anything more to do with them. It is probable that Rice & Findlay have the two heads hidden somewhere at present. The impression seems quite generally to prevail that there is some United States law protecting the buffalo.

On Feb. 3 the trip was continued eighteen miles up the North Fork to Marysville, to the house of Mr. Gooch, who is a justice of the peace and postmaster.

Marysville is between the North Fork and Falls River. The country is flat, not much higher than the river and without timber. It is a newly settled Mormon community and the people are poor and ignorant. A Salt Lake company has begun the work of taking out a ditch from Falls River, near the southwest corner of the Park. This will be completed in June and will furnish water to the whole country.

At the Black Spring, about four miles south of Marysville, Fred Reising has a homestead. He has been in the country only about a year, but is generally regarded as the worst poacher in the neighborhood.

On Warm River, which empties into the North Fork about six miles from Marysville, there are large springs, and along this stream there is more or less trapping of fur. Between Warm River and North Fork there are meadows where moose are said to winter, and up toward the National Park from this place is the hunting and trapping ground of four men, a father and three sons, named Shepherd.

On Feb. 6 Lieut. Lindsley went to the cabin of a man named Vaux, a trapper who lives on Warm River half a mile below a big spring, twelve miles from its mouth. About half of this journey was on *skis* over 2ft. of loose fresh snow. Vaux is a Union veteran, who came here last October from the Big Hole. He is a prospector, and is trying to trap and poison enough fur to make a grub stake for next summer. He has killed two moose and two elk this fall and winter. He says that while fishing in the Falls River meadows last September he saw the carcass of a buffalo. The hide had been taken and the horns chopped off with an axe.

Dick Rock's cabin and elk corrals are one mile northwest of Vaux's cabin, in the meadows, and from them a wagon trail runs to Island Park and Henry's Lake. It is clearly out of the Park, probably eight miles. Vaux says there are six moose near his cabin, but no elk now. He thinks the elk come in later, for he sees many shed horns about. The river contains vegetable growth similar to that in Nez Perce Creek and Fire Hole, and Vaux said the moose wade the river and feed on the grass. There is usually a hard crust in March that sometimes gets strong enough to hold an elk. The snow early in February was a little more than 6ft. deep at Vaux's cabin. Vaux said he saw trails of eight or ten buffalo last October about two miles up the river from his cabin. It led toward the meadows and had been followed by horse tracks. He said that some of the saw mill men told him it was scouts or soldiers driving them back into the Park.

There are three brothers, named Bell, logging at the saw mill. One of them has worked for Mr. Waters in the Park. They are Gentiles and seem very energetic, and seem somewhat inclined to hunt or trap, but the officers could hear of nothing against them.

On the 8th Capt. Scott met Mr. Samuel Talon, who lives on a ranch at Marysville. He reported that Mr. Osborn, of Island Park, had sold buffalo meat to Mr. Charles Brown, on Fall River; also that Larney Bros. had several hundred thousand feet of lumber out on south bank of Fall River last winter—most of which he thinks was cut in the Park.

Securing a guide, the officers started out on Feb. 9 for Reising's old cabin on Porcupine. This cabin was built by him in 1890, and he has occupied it every winter since until last winter. It is now occupied by hunting parties who go there for meat. It is probably four miles from the west boundary of the Park. The report reads:

"Mr. Gooch hauled us in a sleigh about five miles, whence we proceeded on snowshoes and reached the cabin at dark. The snow increased rapidly in depth, and the *skis* sank deeper at every step. Found the head and forequarters of a bull elk near trail, about two miles before we reached the cabin. Found Mr. Shepherd and his son camped at cabin. They had a dog and toboggan. They said that the boy had killed the elk and had taken the hindquarters home. They had some of the meat in camp and were going to haul the rest home. The old man is not very strong. He is trying to get some fur, but has had no success as yet. Young Green has been with them and is expected up to-morrow with another dog and sled. They have two more elk somewhere, but they say nothing about it. It snowed all day, but was not cold.

"On the 10th we stayed at the cabin, and Shepherd volunteered to guide us to top of Divide toward Snake River Station.

"On the 11th we started for a cabin sixteen miles further on and near Bechler River. Reached crossing of Rock Creek and were all played out. Had to camp in the open air and melt snow for water. Cut wood all night with hatchet to keep warm. The snow here is 7ft. deep. Very soft on top and it snowed all day. The blazes on trees are nearly all covered with snow and Shepherd was unable to follow the trail closely. Saw no signs of game, the recent snow having covered up any trails that may have been made before.

"On the 12th we left camp at daylight. Reached tree where Park regulations are posted at 11 o'clock. Shepherd said the cabin, which is a secret one built by Winegar some years since, was only one-half mile away. He started for it and came out at Bechler River. Was very much surprised at not being able to find it. The air was full of snow. Circled back and found it at 3 P. M. on bank of a little lake and about half a mile from Park regulations. It is much dilapidated. Had hole in middle of roof to let smoke out and there was considerable snow inside. Shepherd's son and young Green were with us, besides the guide employed at Marysville, and they had two dogs and toboggans. We camped in cabin, and at bedtime it was still snowing hard. Shepherd refused to guide us any further. Said he wouldn't undertake to guide us anywhere in such a storm, as it was impossible.

"The morning of the 13th it was still snowing. The guide and the young men were played out and sick. The dogs were tired and footsore, and we found we had only one day's rations left. The Snake River Station was still twenty-five miles distant and two rivers to wade before reaching it. It was clearly impracticable to proceed further, so we returned that day to Reising's cabin over the trail we had broken, and where Shepherd had some rations left. The next morning we had nothing but a small quantity of bread and some tea for breakfast, and that night we reached Marysville. During our absence the weather had been fine at Marysville, and the snow was crusted after we left the timber.

"From Marysville we returned as rapidly as possible to Market Lake and came home by railroad, reaching the post on the 18th.

"On the train coming home saw a traveling man who saw Snyder at Park City, Utah, last spring, peddling jerked meat and salt fish. He also had a head and skin of a young bull, which he was trying to sell for $50.

"We heard from many different sources that buffalo have wintered in the meadows heretofore, and also about the warm formation on Mountain Ash Creek. Fresh sign was seen in that vicinity late last fall and it seems very probable that a small band is wintering there now, unless they have all been killed.

"It is equally certain that the poachers from Henry's Lake and Island Park come into the country adjacent every spring as soon as the snow crusts, so they can travel with their dog teams. We believe that the remnant of the band will be destroyed before spring unless extraordinary measures are taken for their preservation.

"There are two cabins in the meadows on Bechler River and one on Mountain Ash Creek, and I recommend that these, together with the secret cabin where we camped and the old Reising cabin, be destroyed."

A Prairie Chicken Incident.

MINNESOTA, March 21.—One morning early in September Pete and I left the city for a day off, I taking my pointer Rex and Lil, my English setter. Rex took his position in the rear of the Concord buggy, while Lil, who delights in watching the horse, was given the post of honor in front. We had scarcely left the city limits when at a cross-road Lil stuck her nose up in the air and began to look first one way and then the other. I stopped the horse at once and turned to look at Rex; he had jumped from the wagon and was frozen stiff in the middle of the road and looked back, and Lil with her forefeet on the wheel was making as pretty a point as one would care to see. We hastily put our guns together and started in to flush. We walked at least 35yds. and then flushed two nice plump chickens. Both fell at a neat double by Pete. I was too far behind, having stopped after going 25yds., thinking the dogs must have made a mistake. I call that great work for scrub dogs. The only way I account for it is that the strong wind blew the scent and perhaps the birds ran on after being pointed by the dogs.

JONES.

Illinois Mongolian Pheasants.

MACOMB, Ill.—While hunting last week a Biggsville man shot a Chinese pheasant. There is no doubt that it was a descendant of the birds turned loose by Dr. W. O. Blaisdell, of Macomb, some years ago.

THE HUNTING RIFLE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been much interested in the late discussion of the arm for big-game shooting. It occurs to me that if hunters ever do agree it will be by the majority rule, since men differ in their experience with the same gun. However, it is not necessary that we should agree, but we should appreciate the kindness of FOREST AND STREAM in giving space to our opinions.

Now, my opinion is that if a cannon ball were to strike the body of a moose or deer it would kill more suddenly than would a ball from any hunting rifle by striking the same spot. But the cannon ball might clip off a leg and do no more damage than would a ball from a .38-40. The accuracy of the gun, and its weight and length, are in my opinion prime factors in making it a desirable arm for a certain purpose. Then the questions follow: For what purpose? On what kind of grounds? Who is to handle it? A small man with a long-barreled rifle might successfully stalk certain big game on the plains or any open ground, but if he attempted to shoot deer in Michigan or Wisconsin forests with it he would get left by at least 50 per cent. He would have to be a first-class hunter to get standing shots at one-half the deer he would see, and the other half would simply run away while he was trying to bring his long gun to bear on them through the holes in the forest. If conditions were the same in the various hunting grounds, as for instance game not wild, open timber and leaves down, country level, etc., the problem would be nearer a solution, but even then two men might meet in the woods and exchange rifles to their mutual advantage.

I should like to read the facts attending some experiences of our friends with the guns they condemn and also those they recommend. I have killed deer with a .32-20 Winchester, getting five out of eleven taken by a party of nine hunters. The other guns were all larger than mine.

I now hunt with a .38-40, model '73. This gun has a 24in. barrel and weighs 9lbs. Its only fault, as I see it, for deer shooting is that it will not carry 100yds., as originally built, without elevating the sight into the third notch. I dressed the sight of my gun until it will hit the mark at 200yds. without elevation. I also cut the prongs off the hind sight, and find I can follow a moving object much better. With this gun I have killed my last fifteen deer with nineteen hits. This was done by still-hunting among the timbered hills and thickets. Seven of the deer were standing, two were walking, and four were running. I conclude that this is what an average hunter can do with that arm under ordinary circumstances. The four hits that did not kill must be attributed to my poor marksmanship, for every ball rightly placed did fatal work, and a shot at 196 paces at a fawn not over half grown was just as true to aim as those at closer range, dropping the deer in its tracks by breaking its back. Last fall I walked on to one of our boys just after he had killed an old buck. He was hunting with a .50 95 and shooting an explosive ball. His first shot had cut a foreleg off the deer below the knee, his second knocked a prong off one of the antlers, his third took a piece out of an antler at the base, and his fourth hit entered the shoulder and exploded, sending particles of lead in every direction. He is an average rifle shot, and the gun shoots as nearly correct as would be expected of a gun of its dimensions, but the two were not mated. It is too clumsy an arm for a small man to handle on moving game in the timber.

I have never had the good fortune to try my hand on moose or elk, but if I were outfitting for either of them I should select a gun that had sufficient killing power, but with length and weight such as would make it a handy gun in my hands. If I could not find such a gun I would stay at home.

G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent A. H., who writes in your number of Jan. 11 as one inexperienced in large game shooting and wanting advice, may well be puzzled at the conflicting opinions about rifles given by various practical hunters; but he may console himself with the reflection that, although it is impossible to decide which is the best rifle, he will be certain to obtain a good one by buying any weapon issued by the leading American factories and chambered for any cartridge between the .40-60-260 and .50-110-450.

Another fact is worth consideration. As stated lately by an old African hunter in an English sporting paper, rifles are now too good, and that is why large game is becoming exterminated.

While many hunters of very great experience, like the late Sir S. Baker, Capt. Forsyth and others, prefer rifles of larger bore, with heavy powder charges, there are some notable exceptions whose opinions deserve attention. Among the most prominent of these is Mr. H. W. S. Cleveland, who wrote a work upon rifles early in the sixties. He was known to have great practical as well as theoretical knowledge, and to be a fine shot. For many years he was engaged at surveying in wild parts of the States, where he had to depend much upon the rifle for procuring food; yet in a letter to FOREST AND STREAM many years ago he asserted that a .40cal. with 40grs. of powder is large enough for any animal east of the Missouri River. That would of course include caribou, moose and bear.

When writing, about six years ago, to another American sporting paper, Mr. Cleveland made a similar statement, and gave details which showed that his favorite weapon was a Maynard .40 gauge, with a 20in. barrel, chambered for a 40gr. shell. That is the same length of barrel and powder charge as in the Winchester carbine, described by Col. Cecil Clay in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 8. It is evident that neither of these gentlemen can have had much trouble with too high a trajectory, want of killing power, and other defects often complained about, or they would not have continued using such weapons through such long hunting careers. Still, it must be admitted that flattening the trajectory is of very great advantage, provided that too much accuracy be not sacrificed; for the finest judges of distance are liable to error, especially when their shooting grounds vary between plains, mountains and thick bush.

I read Colonel Clay's letter in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 8, 1889, and was so interested that I have kept it up to the present time in a scrap book, where I treasure useful articles upon firearms; yet I was not convinced of anything except that the .44-40-200 carbine had done good work in his hands. It appears to me that this cartridge must always have one prominent defect for use against any game larger than a Virginian deer. The bullet would doubtless kill even a moose well, when a clean side-shot is offered, but many instances occur especially in thick bush when there is no chance of aiming at any part except the hindquarters. Having never used a large-game rifle with less than 55grs. of powder, I would speak with some diffidence, but I cannot believe that the .44-40 bullet would penetrate between the haunches and through the abdomen into the front part of the chest of a moose, wapiti, or woodland caribou. I even doubt if it would reach the vital part of a large bull moose when striking the shoulder joint of one standing obliquely toward the hunter, a position by no means unfrequently presented. A rifle to be thoroughly satisfactory requires a bullet with accuracy, good striking surface and sufficient power to penetrate well into the front of the chest of the largest game, no matter in what position the latter may be standing.

Tastes vary so much that hunters will never agree about weapons, but perhaps the first consideration when choosing a rifle should be the weight which can be carried with comfort during a long tramp over rough ground. For a man of average strength and endurance, this should not exceed 9lbs. The next point is what cartridge giving the best combination of penetration, flattened trajectory, striking surface and accuracy up to fair sporting range (say 200yds.) can be used in a rifle of that weight without uncomfortable recoil. For myself, if selecting a weapon for every kind of large game in America, I would not hesitate to buy a "take down" repeater with half magazine, made for the Winchester .45-90 cartridge, but would load the shells with 85grs. of Curtis & Harvey's No. 6 rifle powder, and either the 350gr. bullet of soft lead or one slightly lighter, hardened with tin and with a small shallow hollow in the point—depending upon which of these gave the best accuracy in the individual rifle.

For seven years I used English express rifles of .45cal. with powder charges of 110 to 124grs. and the usual hollow point bullets, which are about 280grs. weight, hardened with one-twelfth to one-tenth of tin. These have the following advantages: They can be so made and sighted that no allowance is required when fired at the shoulder of an ordinary deer up to 150yds., at which distance a good rifle will put several successive shots into a ring of 6 or 7in. diameter. As to killing power, hardly any deer or other thin-skinned animals struck fairly in the shoulder ever run more than 100yds., and nearly all drop on the spot or within 20yds.

Their defects are: First, want of sufficient penetration for shots at the rear of animals or even for shots at the point of the shoulder of large game with thick skins. Second, want of accuracy beyond 150yds., and in second-rate rifles even at shorter distances; although the majority of shots are true they are not all to be relied upon. Even a good express will rarely put a succession of bullets at 200yds. into less than a 20in. circle. Some matters increase the weight of the bullet and thus obtain greater accuracy, but this is of course at the cost of increased recoil in light rifles.

Although the express was very satisfactory for the majority of chances at game, I rarely succeeded in making the long, clean kills at 150 to 200yds. when after antelope which were not uncommon with the accurate old muzzleloaders taking charges of 55 to 62grs. An old Hindoo groom who lived with me eight years, and to whom I was much attached, generally accompanied me to hold the horse while I was stalking those animals. After I had used my first express for some months he said to me very seriously, "Sahib, that new gun makes a great noise, but the antelope run away. The old gun made little noise, but when you fired they used to drop."

A modification of the express rifle on Mr. Melford's principle is, I think, decidedly superior to the ordinary kind. The cartridge contains 90grs. of strong powder and a bullet weighing 360grs. It is 1in. in length and has a hollow at the point $\frac{1}{4}$in. deep and $\frac{1}{10}$in. in diameter. This is accurate enough to hit an 8in. bullseye at 200yds., and the trajectory resembles that of the .45-90 300 Winchester, being a trifle over 2in. high up to 100yds. and about 10$\frac{1}{2}$in. up to 200. The rifle has been used for many years by some noted African hunters, and all speak of it in the highest terms. They say that if the bullet hit the hindquarters of a lion walking straight away it penetrates bone and everything else, going well forward into the very front of the chest, at the same time "mushrooming" sufficiently to give a large striking surface. When more penetration than the above is required the hollow point can be filled with a hard wooden peg.

The rifle is made 8$\frac{1}{2}$lbs. weight and gives no disagreeable recoil. This is partly due to its having a shotgun butt and stock of proper length. Although American rifles have been greatly improved for some years many have still to be made far too heavy, owing to the persistence in the use of narrow heel plates and short stocks. The Winchester Co. have for many years past made .50-95 rifles, specially for the British market, of about 8$\frac{1}{2}$lbs. weight and with shotgun stocks. I tried one at a target, found it very accurate, and with no more appreciable kick than an ordinary shotgun.

The oft-quoted saying of Mohawk, in the "Last of the Mohicans," that "a kicking rifle never carries a true bullet," is not strictly correct. Much depends upon whether the man behind it flinches, and the tendency to flinch can be prevented by having a shotgun butt and a stock not less than 14in. long, measured from the trigger. Two of the most accurate rifles I ever fired recoiled in a really terrific manner, but it is a mistake using such weapons for game shooting. They are all right if held closely to the shoulder and in exactly the same position every time. In hunting, a rifle has to be pointed up hill, down hill, to the right or left, and sometimes, in snap shots, fired almost before the butt touches the shoulder. Under such circumstances, if the kick be severe, the gun is twisted during the passage of the bullet through the grooves, so as to cause a perceptible divergence from the mark.

If a hunter be decidedly sensitive to recoil he would do well to choose a rifle chambered for the .45-70 shell, and load it with Gould's 330gr. hollow pointed bullet, or else select a 40-gauge.

I have never tried that size at game, but from the testimony of numerous good hunters there can be no doubt of its efficiency. The .40-82-260 has the same good qualities for trajectory and accuracy as the .45-90, but for moose and wapiti the .40-70-330 would perhaps be preferable, owing to greater penetration, and with a small shallow hollow at the point of the bullet, ought to have a good striking surface.

Within the last two years a few sportsmen in South Africa have tried rifles, taking the new .303cal. cartridge, with its charge of smokeless powder corresponding to 70grs. of black, and its 217gr. metal jacketed bullet. This has great accuracy up to the longest sporting ranges, and a trajectory so flat that no allowance is required for the curve of the bullet up to a distance of at least 50yds. further than that of the best .45 or .40 express rifle. There are several disadvantages in the cartridge which will tend to prevent its general adoption. Many sportsmen like to indulge in occasional target practice, and the range of the bullet is so enormous that there are few places where it can be fired without most serious risk of danger to man and beast; and if it or the new American army bullet came into regular use for antelope shooting on the prairies there would certainly be some lamentable accidents. Owing to the immense strain on the breech, the rifle must be made of better material than that which suffices for ordinary sporting cartridges, or else some part of it is likely to give way after only a moderate amount of firing. The accuracy also is liable to diminish after a few hundred shots, owing to the rapid wearing out of the grooves. There are most extraordinary reports of the killing qualities of these rifles. With the full jacketed military bullet they are certainly very useless against game, unless a bone or large bloodvessel happen to be struck, the bullet only drilling a neat hole about its own diameter. With the point uncovered by the jacket and with the latter split longitudinally in four places, very good work has been done by some hunters, one indeed asserting that the effects are greater than those of a .45 express. On the other hand, some equally good sportsmen have found them more or less of a failure. One old elephant hunter wrote to a sporting paper here that small antelope, which dropped on the spot when hit with a .40 express bullet, ran sometimes for miles when a .303 bullet with a soft lead or hollow point had passed through both lungs. The penetration of this bullet is extraordinary, and it seems to act better upon rather large than upon very small quadrupeds, owing to the resistance in the bodies of the former causing it to flatten.

I doubt if it will ever be made, in the majority of shots, to stop game as quickly as the larger bores; and its extensive adoption would certainly hasten the extermination of game, owing to the temptation to fire at long ranges.

Whatever rifle A. H. may finally decide upon obtaining, I strongly advise him to have it fitted with an ivory-tipped foresight. This never glistens in the sun, and it shows with perfect clearness against the hide of any animal. I think it improves the shooting quite 20 per cent. The Lyman aperture rear sight is also particularly useful in preventing the tendency which most young, and even some old, sportsmen have to fire over the game by taking too coarse a foresight. With the aperture, if the trigger be pressed the instant the ivory bead is seen on the mark, the shot is certain to be accurate; but this is not always the case when an open rear sight on the barrel is used, because the notch or upper edge of the sight may be too much below the line from the bead to the eye of the hunter. For those, however, who prefer an open rear sight, it would be difficult to find a better one than the Lyman No. 6 pattern with a triangular piece of ivory to mark the center. This catches the eye instantly when the rifle is raised, and there is no blur, such as is caused by a notch. Fine sights may do best for target work, but all those for military or sporting purposes ought to force themselves upon the eye instead of having to be searched for.

After buying the rifle it is advisable to sight it carefully before using it on game. The alignment which causes a bullet to go straight for one man may possibly make it fly to one side or too high or low for another. When the sights have been correctly arranged the young sportsman should practice firing at various objects, such as knots on trees, spots on rocks, etc., at unknown distances and in all kinds of ground, up hill, down hill, and on the level, so as to learn what allowances to make for the curve in the bullet's flight. Judgment of distance can be much improved by fixing the eye on an object when out walking, deciding how far it is, and then pacing up to it. I think that in the long run those who never fire random shots bag the most game, and a rifle should never be fired at a deer beyond the distance at which it can be depended upon to hit an 8in. bull. At greater ranges there will be many missed or uselessly wounded.

A man is a bungler who cannot, as a general rule, stalk to within 150 or, at the most, 200yds. of deer on an open prairie, even when they have become wild from being frequently fired at. An intimate friend, and one of the best sportsmen I ever knew (who had stalked and bagged five ibex in one day), told me that he never fired unless he could crawl to within 100yds. of the game. That was before express rifles were invented, and he was then using a 12-bore made for carrying eleven round balls to the pound, with 4$\frac{1}{2}$drs. of powder. Such rifles by good makers used to put (with open hunting sights) several successive shots in a 6in. ring at 100yds. At 150 they required a 10in. ring, so my friend would not fire, from dread of merely wounding an animal.

The late Horatio Ross had stalked deer during an unusually long life, and was one of the best shots at game or target in the British Islands, yet in his introduction to Macrae's "Handbook of Deer Stalking" he writes: "We often hear of very long shots having been made, but we do not hear of the many noble stags that have been wounded by reckless shooting at extreme distances." I cannot accuse myself of having often wounded deer, because I make it a rule never to fire at deer beyond the range of 150yds., and then only if I have a good, steady view."

Judge Van Dyke in the "Still Hunter" says: "For the past three years my rule has been to shoot at nothing beyond 150yds. if there is an even chance of getting closer to it, and not to shoot even that far if there is a fair prospect of shortening the distance. I fully believe I have got more deer by it. I certainly know that there have been fewer broken-legged cripples."

J. J. MEYRICK.

SOUTH DEVON, England.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In regard to hunting rifles I would state the following: During the last four years I have killed in Europe a very large number of deer of various kinds, from the noble stag of the red deer (*Cervus elaphus*) to the nimble roebuck (*Cervus capreolus*), and having used rifles of large and small calibers, I find that the .38-55 will do the work

every time in the hands of a careful rifle shot. By this I mean one who is tolerably certain that his bullet will strike a vital spot. Let him shoot the large caliber who fires at every deer he sees, trusting that his bullet will cause a mortal wound; this man will certainly be more successful with the .50 and .45-70 than with the .38-55, although, as E. M. C. says, the .38-55 with the mushroom bullet will cause a larger wound than the solid bullet of the larger calibers, but it spoils the meat.

U. F. BENDER.

ONTARIO INDIANS AND MOOSE.

FENELON FALLS, Ont., March 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Under the heading of "Ontario Indians and Moose," Mr. J. E. Newsome, of Port Arthur, in your issue of the 28th inst. professes to bring to public notice a great wrong which is being perpetrated by the Government of Ontario by the way Indians and half-breeds are permitted to slaughter game.

Mr. Newsome is manifestly misleading in his statement when he says that "the Ontario Government is protecting the moose and caribou for the lazy half-breed Indians to slaughter as they see proper."

Indians have no more right to kill game in Ontario than have white men, except where that right was accorded them by treaty prior to the enactment of the present game law, or "in any portion of the provincial territory as to which their claims have not been surrendered or extinguished."

But there is a section in the act which says: "The provisions of this act shall not apply to Indians or to settlers in any unorganized township or territory not divided into townships of this province, with regard to any game killed for their own immediate use for food only and for the reasonable necessities of the person killing the same, and his family, and not for the purposes of sale or traffic."

Mark the punctuation of the above and say where Indians are given any privileges over the whites.

I am well aware that advantage is being taken of the above to a very great extent, but why? Because the hunters almost invariably find a ready market for both antlers, hide, and carcasses. I have yet to meet the Indian who while he had a territory or hunting ground to himself and could not find a ready purchaser for more game than was required for the sustenance of himself and family who slaughtered any animals unnecessarily.

I came across a camp of two Indian hunters only a few months ago with no less than three newly slaughtered bull moose heads, which I am confident would still be alive and ornamenting their native wilds were it not that their slayers knew of a ready market for both heads and hides; for it was impossible to have taken more than half of one of the carcasses to the nearest settlement before it would spoil.

Let our hotel keepers or dealers in furs and others refuse to purchase game unlawfully killed, and the slaughter will soon cease. What Indian, or white man either, will go even one day's trip into a moose or deer country, either on snowshoes or by canoe, to kill more game than will satisfy his own wants, if he does not know of a ready market for his surplus supply.

JAMES DICKSON,
Member of Ontario Game and Fish Commission.

The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association.

PITTSBURG, Pa.,—The second annual field trials of the Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association are going to be a great success this fall. At this early date many applications are being made for entry blanks and running rules. The blanks will soon be ready for distribution, and it is hoped all sportsmen interested in these trials will apply for them.

The entry fee will be the same as that of last year, $10—$5 to nominate and $5 to start. After deducting 10% of the entrance fees to cover expenses, the money will be divided into 50, 30 and 20%. Entries in both Derby and All-Age Stakes will close Aug. 1, pointers and setters to run together. The trials will be run under the Eastern Field Trial Club rules.

We have liberated 100 dozen Kansas quail on the preserve this spring; these with the birds left over from last season will give an abundance of birds to work on.

Our overseer, deputy game warden J. W. Phillips, reports finding from six to eleven coveys a day while working the dogs he has in training, showing that the birds from last season have wintered well.

Mr. W. S. Bell, of this city, and Mr. S. C. Bradley, of Greenfield Hill, Conn., have been asked to judge, if suitable arrangements can be made with them.

S. B. CUMMINGS, Sec'y.

More Grouse Shooting Haps.

MELROSE, Mass., March 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* An article in your issue of March 21, by J. E. B., relative to his dog retrieving a dead ruffed grouse after his brother's dog had retrieved one which they had both shot at, reminds me of an incident which happened while I was ruffed grouse shooting. I was walking along an old road, on each side of which were low pines and a few birches very thickly distributed. My pointer was a little in advance of me. Suddenly I heard a clucking noise, which I knew to be a partridge. I brought my gun up very quickly, so as to be ready when he started, when suddenly it was discharged. Scolding myself for being so careless and thanking my lucky stars there was not a companion with me to receive the charge, I quickly reloaded. I had just closed the gun when out flew a grouse. I fired at him as he crossed the path, but missed. While reloading I heard a flutter at the right and just a little ahead of me. I sent my dog in and stood ready to shoot the bird should he flush it. I was thunderstruck when he came running up to me with a grouse in his mouth. The bird had evidently been sitting on a limb of a low pine and had received a part of the accidental discharge.

Another incident happened with me while ruffed grouse shooting last fall which might cope with J. E. B.'s article. I was hunting, late one afternoon in November, in a thick piece of woods for a wary old grouse which I had hardly ever failed to flush in about the same place at the above time of day. Keeping my dog in pretty close, I had not far to go to hear his ever-welcome whir about 40yds. ahead of me. I just caught a glimpse of him as he cleared an oak, but could not get a shot. I followed, however, in the direction I supposed he had taken, intending to hunt him as long as I could see, as it was growing dark very fast. Sending the dog into some scrub oaks, I waited two or three minutes. As he did not start the bird I whistled him up, intending to send him in another direction, when what was my surprise to see him come trotting up, proud as a lord, with a grouse in his mouth. The bird was still warm, and had been dead but a short time. I think the bird had been wounded by some gunner who did not have a dog, or if he did the dog was worthless. The bird I flushed I failed to find again, but I am quite sure it could not have been the one the dog found.

I think I have got as good a retriever as is made. He is quite stanch, although not perfection. He has retrieved many a grouse which I had no idea I had shot, besides retrieving the above grouse, which I have no idea who shot.

F. D. S.

North Dakota Non-Residents.

FARGO, N. D., March 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The inclosed clipping from the *Fargo Forum* gives the result of the test case brought to test the validity of our North Dakota game law:

"The hearing of the proceedings brought to compel Auditor Miller to grant a hunting permit to a non-resident for the same amount as to a resident of the State was taken up by Judge Rose at the court house this morning, and the peremptory writ was quashed.

"State Attorney Pollock appeared on behalf of the State, and cited the section of the code providing a license fee of $25 for non-residents, as the ground on which the application was rejected. Mr. Maclay, of Ball, Watson & Maclay, represented E. H. Earle, the plaintiff, and the case was submitted without argument on either side. Judge Rose quashed the writ, and the case will probably be appealed to the Supreme Court. Mr. Maclay claims that the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Connecticut case does not cover the point raised here, although a large number of local sportsmen disagree with him."

C. E. ROBBINS.

West Virginia Quail.

SISTERSVILLE, W. Va., March 21.—I saw a welcome sight yesterday—five quail in a place where there has not been a quail in several years. I was attending to my duties and saw their tracks in the snow, and all duties were forgotten and I followed their trail in the snow until they flushed; and as they disappeared in the woods my thoughts went back to the weary miles I traveled last season with not a feather. The companion of then, my Gordon Ted, is sleeping by his sire, Irish Ted. Why is it that a mongrel, with no pedigree, no home, nothing, will live to a ripe old age, while the dog whose forefathers can be traced to the originators of his race must meet the spite of one who is far his inferior in everything, that curse of every community—the dog poisoner?

I expect to go to Venezuela in a few months. Will any of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM who have had experience in the torrid zone write me all the information they can on what to wear, what weapons, etc., they would take to the gold fields of the above country?

J. H. PIERCE.

Utah's New Law.

PROVO, Utah, March 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you a note in order that the matter may be mentioned in next issue if you think best.

The game law has passed the Legislature, and is in the Governor's hands. It is as stringent as the sportsmen desire—too stringent to be effectually enforced in some places.

1. The export of game at all seasons is absolutely prohibited.

2. The sale of trout, even within the State, is prohibited for three years from the passage of the act.

3. The killing of elk, deer, antelope and mountain sheep is prohibited for three years from passage of act.

4. Close season is extended materially.

5. Not more than fifteen birds or 15lbs. of fish allowed to any one person in one day.

If the Governor does not sustain his reputation as a vetoer, we are O. K.

SHOSHONE.

Wounded Partridges.

ONE morning on starting out to see if I could find any birds, I came upon an old partridge, which I wounded. He flew quite a distance, and after I had followed him up I found him under a pine tree. Soon after I wounded another bird in the same way. He got away, but I found him unable to fly under a pine. Now, was it on account of the soft pine needles that these birds stopped here after being shot, or was it merely luck that they fell there, and being unable to fly were forced to remain there?

E. C. W.

To Prohibit Nets in Lake Ontario Bays.

THE following bill has been proposed, to put an end to the ruinous bass netting and other fish destruction in the bays of Lake Ontario. It should have the prompt and hearty indorsement of every man who is interested in saving from destruction the game and food fishes of those waters, and the way to indorse the measure is to send approval of it to Senator James Mullen and Assemblyman C. J. Clark. The bill amends Section 132 of the game code as follows:

Section 132. No fish shall be fished for, caught or killed in any manner or by any device except angling in the waters of Lake Erie within half a mile of the shores thereof, nor of any of the islands therein, or in the Cattaraugus Creek or within five miles of the mouth thereof, nor of any island therein, nor in Lake Ontario within one mile of the shore thereof, nor of any island therein, or within three miles of the mouth of the Oswego River or of the mouth of the Niagara River, nor of any island therein. Nor shall fish taken contrary to the provisions of this section be knowingly possessed.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

MESSRS. LAWRENCE & LICHTENSTEIN have opened a sporting goods store at 39 Beekman street (near William), New York. They have a full line of sportsmen's goods, but their specialties will be trap and field shooters' supplies, bicycles, boats and fishing tackle.

They have associated with them Mr. Frank Lawrence, who is well known to the sportsmen throughout the United States and who is thoroughly up to date in all sportsmen's requirements.

They will make a specialty of hand-loaded shotgun ammunition—a business with which Mr. Lawrence has been identified for some years, and in connection with which there are few experts better known. In his line a novelty will be introduced in the way of guaranteeing the ammunition.

Sea and River Fishing.

PASSING OF MISSOURI BASS.

IN his "Deserted Village" Goldsmith tells of the old soldier who shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won, and the same condition of affairs prevails with the old anglers who switch their rods and tell how once they caught the great bass in Missouri waters. But these days are gone, and if during the next five years the destruction of game fish in this State continues as it has during the past five, the waters will be as bare of fish as the great plains are now bare of buffalo.

It is not a pleasant story to relate of the wanton destruction of game fish in the rivers of Missouri, but it is a story which cannot be told too soon, nor its dire effects put too strongly. As is well known, Missouri contains the finest natural waters for game fish of any State in the Union. The great range of hills or mountains, which pass through the southern half of the State, contain the sources of many rivers which are fed by enormous springs. Thus the water is kept cool during the whole summer season and it is admirably fitted for the propagation of game fishes. In addition these rivers, emptying into the Mississippi, have this mighty stream to fall back upon for a supply which comes from the great States of Mississippi, Arkansas and Louisiana. But in spite of these advantages, the game fish, especially bass, are rapidly disappearing.

Take for instance the Merrimac River, one of the finest streams in the United States for small-mouthed bass, which is fed by immense springs in the Ozark Hills, and with its sandy reaches, gravelly bottom and deep pools, it is the ideal place for the home of the black bass. But so wanton has been the destruction of fish in this river that a person would starve to death before he could catch enough to sustain life. Netting and dynamiting have been the causes which have ruined this great river. Of late years there has not been so much dynamiting, but during the period when the San Francisco Railroad was being constructed the river was mercilessly dynamited and everything in it was practically destroyed. It seems to be a fact that where a river has once been dynamited fish do not return to it. Certainly the passage of fish from the Mississippi River up the Merrimac should in a measure restock the river, but such is not the case.

Another great Missouri fishing stream, nearly ruined, is the Big Piney. It is located in the southwestern part of the State, lies wholly within the Ozark Hills, and is fed by immense springs, the same as is the Merrimac. The destruction of fish in this river is due to the fish hogs from the great cities. We are aware that the native is roundly denounced who sets his net or who spears by torchlight, but the total number of fish taken by these did not amount to much, and fish were abundant in the Big Piney in spite of all that the natives took out. At Arlington on the Gasconade is a supply depot where boats and guides can be obtained. A day's ride across the country gives parties a sixty or seventy mile float on the Big Piney River, and two days' travel will take them near the headwaters of the river, giving them a float of over 100 miles. Now just imagine three or four parties a week during the whole fishing season floating down from the headwaters of the river, and it will be seen what an immense destruction of fish takes place. The usual course is for the guides and camp equipage to pull out early in the morning and move down the river to the next camping place. The fishermen then leisurely follow, fishing all the best places they find and dragging behind them the bass as they go down. For their supper a few of these fish are eaten and by the next morning the whole of them are dead and thrown away. This process of slaughtering has been going on for the past ten years. We are sorry to say that so-called anglers from St. Louis are the worst offenders, one party bragging that they had caught 1,200 bass in one of their trips. Is it any wonder that the river is now almost depleted?

The Gasconade, a larger river than the Big Piney, into which the latter flows, and once the home of myriads of small-mouthed bass, is also practically given up by fishermen. There are some places where fair fishing can be found if one goes so far from the railroad that it is not generally reached by the city fish hogs.

Passing to the southeast portion of the State, the smaller streams between the Ozarks and Mississippi have been practically fished out, but now and then a bass or croppie may be taken. Going further south we come to the great St. Francis River, which has been one of the greatest fishing streams of this State. It also flows through the hills of the Ozark range in its southern course, goes through the lowlands of Missouri down through Arkansas. In its lower reaches of water are immense beds of moss, which are the natural spawning grounds for the bass. Club houses have now been located along the river where these spawning places occur and the waters are being mercilessly fished the whole year round. This fishing is done by members of clubs who are supposed to take some interest in the protection of game, but who in practice take everything that comes along. Not only do these club members fish in the daytime, but especially at Buffalo Island, where there is a club house, a great many bass are taken at night with the fly. Last season thousands of them were taken in this manner and right from the moss beds. With a guide who knows all the open spots in the river the angler goes out at night, and with a big gob of bright feathers attached to a hook, and with a short line at the end of a stiff cane pole, the fly is skittered along in front of the canoe and thus the bass are taken and ignominiously yanked into the boat.

The Black River, long the favorite with St. Louis fishermen, is also being rapidly depleted, and parties are discouraged who have gone to this river during the past few years. Many club houses are located on this river also and the members seem to take but little interest in the saving of the fish.

In these rivers most of the destruction has been done by members from the cities. In addition there has been dynamiting, and also catching by nets and fish traps. Between Silver Dam, on the St. Francis, and Greenville, a distance of fifty or sixty miles, there are six large fish traps in active operation. These are very firmly constructed, so as to resist the floods of spring, and fish are caught and sold to the markets.

In addition to these points which have been stripped of

their game fishes, market fishermen are continually fishing along the sloughs on both sides of the Mississippi through the whole length of the States of Missouri and Illinois. This is a great source of destruction of game fishes, as these netters not only take large fish, but also the small. It is no unusual thing to see on Thursdays along Union Market, in this city, rows of wagons from up and down the river containing fish caught in this manner. Ostensibly they only contain catfish, buffalo and carp, but generally in the front of the wagon the shrewd buyer can find a supply of bass, croppies and sunfish. We recently noted in one of the wagons large strings of game fish which really were mere minnows and must have been of last year's spawning. It hardly seems credible that such small fish could find sale, but they seem to find purchasers somewhere.

So far as we are aware, there is nothing being done of any moment to prevent the continued destruction of fish in the waters of this State. We have a most excellent game law and game commission, but with that great amount of intelligence which is often shown by State legislators, not a cent of money was appropriated for the enforcement of the game laws; consequently they are a dead letter. If there was any way to reach the people of the State to educate them to the great loss the State is sustaining on account of the destruction of game fishes, a sentiment might be created which would force the Legislature to make an appropriation to enforce the statutes. The Missouri Fish Commission is doing some work in restocking waters, but this will amount to little as long as the destruction is permitted to continue. What this State must have if game fishes are to be preserved is an enforcement of the present law and the enactment of a close season. As it is now fish are taken before and during the spawning season, which prohibits all chance for the natural repienishing of stock. There are intelligent fishermen who do not know that to take a black bass even after spawning means the destruction of the young fish, for they are not aware of the guardianship which young bass must have before they can shift for themselves.

We have but briefly outlined what is going on in this State, and we only wish that FOREST AND STREAM had the power to create a sentiment in this State which would put an end to the present disgraceful conditions—not only as to game fish, but game of all kinds. ABERDEEN.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., March 30.

PENNSYLVANIA ASSOCIATION.

THE annual reunion of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association last evening at 1020 Arch street was of unusual interest because of the universally expressed opinion in favor of a central State organization, composed of the members of the local societies. Among the invited guests were State Senators Penrose and Baker and Representatives John M. Scott, William F. Stewart, John H. Fow and J. B. Goentner; Alfred Craft, President of the Norristown Fish and Game Protective Association; H. G. Unger, Secretary of the same organization; Dr. W. B. Shaner, President of the Pottstown Fish and Game Protective Association; Professors Christine and Dolley; the Rev. Dr. Fulton and Dr. George W. Massamore, Secretary of the Maryland State Game and Fish Protective Association.

The table was laid in true piscatorial style. There was fish carved from ice and fish patterned in sliced lemons. Grace was said by the Rev. Dr. Hart, and the address of welcome was made by H. O. Wilbur, President of the Association.

Henry C. Ford, President of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, was unable to be present, owing to ill health, but sent a paper, in which he said:

"In the last decade the most valuable of the State fisheries—the shad fishery—has signally shown the worth of artificial propagation by an increase in value from less than $100,000 to over $500,000 annually—a result clearly traceable to the abolition of fish baskets in the Delaware, to the merits of a protective patrol of the river, and the advantages of annual artificial restocking. Lake Erie shows likewise a similar increase in the value of her great fisheries—a marked contrast to the decadence of the fisheries of Ontario, where there is no artificial propagation. Our mountain trout streams that were fast failing in natural production from evident causes again afford pleasure and profit to the angler and the farmer, a result owing to the liberation in their spring-like waters of the progeny reared in the State hatcheries.

"There is no longer a question as to the results of the Fish Commission's work. Its utility and desirability are acknowledged by those who were once its determined enemies—who sought to counteract its protective enactments in legislative halls.

"The Pennsylvania Commission, from its three hatcheries, now liberates in the waters of the State over 100,000,000 of fish annually, and this spring from its completed shad hatchery at Bristol hopes to largely increase that number, besides giving the assurance of a permanent propagation of shad in the future for the Delaware and Susquehanna. If, however, the Pennsylvania Fish Commission has done good work for the State, the outcome of that work needs fostering care and protective influences.

"To those of our legislators here to-night we would appeal to remedy this neglect in the future, so that with adequate protection throughout the entire State the Commission's work may be no longer neutralized by illegal devices or unlawful fishing.

"The Commission has gladly observed the rapid increase of fish protective associations throughout the State. These societies, like your own, have interested themselves in our work, and in their respective localities have made protection possible and popular. The thought has occurred in this connection that a State association, composed possibly of delegates from each local association, would form a body which, collectively, would influence legislation in favor of fish protection and the enlargement of the work of the Fish Commission."

A. M. Spangler, one of the oldest members of the Association, spoke strongly in favor of the formation of a central organization. He believed that the confederation of the local organizations had now become imperative. He thought that in this way as much more could be done in shaping legislation as the local organizations have done by their individual efforts. He paid a high tribute to the local organizations and traced their history.

Senator Baker said that very few people except those who come in contact with legislation know what their representatives have to contend with in laboring for fish protection. As an illustration, he said the Susquehanna River is one of the best fishing streams in the State, naturally, yet many of the counties on this river are the bitter enemies of the Fish Commission. "The people there want to catch the festive eel," he continued, "and resent the framing of any laws whatever for fish protection. We need national legislation. Congress should be appealed to to forbid the erection of fish baskets or any such contrivances in any river passing through two or more States."

Mr. Baker said that the greatest enemy to fish in the State of Pennsylvania is the dynamiting Italian, to meet whose particular depredations a bill was passed at the instance of Representative William F. Stewart at the last session of the Legislature. The next most destructive agency is the manufacturer who pollutes the water, yet such is their influence that when brought to book in the courts the law books show that scientists are found who swore to the purity of that self-same polluted water.

"We need organization to educate the people. We need the aid of the press. There are legislators elected for the sole purpose of defeating the work of the Fish Commission. Once they would have succeeded, save for the influence of the Philadelphia *Ledger* and the good sense of Governor Pattison, and for this both deserve the undying gratitude of anglers. The *Ledger* has done a splendid work for fish protection and the education of the people in this direction. I say frankly that it was almost wholly through its efforts that vicious fish legislation was defeated in the last Legislature, and the passage of good measures made possible. A pamphlet written for the Fish Commission for distribution at the World's Fair in Chicago by one of the members of its staff is one of the best educational works of the kind ever issued and should be read by every man in the State."

Dr. George Massamore told of the organization of the Fish Protective Association in Maryland. He spoke of the deplorable condition of the fishing industry in the State and the efforts made to have protective laws enacted. A measure for the protection of black bass was passed on Wednesday night. The Legislature has created the position of game warden, and a bill to clear the Susquehanna River and Chesapeake Bay of fish baskets is under consideration.

Representative Stewart praised the work of the Association. He said that had it not been for the work of that organization, undoubtedly the fishing in the waters of the State would have been much worse than it is. He advocated the formation of a central organization. He thought further that the various fish protective associations should form auxiliary societies in those counties along the Susquehanna in which the work of the Fish Commission is antagonized. The eastern and northwestern parts of Pennsylvania are in fairly good shape in regard to fish protection. It is only along the Susquehanna River that the people are ignorant as to their best interests, and auxiliary organizations would certainly do good.

A meeting of the executive committee of the Fish Protective Association will shortly be held to take steps toward the organization of a central association.—*Philadelphia Ledger, March 29.*

ANGLING NOTES.

The Sportsmen's Exposition.

THE Sportsmen's Exposition at Madison Square Garden will have been so thoroughly written up in the columns of this journal that it will be superfluous for me to say anything about it, I imagine; and, furthermore, I saw so little of it in detail that perhaps I am treading on dangerous ground to say anything, for I have found since I came from the show that there were many things there which I might have seen had I gone to the places where they were displayed.

It may not have been the proper thing to do, to sit in the FOREST AND STREAM office section and visit with old friends and talk fish, fishing and fishculture, when there was so much to be seen elsewhere; but that is what I did chiefly. I did one exhibit thoroughly, and one exhibit I missed entirely, if it was there. The fishing tackle displays I did inside and out, and was impressed with two things: the artificial flies and a fly-rod. I saw flies dressed closer to nature than I ever saw before in an exhibit of American flies. They were neater, finer and better counterfeits of natural flies than is customary for our flymakers to produce, judging from my personal experience. That may indicate that our tackle dealers of themselves have arrived at a higher state of perfection in fly dressing, or it may indicate that as our trout become more wary from their acquaintance with the angling man they require a close imitation of a real fly to lure them, instead of a nightmare in feathers, silk and tinsel. I saw flies exhibited at the show that were in every respect equal to the finest English, Scotch or Irish flies, both in workmanship and design, and that is as much as any man can say in praise of artificial flies, no matter where they are made; for in Britain they have been in the business since before the Pilgrims landed, and naturally know how to do it.

The rod that pleased me was a six-strip wood rod. Made in six strips, glued together longitudinally like a split bamboo, the strips being of greenheart and lancewood placed alternately, the rod had great powers for casting and in resistance. The rod was so perfectly balanced and the action so evenly adjusted that altogether it seemed to be an ideal rod, and as I held it in my hand I longed for a line, reel and trout to try it.

I know that seven or eight different members of the staff of FOREST AND STREAM were engaged in writing up what the show had to offer in the way of exhibits, and as it will be as thoroughly done as space will permit, I will refer only to one exhibit that was missing, or if there I did not find it, and in this I was not alone. I expected to see an exhibit of food stuffs in portable form for sportsmen, and it was perhaps my one disappointment that I did not. In English sportsmen's journals it is as much a feature of the advertising columns to display what is fit for a sportsman's stomach as it is to mention where he can get his rods, guns, dogs, boats, clothing, boots, face grease, gloves, hats, etc., but not so over here. Read the advertising columns of FOREST AND STREAM for instance, and the only thing one finds mentioned for the inner man is a cocktail. But how about the other courses, the soup and game pies, and desiccated and desecrated things in tins and capsules and wafers and pills that go into your pack or pocket and sustain life luxuriantly for from seven to thirty days at so much per pill or wafer? The light but filling food is what the sportsman of to-day wishes to know about, and the place to tell it is where sportsmen flock together, and if they are not gregarious at a sportsmen's show, where are they?

Only last September I had to wait twenty-four hours for a barrel of pork to be brought over the portage to the club house where I was fishing in Canada, and ever since I have been hoping to find that some one had been able to dessicate pork so one could carry in one's pocket enough for three meals in a country where trout swim in herds. Now having called attention to the omission of an exhibit of sportsmen's food stuffs, I trust no one will say it was there concealed in one of the departments.

Steelhead Trout for New York.

The United States Fish Commission has assigned to the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission, of New York, 50,000 eggs of the steelhead trout. The eggs will come from the Fort Gaston station in California, and may be followed by a second assignment if the number of eggs taken at the station will warrant it. The steelhead is perhaps the best of the black spotted trout, and is considered a gamer fish than the black spotted Rocky Mountain or cutthroat trout, as the *S. neykiss* is variously called. This will be the first of the steelheads to come into the State for planting in State waters. There are now at the Caledonia station a few of the black spotted (*neykiss*) trout hatched last year, and they were the first of the species to be hatched by the New York Commission. Since the time, nearly thirty years ago, that I caught these fish, the *neykiss*, in waters where they are native, I have been impressed with their good qualities as a game and table fish and have desired to have the experiment tried of introducing them into Eastern waters. Dr. Bean, who is familiar with both species, is of the opinion that the steelhead will be more desirable in New York waters than the *neykiss*, which I have found in our markets sold as brook trout.

Caddis Flies for Fish Food.

A correspondent writes me as follows: "I noticed some time ago in the *Churchman*, I think, that the New York Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission gave away fish food in the shape of crayfish, fresh-water shrimp and flies of the caddis worm. As I do not live in New York State, I wish to know if the Commission has authority to sell the caddis fly and upon what terms per thousand. What does the fly look like before it is a fly, when it is in the larval state?"

The Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission furnishes fish or fish food only for the public waters of the State. It furnishes neither one nor the other for private waters in the State or out of it, and it does not sell anything in the way of fish, fish fry, fish eggs or fish food. It does not furnish the caddis worm or fly to anyone, nor does it cultivate either.

It is, however, a simple matter to transfer the larvæ of the caddis fly from waters where it exists to waters where it does not. There are several species of caddis worms, and nearly all build cases or sheaths to envelop them in the larval stage. To quote from Réaumur, "The body of these larvæ is lodged in a silken tube, to the outside of which are fastened fragments of different substances selected for the purpose of strengthening and defending it. The sheaths may be quite irregular, rough and prickly, or smooth and symmetrical. When the old sheath becomes too narrow or too short the larva makes a fresh one. Sometimes the new sheath differs more from the cast-off one than our dress of to-day differs from that of our grandfathers. * * * They employ very different materials and the kind of material largely affects the dress which they put on. They make use of whole or nearly whole leaves, bits of leaves, or little sticks and straws. Others use reeds, roots, grains of sand gravel, or the shells of water snails and bivalves—in short, all the materials which can be found in water are employed by particular caddis worms. In some sheaths one only of these materials is employed, and these are the most neatly constructed. In other sheaths a number of different materials are made use of, so that the larva is dressed, so to speak, in rags and tatters, and its covering is altogether shapeless." One entomologist wishing to watch a caddis worm removed it from its sheath and placed it in water with bits of mica, and it quickly constructed a case from the mica through which its movements could be observed.

"Each sheath is a hollow cylinder with an opening at each end. The fore end, out of which the head and six limbs can be passed, is wide. The hinder end is narrow and closed with a circular silken plate with a hole in it."

Some caddis worms creep along the bottom of a stream, but others load their cases so heavily with gravel that they never move. At best, the larva is a poor swimmer, and to move at all they usually creep, hence the name "creeper" applied to the caddis and May-fly larvæ by the anglers in England. The caddis worm has at its hinder end two hooks projecting outward by which it holds itself in its case should an attempt be made to remove it. Réaumur says the cases of gravel and sand are the most difficult to construct, and yet a caddis worm will make one in five or six hours. In a trout pond on the top of a mountain in Vermont I saw the bottom literally paved with caddis worm cases of this description, and the trout in the pond were perhaps the finest flavored I ever ate. Trout eat caddis worms, cases and all, and a French scientist has told (and I repeated it in FOREST AND STREAM years ago) how many caddis worm cases he found in the stomach of a single trout. My recollection is that it was over 200.

When the larva of the caddis passes to the pupa stage it reconstructs its case and it is generally shorter than before. The pupa emerges from its case, climbs up the water weeds or stones until it gains the air, and throws off the pupal skin. When liberated it swims about easily, but with its back downward, and the fly escapes from the floating pupa. The fly has four wings, and wings and body have a hairy appearance, as though fringed with short hairs.

"The eggs of caddis flies are laid in water or on water plants, or on trees overhanging a stream, or sometimes far from the water. They are often of green color, and are laid many together in a mucilage which swells out as soon as it comes in contact with water, forming a cylindrical egg rope, or in some cases a flat disc."

To transfer the caddis fly for the purpose of furnishing

fish food the larvæ cases can be gathered in the spring, or the pupa cases, and placed in a bucket of water and carried to the stream or pond it is desired to stock. The cases are abundant wherever found, and it should not be a difficult matter to gather several hundred in a short time, the more the better, for this purpose. I imagine the eggs could be transferred successfully, as well as the larvæ.

A. N. CHENEY.

BARRACOUDA AND BONITO.

SAN DIEGO, Cal., March 20.—Among the many guests from many climes idling away their time and enjoying the mere fact of living in the delightful climate of southern California in winter, as represented by San Diego and its comparatively new rival, Del Coronado, occupying a spit just across and between the city and the ocean, were and are a goodly proportion of anglers, and their impatience for the promised coming fishing has been but slightly allayed by the few little perch and surf fish which occasionally reward an hour's work on the Coronado pier. It has been increased by the pictures shown us and sold to us of big jewfish and bass whose weights run up into the hundreds, and whose dimensions dwarf those of the man photographed with them, all taken from the same pier that furnishes to us but the little ones and snags.

And the stories too—such, for instance, as of over 100 yellow-tails, many from 10lbs. to 30, taken in one day off the same pier and with the fly—are aggravating.

So when a few days ago the news came that the barracouda were running outside, there was a general furbishing up of spoons and getting together tackle for a try at them.

Outside is but a short way off as the bird flies, but as the fish or boat swims about eight or nine miles. Sail boats, row boats, naphtha, steam and gasoline launches came quickly in demand, and it soon became the fad to go trolling, and every evening the space on the floor of the lobby of the Coronado, which for months had been devoted to exhibition of the results of day's work by sundry guests among the quail, ducks and rabbits, was covered with fish, giving much entertainment and considerable perfume to the guests who gathered around.

The trip out around Point Lima, to and past the kelp bed, which fringes the coast at a mile or two of distance, then along its outside edge, was seldom without returns; from Point Lima to the kelp beds, bass abounded and struck freely, while a boat anchored amid the kelp could secure more than any not very avaricious man could require still-fishing.

While I am told of and am shown pictures of bass up to 200lbs., the largest I've seen was about 10 or 12lbs.

Outside the kelp the barracoudas one day, bonitos another, predominate, and passing through the schools (indicated as in case of mackerel by the gulls) every jig is apt to have one on, and we hope it's a barracouda, for compared with the bonito—which on bills of fare and by boatmen is called "Spanish mackerel"—it is a good fish.

The market prices show this. While the barracouda brings 4 cents a pound, the bonito is hard to get rid of at 1 cent. The bass ranks with the barracouda, and the beautiful yellow-tail, of which a few are being caught, rank with the bonito—that is, for a table fish; for catching he is superior, for already, although early season, none less than say 15lbs. have caught on, while of bonito and barracouda 10lbs. is about the outside limit.

It is said that the fishing is much earlier than usual this year; that such luck as we now have should not be expected before May.

There is another fish that we catch in the kelp, locally called and on the bills of fare sheepshead, which it by no means is, although it has jaws and teeth like the sheepshead. This fish I don't know; it is dark brown, with a wide band of red encircling it.

PISECO.

THE "BONE FISH" OF BISCAYNE BAY.

FOR the past two winters, skillful fishermen among the Northern tourists, whom I knew personally or by reputation among mutual acquaintances, have been reporting with enthusiasm the discovery in Biscayne Bay of a new game fish which is to surpass all the other ministers to piscatorial amusements. Some went so far as to say that the tarpon is superseded as the king of fish; as expressed by one of them who kills annually more than fifty tarpon, "the tarpon is not in it."

Such strong statements greatly excited my curiosity, and meeting Mrs. Stagg, of Kentucky, who holds the belt—or cestus, being a lady—upon tarpon, and she repeating again her story (not from her own experience) of last year, and being inflamed by this story of the "new planet which swims within our ken," I took a day at Biscayne Bay, returning to-night with three of the fish.

The bone fish is new to me, and so far as I can ascertain is taken only in Florida, at Biscayne Bay and probably southward, though as to the latter fact I have no information. A guide did tell me that it is abundant in Cuba, where it is called what he pronounced leetha, or "the swift."

The three specimens taken by my friend and myself weighed (by estimation) 6, 5 and 4lbs. respectively. The bait is surf bugs or sand fleas such as are used occasionally on the Jersey coast for sheepshead when that capricious fish declines his ordinary diet. They are taken in the same manner as there, by a scoop net, or digging with the fingers, when the breaker recedes.

The cast—two hooks No. 7 O'Shaughnessy, above a small sinker and 1ft. apart—is made 70ft. or more from the boat, along a sand bar, on the rising tide. Three inches of water on the top of the bar are preferable, but the day I was fishing was at the tail end of a "norther," and I had to fish the shallow channels next the bar in 3 or 4ft. of water. The strike is a slow nibble or mumble, and it requires quickness and discretion to hook the fish. But when he is hooked, which is by a sudden, slight motion of the wrist, the aspect of the contest changes from apathy to fierce activity. There is a lightning-like run of perhaps 100yds., then a return nearly to the boat, then an equally extensive run which cannot be checked, and then zigzag rushes and flourishes here, there and everywhere until the fish is exhausted, and finally lifted into the boat by the line—no gaffing or other ceremonial; there is no leaping or jumping—all honest fishwork, below the surface and in his own element. I have taken small-mouth bass of similar weight and length, and brook trout not so large, and they simply do not compare with this fighter. There is no fish (of his class) which can be named with him. Comparison with the tarpon is absurd. They are not in the same category unless it be in beauty. It would be like comparing snipe shooting with hunting deer.

The fish is round barreled and heavy for its size. It has a pointed snout, with mouth under its nose like the hake, which is most erroneously called by New York fishermen kingfish. Its head has no scales, but is covered by a shining silver epidermis. The eye is black and quite large. The scales are large and are closely set on the body, and look like a network of closely compacted silver rings. A most gleaming fish! The back shades from light to bright ultramarine. It is certainly one of the prettiest as well as the most graceful of fish.

The first question asked as to a fish, "Is it good to eat?" This one is very good to eat. It has the disadvantage of the best of all fish for the table—the shad—of being full of bones, but the flesh in the intervals is delicious. I like it better than the pompano, and next after the shad.

Now is this fish a new discovery? Mr. Hulings, who spends his winter outing, pursuing them with occasional lapses into tarpon fishing for variety and exercise, tells me that he took the pains last year to stop over in Washington to consult the Fish Commissioners, and all the satisfaction he received was a disquisition verbally upon the lady (or "bony") fish very common in Florida waters and in no way related to this fish. Again, Mr. McFerrand, of Louisville, who claims this fish to be superior to the tarpon, reported to the same commission and received an elaborate (written) description of the same lady fish.

What is this fish, and how is it to be classified?

F. S. I. C.

BLUE LOBSTERS AND BAHIA QUAIL.

SECRETARY FREDERICK F. DIMICK, of the Boston Fish Bureau, was presented with a blue lobster two or three months ago. The crustacean was taken by a lobster fisherman in Boston harbor and is of a beautiful indigo blue color. Mr. Dimick had it kept alive in a lobster tank till a day or two ago, when it died. It retained its brilliant blue color for several days after death. It attracted considerable attention among lobster fishermen and others. But investigation proves that it is not so much of a wonder after all. Francis Hobart Herrick, Ph. D., in his "Lobsters of America," from the Government Printing Office, 1895, mentions blue, black, red and gray lobsters, with great variations in color shadings, spots, mottles and blendings. He attributes the variations in color to light and other conditions acting on the pigments of the lobster skin. In 1893 J. W. Savage received in Boston, from Nova Scotia, about 100 blue lobsters. That gentleman said at the time that they were of a beautiful blue: "As blue as bluejays." The same year A. P. Greenleaf received a large number of blue lobsters from Nova Scotia.

A big catch of pickerel was made at Hurd's Pond, in Wayland, the other day. A Mr. Irwin, of Waltham, put in fifteen lines and caught in one day a bushel basket full of fish. Some were several pounds in weight. He found the ice over a foot thick, though it was past March 20, a condition unheard of at that pond. The legal opening day on trout in this State, Wednesday, April 1, promises, at this writing, to be "much of a failure." The streams are not open, and the ponds are locked in ice, as noted above. Some of the streams at or near this water may be open, and these will be tried should the day be fine. But it is mentioned at the tackle stores that very little preparation has yet been made for the opening of the trout season. "Home-raised trout" (?) are to be had in the markets here, though they have attracted very little attention. It is likely that the legal open season on trout, at which time cultivated trout have always brought fancy prices heretofore, will be followed by very unsatisfactory prices to the marketmen. The presence of cultivated trout all the spring kills all the novelty at the early legal open season.

A few saddles of Maine or New Hampshire venison have just been seen in the market here; evidently lately killed, the hair being very long. I have asked the market salesmen where it came from, and they have replied: "We do not know. We are not supposed to know where goods are shipped from. Our business is to sell." This explains the whole situation. The venison was illegally killed and shipped out of Maine without a doubt, which fact the receivers prefer to keep dark. The FOREST AND STREAM's platform is the only true one: "Stop the sale of game at all times and altogether."

Mr. Arthur L. Finney is at home, in Boston, on a vacation visit. He has been in Bahia, Brazil, for several months, where he has charge of the warehouse and stores of the largest coffee concern in this country, Messrs. Hard & Rand, of New York. He loves the dog and gun just as well as he did when shooting on the Cape, before he left this country. Then there was no better wing shot than he, and he has always been a friend of the FOREST AND STREAM. His gun went to Bahia, but not his dog, the climate being too severely warm there for a high-blooded dog, bred in New England. He says that they use dogs there some for hunting, but they lack training and are poorly bred. Of quail shooting, he says he scarcely ever dreamed before. No dog is needed. One has simply to go out and shoot. But the climate; there's the rub. It is so enervating that one does not care to go out, even for shooting where the quail are as plenty as English sparrows. If one does go out, he wants a servant or two to carry the gun and pick up the game. The growth and underbrush present difficulties in moving about that are a trial to the gunner of North America. Venomous snakes are more abundant than the gunner cares for. Mr. Finney killed a number. One day when snipe shooting the Portuguese guide suddenly cried: "Cobra! cobra!" Mr. Finney jumped back none too soon, for he was very near stepping on the reptile. It was but the work of an instant to discharge both shot barrels at so short a range that the snake was blown into atoms. He describes the quail of that country as of brighter plumage than the quail of Massachusetts, with the beak straighter and more pointed. The snipe shooting he found also to be very fine, but the swamps are hot and so rank with vegetation that one makes very slow progress. The snipe he found to resemble closely those of this country. He goes back in a few weeks, and will follow up the shooting of that country as much as his spare time will allow.

SPECIAL.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

SOME BOSTON NOTES.

O. R. DICKEY, of Boston, has just reached home from a shooting trip to Muskeget Island, down by Nantucket. He went after brant, but only killed fourteen birds. They were there in great numbers, but flying very high. Muskeget is reached by sailboat from the mainland, and Mr. Dickey was kept a prisoner there for ten days by severe stormy weather and heavy sea. A return trip from the island is always subject to conditions of wind and weather, and he who visits its shores must abandon all hope of speedy return if storm and sea combine against him.

The Magaguadavic Fish and Game Club is an organization of sportsmen which was started in 1893. At its inception, enthusiasm ran high among its members, and for a short time the club flourished wonderfully well. This condition of prosperity was followed by a relapse, and for the last two or three years the preserve has been rarely visited, and interest has sadly waned. That new blood was needed in the club was recognized by all the members who took an interest in its affairs, but it is not always an easy matter to get hustling and desirable members into an organization partially defunct. This almost impossible task, however, was accomplished last year, and several bright and earnest sportsmen were added to the membership, who have already aided in placing the club on a new and solid footing. The corporation has a capital stock of $20,000, divided into 400 shares. The preserve lies in one of the best sections of New Brunswick, and consists of a tract of land 5,000 acres in area, known as the Stanus Grant. The property is covered by a dense forest, interspersed by more than a score of lakes and ponds, and traversed from end to end by the beautiful and picturesque Magaguadavic River. It is a fine shooting and fishing country, and the waters are so connected as to form the best of sport in canoeing. Some of the old camps have been abandoned, and three new ones have been built, one at Birch Island in Digdeguash Lake, another at Sparks Lake, and one at McDougal Lake. Mr. Thos. A. Sullivan, of Bonny River, one of the best known men in all that country, has been selected as the clerk and superintendent of the corporation. He is a man of great intelligence and well versed in all the fine points of woodcraft, in fact, an ideal man for the position. The Sparks Lake camp is about seven miles from the Bonny River House. It is a large and commodious affair, two stories in height. An ice house with a capacity of ten tons is situated near the camp. The lake itself and the streams near by furnish good trout fishing, and the scenery all about is very fine. Digdeguash Lake is about six miles long and one mile in width. The camp is located on Birch Island, about midway in the lake. There are three buildings here, consisting of a story-and-a-half frame cottage, a cook house and dining room, and a well filled ice house. The situation is superb, commanding a view of the entire lake. The fishing is excellent, the trout being large and extremely gamy. The third camp of the club is at McDougal Lake, in one of the wildest sections of New Brunswick; Mt. Pleasant rears its imposing peak only a short distance off, and the scenery on every side makes an imposing picture. Good fishing is found here from May to October, and the shooting is excellent in the woods and marshes surrounding the lake. Taken altogether the Magaguadavic Club have a preserve unsurpassed by any other in the East, and the best of sport with rod and gun seems to be assured to them for many years to come.

Mr. Herbert Dumaresq, of the firm of Jordan, Marsh & Co., Boston, has just returned from a four weeks' trip to Palm Beach, Lake Worth, Fla. Mr. Dumaresq is a member of the Sebago Fishing Club, and it seems to make no difference whether he drops his line into Northern or Southern waters, success accompanies him just the same. He is both scientific and lucky, and when these two qualities are combined in one person success is inevitable. While in Florida he fished for kingfish in the open sea with very favorable results. He caught two of these fellows trolling, one of 38lbs. and one of 40lbs., and on a light split-bamboo rod he took a kingfish of about 10lbs. In Lake Worth he had very fine bluefishing with rod and reel. So well satisfied was he with the trip that he has about determined to repeat it another year, and hopes in the future to capture a tarpon, for which he will go well prepared.

The many Boston members of the Englewood Fishing Club, who have a preserve in New Brunswick, were much shocked a few days ago on hearing that their beautiful club house had been destroyed by fire. Just how the calamity happened I have not heard, but sportsmen everywhere will sympathize with the club members over this great misfortune, happening just on the eve of the fishing season.

March 28.—By the time FOREST AND STREAM is again placed before its readers the trout season in Massachusetts will have opened, and regardless of snow and ice or any other natural impediment to the sport, very many of Boston's anglers will have taken up rod and reel and journeyed to the streams (mostly on the Cape) which are situated near the city of culture. In spite of the very severe weather which has just preceded April 1, thereby promising poor conditions for fishing, I have found very few of the old-time fishermen who are going to miss the first few days, and it certainly speaks volumes for the lasting popularity of the sport to find that so many are not to be deterred from trying their luck, even though Dame Nature has been unusually severe this year. Most of the club members and many other gentlemen who have preserved streams on the Cape will leave town next Tuesday. Those who fish for sea trout in tide water streams will have a decided advantage over their less fortunate brethren who are compelled to break the ice over their favorite pools further inland. Augustus Flagg, who has not missed a year in a very long time, is all ready to make a start, and J. D. Brown will get away promptly to his preserved stream, where he always manages to get a few big trout to start the season. James Bird, although just recovering from a broken arm, has already gone down to Hoxie's at Plymouth, and will make his usual try for success in the streams of that neighborhood. Waldron Bates will also go down as the guest of some club friends. An acquaintance residing in Taunton tells me that the ponds and streams around that city are free of ice. This section of the State lying between Narragansett and Massachusetts bays gets the first benefits from the south winds of early spring, and its waters generally clear of ice some days earlier than other sections of the State which lie further inland. A number of the Taunton trout fishermen will get away for the first

day, and I sincerely hope that every man of them, whether from Boston, Taunton or elsewhere, will fully realize all the anticipations of the past two weeks.

It is not often that otter are killed near Boston, but that some of the animals are domiciled near the city is proven by the exceptionally good luck which befell Geo. F. Ward, of Canton, Mass., who shot one of these animals a few days ago which weighed 24½lbs. and measured 5ft. 3in. It was a splendid specimen in every particular. Mr. Ward trapped this same animal before, but he got away, leaving the claws of one foot behind as a souvenir. On the day of the shooting he saw two others outside of their hole, but they got under ground before he had a chance to shoot. After long and patient waiting the large one came out to reconnoiter and our friend bored a hole through him then and there. Even then he succeeded in getting into his hole so far that Mr. Ward had to pull him out by the tail.

Henry Bryant and his friend, S. Decatur, of Boston, left on Friday last for the South. They have planned a most delightful fishing trip, going first to Key West, Fla., where they will charter a yacht and cruise around in Southern waters for a month. Both gentlemen are expert yachtsmen, and they take with them fishing tackle enough for a long stay and suitable for any kind of fishing in the well-stocked waters off the Florida coast. H. S. Hovey and George Mixter, friends of Mr. Bryant, have made this trip for several successive years. They are veterans in knowledge of the best fishing grounds in Southern waters, so Messrs. Bryant and Decatur are well coached in this respect.

Sportsmen who have visited the Sportsmen's Exhibition at New York could be seen in Boston at every turn during the last week, and I have purposely asked many of them their impression of the great show. The replies were almost universally good, and very many were highly enthusiastic. In nearly every instance particular and special praise was bestowed on FOREST AND STREAM'S exhibit, it being the general verdict that the old and favorite journal had made a very creditable display of both its liberality and enterprise. It seems there is a project on foot to have a sportsmen's exhibition in Boston during the first week in May. There have been a few small circulars around the city stating the fact, but I have not yet found any one who seemed to be posted on the subject. Perhaps some one who reads this may be better informed than I and can give New England sportsmen the facts.

HACKLE.

LURES FOR TROUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a recent issue I saw a letter of Dr. M. G. Ellzey's on trout. No doubt his remarks are to the point and I am not going to criticise it. No doubt the localities in which both of us have fished being quite different in water, the habits of the fish, quality of the food, etc., must be taken into account. As a rule after June 20 our water (unless after heavy rains) is as clear as crystal. Our river has a course of some 150 miles, having feeders up which you can pole a canoe for miles. The trout are not the sea trout proper, for a large majority of them frequent the estuary and bay for six and seven months. They commence running up in the latter part of June and a portion of July, gradually filling into these large feeders as the water in the river gets warm, the feeding streams being much colder. In those streams are many deep pools, often shaded by the driftwood and debris brought down and lodged against the banks, having deep water underneath. I wish the Doctor could see some of those shelters in August as I have, and the rapacity with which the brutes will take anything you choose to offer—fly, bait cut from themselves, a piece of a red rag, bit of pork. But a mouse that is the *ne plus ultra*. Remember there is no food of the fish kind there. So long as they remain in the river proper, they can get the young salmon smolt on his way to sea, and a dainty morsel he is for the trout. Failing that the trout is not particular; one of his own family is not rejected. Failing this he will fill his stomach with a handful of water snails, digesting the shells without any trouble. If a bee or a large salmon fly should come within a foot of the surface "he is a goner." Even a squirrel crossing the river (as they often do) is not safe, should a three-pounder spy him. So much for lures for trout in the Restigouche.

The great majority of these trout after Sept. 15 (but not all) are worthless, and a gravid trout is enough to turn the stomach of a brave man. But just at this time a fresh run of fish enter from the estuary, continuing throughout October in fine condition, with not a sign of ova in them, and commonly 1½lbs. in weight. This run of fish have not the ravenous appetites of the spring fish, and the bait fills the creel quicker than the fly. The best lure for these fellows is the salmon ova. I have done well with a small red glass bead for a while, but they soon smelt a rat. I believe they have the seeing, smelling and tasting senses almost in perfection.

The question now arises, what causes this run of fish so late? Remember the river is often closed by ice in November, and there can be no growth of vegetable, insect or fish life with the water at 32 degrees or less. Many of the June run make for the estuary water in November; and many of them remain where they spawned, not returning until the following May. The salmon act in the very same manner, hundreds of spent salmon returning to sea in June. Sea bright ones run up mixed with the spawned fish of the previous year running down, what we in Scotland would call a mended kelt.

The lessees and proprietors of the now nearly closed up Restigouche claim the trout as well as the salmon, so the settlers are debarred even from trout fishing. Some of those parties would like to see the trout extirpated, but fear the poor devil might hook or catch a salmon, the unpardonable sin of the poor settler, who first colonized the river, and while doing so had to exist as best he could on potatoes and salmon. I myself was one who did so and for months had nothing else.

The Doctor's blind is good if the locality is good, say at the mouth of a cold brook, but I prefer a floating blind, i. e., a small raft covered with boughs. A week will gather a large school under it, but I have done as well after dark along the shore in a foot of water with a small-sized natural mouse (giving it a quiet swimming motion) as any other I ever tried. But I am sorry to say those fish have caused me to exclaim in vigorous Anglo-saxon, when making a nice cast for a rising salmon just dropping over where I had seen him break. I have got one of those rascally 2 or 3lb. trout fighting and breaking water like a small terrier. I never go a trouting purposely; the game is not worth the candle.

JOHN MOWAT.

"Fishermen Would Catch Fish."

THE deity of yon temple once wanted to see the world. Hovering over a pool, he thought that a bath in its cool waters would be delicious, so he changed himself into a carp. The result was delightful, until he found himself hooked up by a fisherman on the bank. His spirit flew straightway to the Taoist, "Sovereign on High," and demanded a redress of grievances. The supreme deity merely remarked that fishermen would catch fish, and if he valued his dragonship so lightly as to return to the carp condition, he must expect to be caught.—*Chinese Myth told by W. A Cornaby.*

New Brunswick Fish Commissioner.

MR. D. G. SMITH, of Chatham, Miramichi, N. B., has been appointed Fishery Commissioner to fill the place made vacant by the death of Mr. J. Henry Phair.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

Cape Breton Tales.

WE were in a shack on the North Cape when Paul, our Indian guide and hunter, told these tales around the camp-fire:

"Bear—hum—North Cape bear hard to kill. We shoot a bear at Grand Ause—big, monstrous. Drag him one mile on snow to shack. Vera cold. Him stiff. Shut door, build fire, skin him. Hide off all but tail, bear thaw out, kick in forelegs, kick in hindlegs, jump up; we hang on to skin, he pull out tail an' bolt through door without his hide.

"Next summer at Bay St. Lawrence we kill him for good with skin just beginning to grow."

Our appiause led him to tell a second.

"Cold in winter, yes. I was skatin' down Mira River last Christmas. Vera cold. Went chuck into air hole. Came up under ice. Vera dark, but I see spiles of ole coal road bridge down stream. Swim there. Catch spile, jam head 'gainst ice, break him, throw up hand. Mitten freese on iron spile, draw me up by it, throw up other hand, that mitten freese too, draw me up by it. Catch stringer, saved."

"But, Paul," said we, "how did you get the first mitten loose?"

"Pull out han' an' left him stickin' there."

But the old fellow would tell no more stories. We had presumed to question his veracity, a mortal sin with these men of the woods.

The Cape Breton fishermen are equally expert at drawing the long bow. One whom I met on the beach at Mainadieu unloading his catch just brought in from the banks discoursed in this fashion. I remarked the different colors of the cod, varying from pale crimson to a brownish white.

"Depends on their feedin' grounds," he said. "This here tinted fellar's a rock cod, lies on the rocks an' ledges. The light ones feed on the shoals—a sandy bottom. The tints vary with every place, an' a good skipper can tell when he is in fog or darkness by the looks o' the fish he's catchin'. I sailed with an old skipper once in the fore-and-after Charming Sally from Sydney to Halifax. That was our beat, from Sydney to Halifax and from Halifax to Sydney, carrying coal one way, an assorted cargo t'other. Cap'n Bill didn't carry no lead. When 'twas dark or foggy an' he wanted to know where he was he just dropped a hook overboard an' brought up a cod, an' after inspectin' him he'd yell out Table Head, Cow Bay, Mainadieu Passage, Gabberoose, Fordin, Cow and Calf, or wherever he might be, and so on all the way to Halifax."

"What did the biggest codfish, you ever knew caught, weigh?" we asked.

"Biggest cod I ever knew caught?" he put his boot upon the gunwale, buried his hand in his stubby head and thought. "Quintal an' a half" (150lbs.) he said at last. "Job Wick got him off Gabberoose. I took one off Cogmandier once weighed a quintal. Best luck I ever had fishin' tho' was one afternoon in May in the fog, I don't know where, wish I did. There ain't a man from Mainadoo to Gabberoose that hasn't hunted high and low for that shoal an' can't find it. I took ten quintals finest cod you ever saw there in three hours, but the fog was so thick I couldn't lay any course, an' havin' nothing to buoy it with I had to leave it, trustin' to luck to find it ag'in, but we've never been able to, as I said."

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH-SHOWS.

April 14 to 17.—Philadelphia Kennel Club's show, Philadelphia, Pa. Dr. Alexander Glass, Sec'y.

April 20 to 23.—New England Kennel Club's twelfth annual show. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.

April 21 to 24.—Southern California Kennel Club's show, Los Angeles, Cal. F. W. Ingalls, Sec'y.

April 25 to 27.—Mohawk Kennel Club's show, Cohoes, N. Y. Wm. T. Ford, Sec'y, Cohoes, N. Y.

May 6 to 9.—Pacific Kennel Club's fifth annual show. H. W. Orear, Sec'y.

May 12 to 16.—Seattle Kennel Club's third annual show.

Sept. 7 to 11.—Toronto Exhibition Association's eighth annual show, Toronto, Can. C. A. Stone, Sec'y of bench show.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y.

Oct. 26.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 W. Twenty-second street, New York.

Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.

Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Nov. —.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Nov. 27.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.

OLD HOOK.

OLD HOOK was a pointer, brown and white, with little brown specks over the white places on his coat. He was the best pointer I ever shot over or ever expect to shoot over.

Perhaps two or three anecdotes of this wonderful old dog's sagacity in the field may not prove too afflicting to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Before beginning, I will say that I have seen it stated in writing by an eminent sporting authority, "That a man who has been known for years to the whole community as a good citizen, good husband and father, and above all as a man of sterling integrity and veracity, has only to become the owner of a setter or pointer dog to develop in less than a week into a gaudy and ostentatious liar."

I think there's a good deal in that statement; so I will clear the ground at once by saying that the great old dog I'm going to write about was not my dog, but was the property of a friend and frequent hunting comrade of mine, Mr. Jas. Soby, of Picton, Ont. So, if I tell any lies in this paper it's done out "of pure cussedness," not to enhance the merits of my own property.

I first met Old Hook this way: One October afternoon in '87 I had walked with my gun over to a large and good woodcock cover about two miles from the little town of Picton, Prince Edward county, Ont. I remember I had no dog with me, having just lost an old favorite, and not yet having had time to get a new animal properly broken. In that cover at that time, however, the woodcock and ruffed grouse were quite plentiful—much more so than they are now, more's the pity—and it was quite possible to get a few without a dog, though of course it was a crippled sort of business doing so.

I hadn't been five minutes in the cover when I heard a tremendous honking and the strange continuous conversation-like cackle and gabble that always proclaim the approach of a large flock of wild geese. I was in thick cover, and when I saw the flock coming right toward me—and a mighty big flock it was, not 50yds. up—I thought, as I rapidly changed my No. 8 shot cartridges for a couple of BBs, that I was going to persuade one or two of them to come down and accompany me home. To my utter disgust, when they came within about a 150yds. of me, the big flock without apparent rhyme or reason wheeled with a loud outburst of alarmed clamor and made off to the southeast. In another moment I knew why, for I heard voices and saw approaching Jim Soby and W. P. Reynolds, another sporting friend of mine. They were accompanied by Old Hook, then a puppy of two years, and out, as I discovered afterward, for his first real hunt. As they came on I walked up a brace of woodcock. The one that rose first went outside the cover, and at the report of my gun it dropped close to Reynolds, who playfully put it in his bag and said nothing to me about it till the day's shooting was over. We knew each other so well that these little jokes didn't count.

I had a little black retriever, a very clever dog, who used to steal Jim Soby's birds whenever he got a chance and bring them to me, but as Kipling would say, "That's another story." The other woodcock flew in up the cover, but I got a fair chance at him and saw him fall. I called out to Soby that the bird was down, and he said, "Let me bring the puppy there and see if he'll point him. It'll be a good lesson for him." In another moment Hook passed me. Even then, when nothing but a puppy, he was solidly and strongly built, noticeably so, and had a remarkably broad, sagacious-looking head. He went on toward the fallen bird, working as steadily as a 6-year-old. About half-way to where the bird fell he suddenly deviated to the right, and before Soby or I could speak to him drew up and came to as good and steady a point as I ever saw. I walked up to him and away went the woodcock he was pointing. I had a beautiful chance at him and killed him easily. Soby called out, "You got him, anyway." Meanwhile Hook, without being told, drew toward the dead bird and pointed it. After picking this bird up, we cast the dog toward the place where the bird first killed fell. He found this bird in less than two minutes and pointed him beautifully. As we picked the bird up I said to Soby, "If he keeps this sort of thing up you've got a wonder in that puppy." This was the one occasion in my life when I turned out to be a prophet, and I am immensely proud of it, for the dog did turn out a wonder.

All the rest of that day he hunted as steadily and well as any well-trained old dog, and did two very clever things which older dogs, and good ones too, might easily have missed doing. A woodcock flushed wild in a small bit of detached cover. Soby and Reynolds both fired after him at long range. The bird was evidently hit, but kept on toward the main cover. As Hook was racing at full speed over an old barren field, which lay between us and the cover, he suddenly tried to stop himself, turned completely over, got up and came to a dead point. When we came up there was the hit woodcock within 2ft. of his nose.

Later on he came to a point in the middle of a dense bit of thicket. Soby and Reynolds were with him. I was a little way off to the right. Soby called to me to "Come on," that "the dog was on a point." As I approached a large rabbit (or, to speak correctly, hare) bolted on Reynolds's side. He promptly fired, and turned bunny head over heels. I was turning back, when Soby called out again, "Come on! there's something in front of the dog yet. He hasn't stirred." Just then, probably at the sound of his voice, a fine woodcock flushed just in front of the pointer, and Soby cut him down nicely. Hook had never broken his point nor even turned his head at Reynolds's shot. Most judges will agree with me that this was wonderful steadiness, especially in so young a dog.

I could tell dozens of stories of this fine old dog's subsequent feats in the field during his useful and distinguished career, but one or two must suffice. Soby and I were shooting woodcock near a small stream called Trout Creek, in the same county. It was a bad place to shoot woodcock, being mostly covered with thick broad cedar and balsam bushes up to the creek, with the dense tangled wall of the swamp forest rising on the other side of it. A bird had flushed and gone down near the creek, and I called Hook up to me. As the dog came, I was standing on the edge of a small opening, all long marsh grass and wild flowers, the close cedar brush behind me, the stream running swiftly in front, and just beyond the stream the high tangled mass of white birch, cedar and wild vines which marked the edge of the big swamp. When Hook got to the opening he began to crawl like a cat, went into the creek in that fashion and halted in midstream, still on

his stomach with the water flowing over his back. When I moved up I saw why he did this. The woodcock was in a small bunch of fern and grass on the other side of the stream, and I had just time to catch him before he could vanish in the dense wall of verdure in front. If Hook had gone on a yard further or even stood up the bird would have flushed too soon and would certainly have got away. The old dog knew that as well as I could know it, hence his peculiar method of approach. He used his brains every time.

Once, I remember, we were shooting ruffed grouse, and Soby fired a long shot at one which was crossing an opening some way from him. The bird fell, but was only wing-tipped, so we set Hook on his trail. The dog followed it 60yds. or more into a dense thicket, and finally came to a point before a big log. We looked over the log and all round the log, but nothing turned up. We called Hook "an eheu'd old fool" and some other names, and were proceeding when the old dog jumped on the big log, managed to get his head into a hole on the top of it we had overlooked, and after a considerable struggle drew out the grouse alive. He handed him over to his master, and giving us a sad sort of look, as much as to say, "Well, you are a fresh pair of idiots!" toddled ahead.

Some funny things were said to me about that dog when we first shot over him, the inhabitants not being used to pointers and their ways. Once a lank, sallow, tallow-haired youth of 19 or so, a real swamper, rushed up to me in a great state of excitement and yelled out: "Say, Mister! That big houn' dog of yours, he's tuk a bad fit by the big elderberry bush thar! He's a-stannin' thar a-slobberin'!" I went to the place and found Hook rigid on a point, the slaver dropping from his jaws. That "fit" of Hook's resulted in my acquiring a nice ruffed grouse.

But the ideas of some country people—particularly those of the pot-hunting class—about dogs and dog training are peculiar.

By a pot-hunter we mean here a man that shoots game on every occasion in season and out of season, and sells his game at all times to any one mean enough to buy it.

The prohibition of the sale of upland game at any season of the year has completely taken the wind out of the sails of this gentleman in Ontario, as he shoots simply and solely to sell his game, not for his own use or amusement.

Well, one fall evening I met a typical gentleman of this persuasion as he was proceeding on his way toward a beech ridge to pot some unhappy partridges in the twilight while "budding" (*i. e.*, eating the young buds) on the ironwood and birch trees. He was followed by an animal which in the uncertain light closely resembled an animated roll of old buffalo robe afflicted with the mange. It had a tail on it. "How does your dog work?" said I, by way of being polite.

"Fuss-rate," said he, leaning pensively on his old gun and regarding the interesting quadruped, who looked back at him with a baleful eye; "he wants some trainin' yet, but he's improvin' a heap. Las' season he swallered pretty much every bird that fell any ways off 'fore I could git thar, but I've pretty near belted the stuffin' out uv him for it, an' this year I kin ginerally git a holt on the bird before he hes it quite down."

I courteously declined his kind offer to let me accompany himself and "the swallerin' dog" to "see him wurk," and departed on my own way.

But I must bring this imperfect memoir of old Hook to a close. He was one of the nicest-tempered dogs I ever saw, and was a great favorite all over the town and the pet and playmate of Mr. Soby's little girls, who were inconsolable at his tragic fate; for his end was tragic, as is often the end of genius. Some cruel and cowardly brute or brutes had been scattering about the streets dog biscuit poisoned with strychnine to kill any poor dogs (or incidentally little children) that might find them. (We all know how fond very young children are of putting anything they pick up into their mouths.) Poor old Hook found one of these poison baits. He came into the office where his master was sitting, and in spite of every effort to save him he died in a few minutes.

Many other valuable dogs were killed in the same way at the same time. All the curs escaped of course, as the well-bred dogs having the best noses always found the baits first. The cruel rascal who performed this feat was never caught, which was probably a good thing for him.

Thus died a remarkable sporting dog, quite the best, without any exception, that I ever saw or shot over.

REGINALD GOURLAY.

International Field Trials Club.

IT having been the opinion of some of the members of the International Field Trials Club for the past few years that our trials were held too early in the season, the committee have this year decided to postpone the date of the opening to Tuesday, Nov. 17.

The stake will be the same as usual, viz.: Derby, $2.50 payable June 1, $2.50 payable Sept. 1, and $5 additional to start, divided on the percentage plan, four prizes.

All-age stake, $5 payable Nov. 1, and $5 additional to start. Three prizes on the percentage plan, with the International Cup to the winner of first. This cup must be won three times by the same kennel or owner. It has been won once each by Mr. Wells with Cleopatra, Mr. Davey with Brighton Tobe and Mr. Bangham with Dash Antonio. The prospect for birds is better than for the past three years.

W. B. WELLS, Hon. Sec'y I. F. T. Club.

The A. K. C. Stud Book.

VOL. XII. of the American Kennel Club's Stud Book is now ready for delivery. Besides the registrations, the Stud Book contains a valuable compilation of reference matter, namely, field trial and bench show winnings for 1895; bench shows and judges of 1895; and kennel names prefixes and suffixes, etc. In all the mechanical details the book is excellently done.

At the meeting of the English Kennel Club a number of important changes were made in the rules, one of the most important being that a dog must be registered when there is a change of ownership. For exhibition purposes, the name selected for any dog must have as part of its name the last two numerals of the year of its birth added as an affix, or if the year of its birth is unknown, then the last two numerals of the year in which the dog is registered.

BRUNO, THE FAITHFUL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following is only a true story of a faithful, loving friend, "only a dog" called Bruno. When I first set eyes on him in a blacksmith shop in the town of Washington, Macomb county, Mich., Bruno was a small black, woolly ball of a puppy that one could put in a coat pocket. With the usual disregard of danger often seen in young puppies, he came toddling under the feet of a span of horses that stood stomping off flies, which made the smith remark: "I say, Yates, don't you want a puppy? He will get killed sure. A feller gave him to my boy, but if you will give him a little something I guess it will be all right." I found the boy, a bright little chap of five, who was much pleased with a silver dollar instead of the puppy. Some men who were present said he was Newfoundland, others said there were some bull and shepherd, others again were sure they must be water spaniel. If each was right he was a wonderful mixture of a pup. He was jet black all over, with long, silky, soft fur, short pudgy legs and a comical little tail that curled over his back. I put him in my pocket and drove home.

At his home introduction all were in love with him at once, with the exception of an old family dog, full of years and dignity, and three house cats. The latter, with tails like a fox brush, made themselves conspicuous by their absence. In a few days Bruno in some way conquered the aged dog, and the two were ever after loving friends. The puppy grew and thrived, and was the cleanest in his habits of the many we had raised. As he grew up he showed decided grit and tenacity of hold. At six months I drew him up from the ground to a window 12ft. above, he holding on to the fuzzy end of a rope. That winter his new coat came, jet black, long and very glossy. His height was about 18in.; head medium and very broad; ears long and pendant; eyes dark brown.

Bruno became a faithful watch dog, and woe to the coon, weasel or polecat that ventured about the hen house or coops at night. While a puppy I let him begin on rats whenever I could catch them. His first rat taught him a lesson never forgotten. As I let it out of the trap Bruno ran it down and grabbed it, but the rat got him by the upper lip, and the astonished puppy let out a yell and tried to shake it off; but as the rat held on the puppy's eyes became like sparks of fire and changed color. He shook it off, but again grabbed and soon put an end to it. His tongue was bleeding and his lip torn, but the light of battle still gleamed in his eyes, which softened with a look of love when I praised and patted him.

Bruno was to have a new experience that spring. He got a skunk under some rails. Attracted by his barks, I ran up, not knowing the quality of his game. I threw the rails off, and before I saw what it was he rushed in. Then I knew. Phew! Truly you could smell the result of that fight fully half a mile. After the first shake the dog dropped the skunk and jumped back some paces. Disgust and astonishment were very easily seen on that puppy; then he offered up his breakfast as a sacrifice. But as the skunk moved for us rear end first we both moved. As I came up with a long pole the puppy was ready for battle again. A sharp word of command brought him to a stand, then I circled about the skunk quickly, at times upsetting him with the pole. I soon had Bruno at it also. He would spring about, every once in a while getting a nip at its head. After this battle the puppy had to sleep in the barn, while a mud bath took out most of the "ile" from his long hair. Ever after Bruno would kill skunks after much barking and jumping about, but would come to close fight if there was any chance of an escape.

As another instance of grit displayed some time afterward. On account of heavy rains a creek had overflowed some pasture land. Bruno and I went after the cattle, which were on the opposite side. I carried him over on a rail fence and dropped him off on dry land. He started for the cattle, got hold of the tail of a large steer while the rest went plunging across. The steer in his fright bolted as it happened for the deepest part. At the bank I expected to see the dog drop his hold, but no! in went both. The water rose over the back of the steer, and I looked for the dog to be carried down by the swift current. But as the steer came out, out also came Bruno. Almost breathless and much exhausted, he had kept his hold. This tail hold business had cost me much patience and the dog many kicks before he got it perfect.

I also taught him to ride in a wagon and it was his delight to sit alongside of me on the seat, but he could ride on a hay rack at full trot. I took him up in front on horseback and at last taught him to ride alone. He did look so solemn! Sometimes would lead the horse at a trot. He would stick on as long as possible, barking his protest, and when shook off join in the fun.

And how he did love a gun! After a deal of training he turned out a good squirrel dog, but trailing rabbits was beyond his compass.

He paid his dog tax many times over from the bounty on woodchucks, and was the best all-round dog I ever owned. Of course he had imperfections. Who has not, be he man or beast?

Well, when we moved South of course he as one of the family went also.

And now for the sad ending. In the village one-half mile from our home lived a dog that was the terror of all dogs there, as his master was to the people. This dog had killed several of his kind, mostly small ones, some much loved. But on account of his brute of a master no one dare say or do a thing. One night I was awakened by dogs running rabbits, as I thought, and I took no notice of the yelps, as there were lots of half-breed hounds about. So I tried to sleep, hoping they would clear out soon, but the yelping continuing in one spot I got up, took my gun, loaded with 6s and went out. The first streaks of dawn were breaking, so I could see quite well, and this is what I saw. A very large yellow dog had something down, a black object. Where was Bruno? At this time the dog caught sight of me and started to make off. At about forty paces I caught him with an ounce of No. 6. At this he gave a howl, and turning came straight at me, his eyes like balls of fire. I fairly gloated over this, for I knew that my darling lay as good as dead at my feet and the spirit of revenge had hold of me. I stood still until he was within some 25 or 30ft., when the left barrel belched forth a stream of fire. He dropped with a large hole in his breast. Then I foolishly gave way to anger and passion. Oh, that I could make that dog suffer as he had mine! Tenderly I carried my dying comrade, my loving friend, with the tears blinding me; foolishly, instead of ending his misery, I tried to dress his wounds, but I found his right foreleg shattered, while the left shoulder was almost torn from its place. Death came to the relief of the truest friend I ever had.

We buried him under the oaks, and the tears of the children watered his grave until we left the South.

The dog I killed weighed 73¼lbs. The report of my killing him brought joy to many in the village, and all warned me against his master, who was a large, rawboned, powerful man, while I only weigh about 125 or 130lbs. One or two advised me to carry a revolver, as every one did, but I was averse to that, as in case he tackled me I was afraid to have a weapon; but at last an idea came to me, so I put my .38 S. & W. in my pocket and walked over to the store. There I found several young men shooting at a tomato can with a revolver, and on a bench outside sat my dog man. He started as though to get up, but did not. Now was the opportunity I desired. Taking out my pistol, I asked for a turn at the tomato can. I hit three cans in three shots. This was called tip-top. Then putting in three fresh cartridges, I got a good-sized potato and hung it by a long string to a limb. This I set swinging. "Now, gentlemen, who can bu'st that potato? You know how it is done—far easier than it looks. You aim where the object pauses at each swing." Well, I knocked that potato to pieces, put up my pistol, got my mail, went home, and that was the end of the talked-of thrashing I was to get.

And now years have passed, but green is the memory of my dog, and whenever I read in FOREST AND STREAM of some faithful dog I remourn; I long for just one loving glance from the brown eyes of our faithful friend.

J. C. YATES.

Altcar Produce Stakes.

DENVER, Colo., March 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Herewith find list of the entries, all whelped in 1895, received for Altcar Produce Stakes:

L. F. Bartels (Border Ruffian—Miss Lottie), Feb. 18.
L. F. Bartels (Border Ruffian—Miss Lottie), Feb. 18.
L. F. Bartels (Royal Express—Dear Sal), May.
L. F. Bartels (Border Ruffian—Olicana), March 18.
L. F. Bartels (Border Ruffian—Olicana), March 18.
L. F. Bartels (Border Ruffian—Blister), May 10.
L. F. Bartels (Border Ruffian—Blister), May 10.
L. F. Bartels (Border Ruffian—Diana), May 21.
Melrose & Durbin (Long Odds—Rachel), June.
Melrose & Durbin (Long Odds—Rachel), June.
Robinson & Peyton (Glenkirk—Scandal), January.
Robinson & Peyton (Glenkirk—Scandal), January.
M. Allen (Jim o' the Hill—Grace O'Malley), January.
M. Allen (Boomerang—Princess Marie), May 4.
R. L Lee (Boomerang—Princess Marie), May 4.
Dr. J. M. Norman (Boomerang—Princess Marie), May 4.
Wm. McGibbon (Boomerang—Princess Marie), May 4.
Wm. McGibbon (Border Ruffian—Miss Lottie), Feb. 18.
J. H. Rosseter (Major—Daisy), June 14.
J. H. Rosseter (Major—Daisy), June 14.
Chas. Barrow (Border Ruffian—Olicana), March 18.
Chas. Barrow (Border Ruffian—Olicana), March 18.
Chas. Barrow (Border Ruffian—Blister), May 10.
P. J. Donahue (Boomerang—Irish Lass), March.
J. G. Massey (Royal Express—Dear Sal), May.
Wm. Walker, Jr. (Sorrento—Minnie), July 22.
Wm. Walker, Jr. (Lambright—Breakaway), May 7.
A. L. Weston (Babazoun—Buenretiro), June 21.
A. L. Weston (Babazoun—Buenretiro), June 21.
Q. Van Hummell (Astronomy—Viola), July.
Q. Van Hummell (Astronomy—Viola), July.
Q. Van Hummell (Van Tromp—Lady Sylvia), June.
H. C. Lowe (Prince Charlie—Lady of Fashion), March 10.
H. C. Lowe (Prince Charlie—Lady of Fashion), March 10.
H. C. Lowe (Prince Charlie—Little Climber), March 3.
D. C. Luse (Col. Breckenridge—Lady in Black), July 21.
D. C. Luse (Ketchum—Swan), Jan. 28.
D. C. Luse (Jim o' the Hill—Lady Dell Glendyne), Jan. 7.
A. Massey (Miller's Rab—Lady Pembroke), June 16.
Robinson & Peyton (Miller's Rab—Lady Pembroke), June 16.
J. H. Watson (Royal Crest—Drytime), March 3.

L. F. BARTELS.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The many friends of Capt. C. E. McMurdo, Charlottesville, Va., will be pleased to learn that he has added a boarding establishment for dogs to his training kennel. He now makes a specialty of preparing dogs for field work and teaching them to retrieve. Capt. McMurdo is so well known for his skill and sterling integrity that no doubt many sportsmen will avail themselves of the opportunities he offers.

Exhibitors should bear in mind that the entries of the Philadelphia Kennel Club's ninth annual show close on April 6. For premium lists and all other information address the secretary, Mr. Alexander Glass. The show will be held in Industrial Art Hall.

The premium list of the Philadelphia Kennel Club can now be obtained of the secretary, Dr. Alexander Glass, Philadelphia. Challenge class prizes are $7, $10 and $15. Open classes have $15, $7 and $3, first, second and third respectively; $10, $5 and $3; $10 and $5; $10 and $3; $7, $5 and $3; $7 and $5; $7 and $3. The special prize list is long and valuable. The dogs will be fed and benched by Spratts patent. Mr. Frank P. Smith is the superintendent Entry fee $3. Entries close April 6. Mr. James Mortimer will judge mastiffs, Great Danes, bloodhounds, greyhounds, wolfhounds, English foxhounds, deerhounds, Boston terriers, fox terriers, dachshunde, Chesapeake Bay dogs and miscellaneous. Mr. C. H. Mason will judge St. Bernards, Newfoundlands, poodles, collies, pugs, bull terriers, Black and Tan terriers, Irish, Scottish, Dandie Dinmont, Skye and Yorkshire terriers, bull dogs, spaniels, and Italian greyhounds. Dr. M. H. Cryer, toy spaniels; Mr. Chas. Heath, pointers; Major J. M. Taylor, English, Irish and Gordon setters; Roger D. Williams, American foxhounds and beagles.

The Bench Show Committee writes us as follows: The success of the show seems assured. Entries are already

coming in at a rapid rate, although the premium lists have been out but a few days. A list of patronesses is being made, which will include many of the most prominent society people of Philadelphia. The first night of the show will be exceptionally brilliant.

From Mr. J. B. Stoddard, Palo Alto, Miss., under date of March 25, we learn that there is action in the dog world as follows: "We have sold Tick Boy to Mr. Geo. Crocker for $1,000, and also a puppy by Tick, 11 months old, for a long price. The latter is a very good one indeed, and worth what we got for him. In fact, I do not think we got a cent more than the brace is worth. Only the fact that we did not feel able to keep so much money in two dogs induced us to sell at all. Tick is good property and would have paid us well. We are just finishing up the season. All our dogs are doing well."

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address. Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Lawn Gordon Setter Kennels claim the name
Lawn Reward for Gordon setter dog, whelped March 3, 1896, by champion Rexmont—Lawn Pretty Belle.
Lawn Rustle for Gordon setter dog, same litter.
Lawn Ripple for Gordon setter dog, same litter.
Lawn Rex II. for Gordon setter dog, same litter.
Lawn Bonnie Belle for Gordon setter bitch, same litter.
Lawn Black Bess for Gordon setter bitch, same litter.
Lawn Bud for Gordon setter bitch, same litter.
Lawn Brownie for Gordon setter bitch, same litter.
Lawn Babe for Gordon setter bitch, same litter.
Lawn Beauty for Gordon setter bitch, same litter.
Lawn Beebe II. for Gordon setter bitch, same litter.

BRED.

Mr. M. J. Flaherty's Flaherty's Florence, English setter bitch, Feb. 16, to Monteli.
Mr. Harold B. Wallack's Lady Gay, English setter bitch, Dec. 10, to Blizzard.
Lawn Gordon Setter Kennels'
Hilda, Gordon setter bitch, Feb. 15, to Pilot of Lorain.
Lawn Pretty Belle, Gordon setter bitch, Jan. 8, to Rexmont.
Dr. Jas. E. Hair's
Devonshire Fan, imported pointer bitch, Jan. 11, to Trinket's Nasc.
Nellie Llewellyn, English setter bitch, Feb. 27, to Sheldon.
Mr. W. Knott's Nellie Bondhu, English setter bitch, Jan. 15, to imported Albert's Ranger.
Mr. F. E. Conlin's Conlin's Baby, English setter bitch, Jan. 23, to Sheldon.
Mr. W. J. Davis's His Llewellyn, English setter bitch, Feb. 20, to Sheldon.
Mr. R. E. Eidert's Duchess, English setter bitch, Feb. 23, to Sheldon.
Mr E. E. Beach's Jessie, English setter bitch, Feb. 26, to Sheldon.
Lawn Gordon Setter Kennels' Hilda, Gordon setter bitch, Feb. 15, to Pilot of Lorain.
Rochdale Kennels' Marten II., fox terrier bitch, March 5, to Stipendiary II.

WHELPS.

Mr. J. Danforth Bush's Careless, bull bitch, whelped Dec. 15, three (two dogs), by Leonidas.
Mr. Harold B. Wallack's Lady Gay, English setter bitch, whelped Feb. 16, nine (five dogs), by Blizzard.
Mr. Fred Wilkey's Topsey W., fox terrier bitch, whelped, March 9, six (two dogs), by Rochdale Sportsman.
Lawn Gordon Setter Kennels' Lawn Pretty Belle, Gordon setter bitch, whelped, March 8, twelve (four dogs), by champion Rexmont.

SALES.

Mr. Edw. Wiltshire has sold Pilot of Lorain, Gordon setter dog, to Mr. W. H. Worth.
Lawn Gordon Setter Kennels have sold
Lawn Coleus, Gordon setter bitch, to Mr. John Hatch.
Lawn Hazel, Gordon setter bitch, to Mr. C. W. Ward.
Lawn Nano, Gordon setter bitch, to Mr. E. L. Dunn.
Mr. B S. Horne has sold
Miss Forrest, fox terrier bitch, to Mr. F. H. Lindsay.
Faustina, fox terrier bitch, to Mr. J. C. Wasson.
——, fox terrier bitch, to Miss L. K. Clarkson.

Yachting.

A SYNDICATE of the Royal Canadian Y. C. has been formed and an order has been placed with Will Fife, Jr., for a yacht to meet the Chicago challenger. The new yacht will be framed at Fairlie and sent out in pieces, to be set up and planked at Toronto, as was done in the cases of Zelma and Vedette. Com. Æmilius Jones, of the R. C. Y. C., will have entire charge of the yacht.

BOTH the *Yachtsman* and the *Yachting World* are still gravely exercised over Ethelwynn's violation of rules in placing four pigs of ballast on the beach when turned over for scrubbing and replacing them in the same position a short time later when the yacht was righted. We learn that Mr. Brand has lately followed the example of a certain noble lord and issued a printed statement of the wrongs he was subjected to while racing in America. As we have not been favored with a copy, we have no exact knowledge of the details.

THE racing in the Mediterranean is particularly dull and inconclusive. Satanita, Britannia and Ailsa have divided the rather empty honors of the fluky races, and the new Samphire has been several times defeated by the old 20-rater Stephanie. The weather has brought either strong winds or flat calms.

THE rules which we publish this week are the result of a great deal of careful work on the part of the committee which framed them. On the one hand the aim has been to provide a thoroughly satisfactory code of racing rules, and on the other the committee realized the necessity of departing as little as possible from the familiar rules of the clubs. The new rules are based directly on those of the leading clubs, but have been carefully rearranged and in some places added to in order to meet the conditions of modern racing in the small as well as large classes.

The Corinthian Fleet.

THE Corinthian Fleet at a recent meeting decided to establish a class of small craft which would be suitable not only for racing, afternoon sailing and general use, but at the same time be inexpensive; and after giving the subject careful consideration have adopted a type of craft now very popular at Atlantic City, N. J., as being best adapted for all-round work.

Com. W. W. Hollingsworth, of the Corinthian Y. C., of Atlantic City, and also a member of the home club, started the fleet by presenting to the New Rochelle Corinthians his last year's crack, Norseman, and in addition to boats which will be owned by members, the club will purchase one or two more for general use.

Their general dimensions are as follows: Length over all, 18ft.; l.w.l., 12ft.; beam (about), 4ft. 6in.; draft, between 6 and 12in. They cost to build complete, with sails and spars, about $125.

A number of members of the club at Atlantic City have accepted an invitation to visit the Corinthians at New Rochelle in July, sending their boats up on the deck of a large vessel, and as three prizes have been offered by the officers of the club, the races between the little boats promise to be very interesting.

Full particulars in regard to the boats, rig and transportation from Atlantic City can be obtained from Mr. J. D. Sparkman, Sec'y, 30 Broadway.

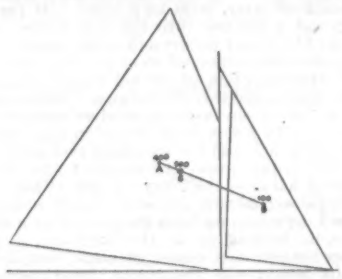
YACHT DESIGNING.—VII.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.

[*Continued from page 188.*]

As we shall have frequent occasion to deal with the forces that act upon the hull and sails of a vessel, it is necessary that we should have some knowledge of the conventional methods of representing and estimating the effects of forces; and we may well stop now to borrow a few definitions from analytical mechanics.

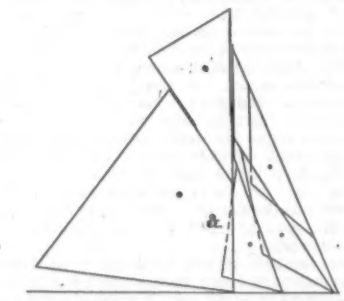
Those who have the opportunity will be well repaid by the study of at least the more elementary treatises on both analytical mechanics and descriptive geometry. The former, which treats of equilibrium and motion, considered as the effects of forces, includes many principles that are employed in designing; while the latter, which treats of projection and the principles of mechanical drafting, is the basis of marine drafting. Apart from the importance of the various principles of descriptive geom-



etry, which we shall refer to again at length when we come to the actual making of the design on paper, a thorough study of this science is of the greatest value to the designer in training the eye and mind to picture the complicated curves of the surface of the solid vessel from the mere confused lines on the flat surface of the paper.

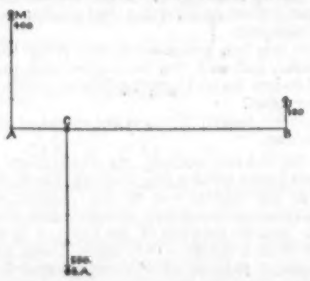
The principles of analytical geometry with which the designer is more directly concerned may be briefly stated as follows:

Force is that which produces or tends to produce motion or change of motion, its effects being visible in the production of motion or rest. The effect of a force depends on, first, its *intensity;* second, its *direction;* and third, its *point of application.* The intensity of a force is measured in two ways: First, *statically*, by the weight required to balance it; and second, *dynamically*, by the quantity of motion which it will produce. Forces are represented, both in intensity and direction, by lines; the lengths of these lines being proportional to the weights which would



balance the respective forces. The *resultant* of two or more forces is a single force which will produce the same mechanical effect as the forces themselves jointly. The *moment* of a force about any point is the product of that force into a perpendicular let fall from the point on the direction of the force; this moment measuring the tendency of the force to produce rotary motion about the point. This line, from the point to the force, is called the *arm.* Two equal forces acting on equal arms, but in opposite directions, constitute a *statical couple.*

The simplest and most practical illustration of these principles and definitions is the sail plan of a sloop, with mainsail and jib, Fig. 4. We will assume that the wind pressure is 1lb. per square foot and that the area of the mainsail is 400sq. ft. and that of the jib is 100sq. ft. The forces then will be represented by 400lbs. and 100lbs.; the former acting horizontally through the center of the mainsail, A; and the latter, also horizontally and in the same direction from us, through the center of the jib, B.



There is a point on the straight line joining A and B where, if a third force of 500lbs. (400+100) were applied, it would hold the two sails in perfect balance; and this force is the resultant of the other two. The point through which it acts, C, is called the *center of effort*, which we will denote in the future by the letters C. E. Its position is easily determined, as it must be such that the moments of the two sails are in equilibrium; otherwise it would not meet the requirements of the problem and we should have to seek a new point. The moment of the mainsail is the force, 400, multiplied by the arm, AC, while the moment of the jib is 100 multiplied by CB. As a matter of convenience we may consider either one of the three points, A, B, C, as fixed, and the line, AB, tending to revolve about it under the influence of two of the forces. We will assume that the point, B, the center of effort of the jib, is fixed, and that the force of the mainsail is tending to push that sail to leeward. This force now acts on the arm, AB, which is 10ft. long, the moment thus being 4,000 (400×10). Opposed to it is the force 500, acting in the other direction on C; and as the moments must be equal we have:

$$400+10\times=500\times CB.$$
$$\text{or } \frac{4000}{500}=CB.=8ft.$$

The proof of this is evident; the moment of the mainsail about the C. E. is 400×2, while that of the jib about the same point is 100×8, the two being equal. The case becomes apparently more complicated when we take a cutter with topsail and jibtopsail set, Fig. 5; or a schooner but it is in reality quite as simple; the six forces representing the sails having one resultant which keeps them in equilibrium.

The forces in the first instance may be represented graphically as in Fig. 6; M. being the mainsail, represented by a line 4 units in length; J. the jib, 1 unit; and S. A. the total sail area, 5 units; the distance, AB, being 10, and AC, 2 units. It makes no difference how many separate forces there may be, nor how they are located, one common resultant may be found for all.

Such a union of innumerable forces is the buoyancy of a floating body. The body is supported by the buoyancy of innumerable small particles of water, each acting upward against its own special spot on the bottom of the body. The resultant is a single force equivalent to the total weight of the vessel, and acting through one particular point, the *center of buoyancy* (C. B.), which may be determined by calculation. The *center of gravity* of a vessel (C. G.) is the common center of all the weights, and its location is entirely independent of the form of the vessel, changing with alterations of spars, crew or ballast. The center of buoyancy, on the contrary, depends for its position solely on the form of the vessel and is independent of the positions of the various weights. As a matter of course, the vessel can only be at rest when the C. G. is directly over or under the C. B., and it is the office of the designer to so adjust the two that this occurs when she is at her designed waterline; though this is by no means the invariable rule. The correct definition of the C. B. is the center of gravity of the displaced water, and it is sometimes called the "*center of gravity of displacement.*"

Let us conceive of the vessel as caught and frozen fast in the ice and then lifted bodily out, leaving a cavity exactly the counterpart of the exterior surface of the portion of the hull below water. Neglecting all possible expansion or shrinkage in freezing, let us now conceive this cavity as filled with water, which in turn freezes and may be lifted out; forming a solid counterpart of the immersed portion of the hull. The center of gravity of this solid, the point within it from which if suspended by a cord it would rest with the upper surface level, is the center of buoyancy. It has nothing to do with the center of the entire hollow hull of the yacht, but is the center of the cavity made by the yacht when floating at her normal waterline.

While the center of gravity, apart from the small movements of crew and swinging off of sails, remains in the same position at all times, it is evident that when under way, especially in disturbed water, the center of buoyancy is constantly shifting as the vessel heels, scends and pitches, immersing different portions of her hull. The normal position of the center of buoyancy may be readily calculated, by a method which will be given in its appropriate place, from the lines of the vessel; in fact the position of the C. B. is usually determined at a very early stage of the work and the lines drawn so as to bring it in this required position. Since 1845-6, as nearly as any exact date can be fixed, it has been the custom of builders and designers to locate the C. B. abaft the center of length of the waterline, and this is universally the case at the present day. Prior to the date given the C. B. was located in nearly all vessels decidedly forward of the center of length, the belief being prevalent that the vessel would lift more readily in a sea. In harmony with this idea was the predilection for a full bow and long, clean run, the "cod's head and mackerel tail" model, in which of necessity the C. B. was located well forward. In the yachts of George Steers prior to 1846 these two features are very prominent, but a decided change is noticeable in the pilot boat Mary Taylor, modeled by him in 1847 or '48; while three years later he produced the celebrated America, with her long, hollow bow, a complete reversing of his old ideas. The same change was taking place in England about the same time, the famous old Musquito, built in 1848, being the first noted yacht with a very hollow bow.

Yacht Racing on Sunday.

THE *Yachting World* of March 13, in its leading article, comes out rather strongly—for an English journal—in favor of yacht racing on Sunday, as follows:

With the opening of picture galleries and the growing movement in favor of allowing the general public to view our national museums on Sundays, it must be admitted that on this side of the channel we are rapidly approaching within measurable distance of the Continental Sunday, when, as our readers are perfectly well aware, the biggest day's programme of the turf and the chief event in a regatta are generally down for decision. If the owners of Ailsa, Britannia, Satanita, Anglia, Samphire, Dusky Queen and other British boats now in the Mediterranean are willing and content that their craft shall race on the day of the week when the most enjoyment can be given to the most people, why should they not also give the British working classes an opportunity of seeing the cracks race in home waters on the same day of the week?

Just imagine the opening of the Thames season taking place on a Sunday. What a brilliant scene it would be, and what enjoyment it would give to thousands who have never seen, and probably under present conditions will never have an opportunity of witnessing a first-class yacht race! With a fine, bright, sunny day and the noble fleet of Thames pleasure steamers, Royal Sovereign, La Marguerite, Clacton Belle, Oriole and others, crowded with enthusiasts bent upon enjoying themselves to the utmost, the scene would be one totally unprecedented in the annals of British yacht racing, and a magnificent subject for the brush of an artist who, like Mr. W. L. Wylie or Mr. John Fraser, would have his whole heart in the work.

Such a scene as we have tried to depict is well within measurable distance at the present time. Here in London we have cricket, tennis and foot-ball matches on Sundays, to say nothing of polo and other such sports. Of course, we can cruise about to our heart's content, but racing is strictly tabooed. For the alteration of such a state of affairs it only wants one to lead the way, and we are in a position to inform our readers that a leading club of the cruising description, having its headquarters on the Lower Thames, has just decided to try the experiment, having placed at least a couple of events down on its programme for decision on Sundays. We will watch the result of this innovation with a good deal of interest.

William H. Starbuck, of the American Y. C., died at his home in New York on March 30 of heart disease. Mr. Starbuck, who was a ship owner and railroad man, owned the steam yacht Tillie L., and later purchased the Palynia of James Gordon Bennett, lengthening her and renaming her Tillie II.

Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound.

Racing Rules Adopted March 9, 1896.

RULE 0.—MANAGEMENT.

ALL races and all yachts sailing therein shall be under the direction of the regatta committee of the club under whose auspices the races are being sailed. All matters shall be subject to their approval and control, and all doubts, questions and disputes which arise shall be subject to their decision. Their decision shall be based upon these rules as far as they apply, but as no rules can be devised capable of meeting every incident and accident of sailing, the regatta committee should keep in view the ordinary customs of the sea, and discourage all attempts to win a race by other means than fair sailing and superior skill and speed. The decision of the regatta committee shall be final, unless they think fit on the application of the parties interested or for other reasons to refer the question at issue for the decision of the council of the Yacht Racing Union, whose decision shall be final. No member of the regatta committee or council shall take part in the discussion or decision upon any disputed question in which he is directly interested

A member of a regatta committee, who is the owner of a yacht sailing in a race, shall not act upon the committee in the management of such race.

RULE I.—APPLICATION.

1. The rules shall apply only to yachts sailing in a race.

2. Yachts shall be amenable to the rules from the time the preparatory signal is made until the finish of the race.

RULE II.—MEASUREMENT.

1. Yachts shall be rated for classification and time allowance by racing length, which shall be determined by adding to the load waterline length the square root of the sail area and dividing the sum by 2.

Formula: $\frac{\text{L. W. L} + \sqrt{\text{S. A.}}}{2} = \text{R. L.}$

2. The l.w.l. length shall be the distance in a straight line between the points furthest forward and furthest aft, where the hull, exclusive of the rudder stock, is intersected by the surface of the water, when the yacht is afloat in racing trim in smooth water, with any person or persons, who may be aboard when the measurement is being taken, stationed amidships.

If any part of the stem, sternpost, or other part of the yacht below the l.w.l. projects beyond the length thus measured, such projection shall be added to the measured length, and a form resulting from the cutting away of the fair line of the stem, sternpost, or the ridge of the counter for the apparent purpose of shortening the l.w.l., shall be measured between fair lines.

The measurer at the time of taking his measurements shall affix a distinctive permanent mark at each end of the l.w.l.

3. The sail area shall be ascertained by taking a perpendicular along the after side of the mainmast from the under side of the sheave of the highest halliard block, or sheave on the topmast, to the upper side of the boom, when resting on the saddle, or on the lowest part of the gooseneck, the distance of which point from the main deck or house deck shall be recorded by the measurer, as well as the other points used in measurement.

The forward point of measurement of the base line shall be midway between the intersection of the bowsprit and jibtopsail stay and the center of the tack or cringle of the jib or flying jib when set. The after point of measurement shall be the end of the main boom in schooners, cutters, sloops, and catboats; and of the mizzen boom in yawls.

The maintopmast shall be measured from the hounds of the lower mast to the lower side of the sheave of the highest halliard block or sheave on the topmast; 80 per cent. of this length shall be taken from the extreme length of the main gaff measured from the inside of the jaws to the after end, and the remainder shall be added to the base line.

In all cases where the length of the spinaker boom exceeds the distance from the forward side of the forward mast to the forward point of measurement, such excess shall be added to the base line. The length to be taken for the spinaker boom shall be the extreme distance of its outer end from the center of the foreside of the mast on which it is carried, measured when the boom is in place for use.

In pole-masted yachts and those not carrying topmasts, the distance between the under side of the sheave in the throat halliard block and the under side of the sheave in the uppermost halliard block, or sheave on the mast, shall be used for determining the length of the base line in the same way as is the topmast, when one is carried.

In yachts which do not carry headsail, the forward point of measurement for the base line shall be the after side of the mast or of the foremast, if there is more than one mast.

The sail area is obtained from these figures by multiplying the corrected base by the perpendicular and dividing by 2.

Where in any case, owing to peculiarity of rig, the sail area of a yacht cannot, in the opinion of the measurer, be fairly measured in the customary way, he may, with the sanction of the regatta committee, take such measurements as will enable him to compute the actual sail area carried, or that may be carried on the spars used.

The prescribed method of measuring shall, however, be adhered to in all cases where practicable, and where the leach of a sail is extended beyond a straight line, or where, as in a lug mainsail, the luff extends forward of the mast, or the head is rounded, the increased area resulting shall be added to that obtained by the customary measurement.

4. If any yacht by alteration of trim or immersion by dead weight shall increase her l.w.l. length, or shall in any way increase her spar or sail measurements as officially taken, she must obtain a remeasurement.

RULE III.—CLASSIFICATION.

1. All yachts shall be classified by racing length, and shall be divided into classes as follows:

Schooners.—First class, all over 95ft.; 95ft. class, not over 95ft. and over 85ft.; 85ft. class, not over 85ft. and over 75ft.; 75ft. class, not over 75ft. and over 65ft.; 65ft. class, not over 65ft.

Single masted Vessels and Yawls.—First class, all over 80ft.; 80ft. class, not over 80ft. and over 70ft.; 70ft. class, not over 70ft. and over 60ft.; 60ft. class, not over 60ft. and over 51ft.; 51ft. class, not over 51ft. and over 43ft.; 43ft. class, not over 43ft. and over 36ft.; 36ft. class, not over 36ft. and over 30ft.; 30ft. class, not over 30ft. and over 25ft.; 25ft. class, not over 25ft. and over 20ft.; 20ft. class, not over 20ft. and over 15ft.; 15ft. class, not over 15ft.

2. Yachts of different rigs shall not be classed together except in mixed races; open yachts shall not be classed with cabin yachts; and yachts sailing with fixed ballast shall not be classed with yachts using shiftable ballast.

3. In classes for open yachts using shiftable ballast, Section 2 of Rule XI., regarding fittings, water and ballast, and Section 1 of Rule XII., regarding crews, shall not apply.

RULE IV.—TIME ALLOWANCE.

Time allowance shall be calculated according to the appended table.

RULE V.—ALLOWANCE FOR RIG.

In races where yachts of different rigs sail together, schooners shall be rated for time allowance at 85 per cent. of their racing length; yawls and catboats at 94 per cent, and sloops and cutters at their actual racing length.

RULE VI.—OWNERSHIP.

1. No person shall be the owner of more than one yacht entered for a race in the same class.

2. No yacht which has been chartered shall be entered for a race, unless she has been chartered in good faith for a period of not less than thirty days.

3. Each yacht entered for a race must be the *bona fide* property of, or be under charter to, the person in whose name she is entered, who must be a member of a recognized yacht club.

4. A person chartering a yacht shall be considered as the owner.

RULE VII.—ENTRIES.

1. All entries shall be made in writing and shall be signed by the owner or his representative, giving name of yacht, class, racing length and racing number, and must be lodged with the regatta committee not later than forty-eight hours before the time of starting, exclusive of Sundays, unless otherwise ordered by the committee.

2. The regatta committee may refuse or accept any entry made after the time of closing.

3. Any yacht alone in her class may sail in the class next larger than her own, but shall be entered therein as of the minimum racing length of such class; this shall not be construed, however, to permit a yacht to enter a class for yachts of different rig, except in mixed rig races, or an open yacht to enter in a class with cabin yachts, or a yacht using shiftable ballast to enter in a class with yachts sailing with fixed ballast.

4. The same yacht shall not be entitled to enter for a race under different rigs.

5. The regatta committee may, if they consider it expedient, reject any entry.

RULE VIII.—INSTRUCTIONS.

1. Each yacht entered for a race shall at the time of entry, or as soon after as possible, be supplied with written or printed instructions as to the conditions of the race, the course to be sailed, marks, etc.

2. The regatta committee shall have power to change the courses or amend the instructions on or before the day of the race, provided notice of such change is given to each yacht before the preparatory signal is made.

RULE IX.—SAILS.

1. Yachts may carry the following sails:

Schooners.—Mainsail, foresail, forestaysail, jib, flying jib, jibtopsail, working main and fore gaff topsail, maintopmast staysail and spinaker.

Sloops and Cutters.—Mainsail, forestaysail, jib, flying jib, jibtopsail, working gaff topsail and spinaker.

Yawls.—Same as sloops and cutters, with mizzen and mizzen staysail.

Catboats.—Mainsail.

2. Yachts may set light sails over working sails.

3. No extra spars, booming out or whisker poles, except a spinaker boom, shall be used.

4. A working main or foretopsail must be jibheaded and must not extend above the highest point used in measurement, or beyond the end of the gaff. A spinaker must be triangular, and must not extend above the highest point used in measurement, or beyond the outer end of the spinaker boom.

RULE X.—BOATS AND LIFE BUOYS.

1. Yachts in the first and 95ft. classes of schooners, and the first class of single-masted vessels and yawls, shall carry on deck a serviceable round bottomed boat, with oars and thole-pins or row-locks lashed in, measuring not less than 14ft. in length; in the 85, 75 and 65ft. classes of schooners, and in the 80, 70 and 60ft. classes of single-masted vessels and yawls, a boat not less than 12ft. in length; and in the 51ft. class of single-masted vessels and yawls, a boat not less than 10ft. in length.

2. All yachts shall carry on deck two serviceable life buoys.

RULE XI.—FITTINGS, WATER AND BALLAST.

1. Floors shall be kept down and bulkheads and doors left standing.

2. Trimming by dead weight shall not be allowed after the preparatory signal. Neither water nor ballast shall be taken in or discharged after 9 A. M. of the day of the race; but this restriction as to water may be waived by the regatta committee.

3 A race postponed or resailed shall so far as regards this rule be considered a new race.

RULE XII.—CREWS.

1. The total number of persons on board a yacht shall not exceed the allowance in the following schedule:

Schooners.—First class, 1 person to every 2ft. of R. L. or fraction thereof; 95ft. class, 32 persons; 85ft. class, 29 persons; 75ft. class, 19 persons; 65ft class, 13 persons.

Single-masted Vessels and Yawls.—First class, 1 person to every 2ft. of R. L. or fraction thereof; 80ft. class, 27 persons; 70ft. class, 18 persons; 60ft. class, 15 persons; 51ft. class, 11 persons; 43ft. class, 9 persons; 36ft. class, 8 persons; 30ft. class, 6 persons; 25ft. class, 5 persons; 20ft. class, 3 persons; 15ft class, 2 persons.

2. No person shall board or leave a yacht after the starting signal has been made, except in case of accident or injury to a person on board.

3. In Corinthian races, except in the schooner classes and in the first, 80ft. and 70ft. classes of single-masted vessels and yawls, each yacht must be steered by the owner or other amateur, and must be manned by amateurs, except that any cabin yacht may carry and use her regular professional crew.

RULE XIII.—TIME OF MAKING RACES.

There shall be no limit to the time in which a race is to be sailed, except when it is otherwise specified in the instructions.

RULE XIV.—POSTPONEMENT OF RACES.

The regatta committee shall have power to postpone any race, should unfavorable weather render such a course desirable.

RULE XV.—RESAILED RACES.

No new entries shall be received for a race resailed; but a yacht duly entered shall be entitled to start, though she failed originally to start, or having started was withdrawn. No yacht disqualified in a race shall be entitled to start in case the race shall be resailed.

RULE XVI.—PRIVATE SIGNALS AND NUMBERS.

Each yacht shall carry the owner's private signal at the main peak and display a number, which will be assigned to her, on both sides of the mainsail above the reef bands.

RULE XVII.—LIGHTS AND FOG SIGNALS.

The Government regulations regarding lights and fog signals shall be observed.

RULE XVIII.—PROPULSION.

1. No means of propulsion other than sails shall be employed.

2. Manual power only shall be used for working a yacht.

RULE XIX.—STARTING AND FINISHING SIGNALS.

1. The starting signals shall be as follows: A blue peter hoisted as a preparatory signal and dropped at the expiration of the preparatory interval. A red ball hoisted for the start, and dropped at the expiration of the starting interval. If necessary to start the fleet in two or more divisions, a white ball shall be used for the start of the second division and a blue ball for the start of the third division. Additional signals for other divisions may be provided by the regatta committee. The club burgee shall be hoisted at the expiration of the starting interval of the last division.

2. The signal to denote the conclusion of the race shall be the lowering of the club burgee.

3. Attention shall be called to those signals by whistle or gun from the regatta committee's boat.

RULE XX.—TIME AT START AND FINISH.

1. All starts shall be flying and shall be "time" or "one-gun" starts, as may be specified in the instructions.

2. In time starts an interval shall be allowed for crossing the line and the time of each yacht shall be taken when the point, marked by the foremast in schooners and the mainmast in single-masted vessels and yawls, first crosses the starting line. A yacht failing to cross the line until after the starting interval shall be timed as having crossed at its expiration.

3. In one-gun starts each yacht shall be timed from the starting signal.

4 The time of finish of each yacht shall be taken when the point, marked by the foremast in schooners and the mainmast in single-masted vessels and yawls, first crosses the finish line.

5 In any start, if the point marked by the foremast in schooners and the mainmast in single-masted vessels and yawls be across the line when the signal for the start in her class is made, she must return and recross the line.

A yacht so returning, or one, working into position from the wrong side of the line after the signal for the start has been made, must keep clear of and give way to all yachts in the race.

RULE XXI.—MARKS.

1. All marks, except Government buoys used as marks, shall fly the club flag or show a ball in the club colors. The markboat at the finishing line shall show two red lights and at intervals the club's night signal after sundown.

2 A mark is any vessel, boat, buoy, float or other object used to indicate the course.

3. Should any mark be absent or moved from its proper position during a race, the regatta committee shall if possible replace it, or substitute the committee boat with mark ball hoisted and call attention by gun or whistle Failing thus to re-establish the mark, the race may be ordered resailed or not, at the option of the regatta committee.

RULE XXII.—SHORTENING COURSE.

Should it be necessary during a race to shorten the course, the starting ball hoisted under flag B of the signal code, or in case of fog or darkness two blasts of the whistle or two guns fired, shall show that the race is to be finished with the round about to be completed, or at the mark where the regatta committee's boat shall be stationed when giving the signal, and the time allowance shall be reduced in proportion.

RULE XXIII.—ANCHORING.

A yacht may anchor, but must weigh her anchor again and not slip. A yacht shall not warp or kedge or make fast to a buoy or pier, vessel or other object except as otherwise provided under these rules.

RULE XXIV.—RUNNING AGROUND AND FOULING.

A yacht running aground or fouling a buoy, pier, vessel or other object, may use her anchors, warps, boats, etc., to get clear, but may not receive any assistance except from the crew of the vessel fouled. Any anchor, warp or boat so used must be taken on board again before continuing the race.

RULE XXV.—ACCIDENTS.

Every yacht shall render all possible assistance to any vessel or person in peril, and if in the judgment of the regatta committee she shall thereby have impaired her chance of winning, they shall order the race to be resailed between each yacht and the winner in her class.

RULE XXVI.—SOUNDING.

No other means of sounding than the hand lead and line shall be employed.

RULE XXVII.—RIGHT OF WAY.

When one yacht is approaching another yacht so as to involve a risk of fouling, one of them shall keep clear of the other as follows:

1. On Different Points of Sailing.—A yacht free shall keep clear of one close-hauled.

2. On the Same Point of Sailing with the Wind on Opposite Sides.—When both yachts are close-hauled, or both free, or both have the wind aft and on opposite sides, the yacht with the wind on the port side shall keep clear.

3. On the Same Point of Sailing with the Wind on the Same Side.—When both yachts are free or have the wind aft and on the same side, the yacht to windward shall keep clear.

4. Wind Aft.—A yacht with the wind aft is deemed to have the wind on the side opposite to that on which she is carrying her main boom. A yacht with the wind aft shall keep clear of a yacht on any other point of sailing.

5. Overtaking.—An overtaking yacht shall in every case, as long as an overlap exists, keep clear of the yacht which is being overtaken.

6. Definition of Overlap.—An overlap is established when an overtaking yacht has no longer a free choice on which side she will pass, and continues to exist as long as the leeward yacht by luffing, or the weather yacht by bearing away, is in danger of fouling

7. Altering Course.—When of two yachts one is obliged to keep clear, the other shall not alter her course so as to involve risk of fouling.

8. Luffing.—A yacht may luff as she pleases in order to prevent another from passing her to windward, provided she begins to luff before an overlap is established.

9. Bearing Away.—A yacht shall not bear away out of her course so as to hinder another in passing to leeward.

10. Rights on New Courses.—A yacht shall not be entitled to her rights on a new course until she has filled away.

11. Convergine Close-hauled.—When two yachts both close-hauled on the same tack are converging by reason of the leeward yacht holding a better wind, and neither can claim the rights of a yacht being overtaken, then the yacht to windward shall keep clear.

12. Passing and Rounding Marks.—If an overlap exists between two yachts, when both of them without tacking are about to pass a mark on the required side, then the outside yacht must give the inside yacht room to pass clear of the mark. A yacht shall not, however, be justified in attempting to establish an overlap and thus force a passage between another yacht and the mark after the latter has altered her helm for the purpose of rounding.

13. Obstruction to Sea Room.—When a yacht is approaching a shore, shoal, rock, vessel or other dangerous obstruction, and cannot go clear by altering her course without fouling another yacht, then the latter shall on being hailed by the former at once give room, and, in case one yacht is forced to tack or bear away in order to give room, the other shall also tack or bear away, as the case may be, at as nearly the same time as is possible without fouling. But should such obstruction be a designated mark of the course, a yacht shall not force another to tack under the provisions of this rule.

RULE XXVIII.—PROTESTS.

1. A yacht, having cause during a race to protest against any other yacht for a violation of these rules, may display flag B of the signal code, and keep such flag flying till answered from the regatta committee's boat by the answering pennant.

2. Protests must be filed in writing with the regatta committee before 6 o'clock P. M of the day succeeding the race, exclusive of Sundays, and must be signed by the owner or his representative.

3 If through protest the measurement of a yacht be called in question, the regatta committee shall direct the measurer to remeasure such yacht, and the result as reported by him shall be final. The usual fee for measuring shall be collected from the owner, if the measurement be found wrong, and from the person protesting, if the measurement be found right.

RULE XXIX.—DISQUALIFICATION.

1. Every yacht must go fairly around the course and must not touch any mark, but shall not be disqualified if wrongfully compelled to do so by another yacht.

2. A yacht in any way causing a markboat to shift her position to avoid being fouled by such yacht may be disqualified.

3. A yacht, which in consequence of her neglect or violation of any of these rules shall foul another yacht, or compel another yacht to foul any mark or obstruction or run aground, may be disqualified and shall pay all damages; and a yacht, which shall wrongfully cause another to luff or bear away in order to avoid fouling, or shall without cause compel another yacht to give room or tack as otherwise provided in these rules, or shall herself fail to tack or bear away as required, or shall in any way infringe or fail to comply with any of these rules, may be disqualified.

4. The regatta committee may, without protest, disqualify any yacht, should it come to their knowledge that she has committed a breach of these rules.

5. A yacht whose measurement has not been filed with the regatta committee prior to the start of a race, or within ten days thereafter, may be disqualified and forfeit all claim to a prize, and such yacht may, at the discretion of the regatta committee, be debarred from entering any other race of the club until her certificate of measurement has been filed with the regatta committee

6. If a yacht, which has been officially measured, makes any alteration causing an increase of her racing length, and starts in a race without having been remeasured or notifying the regatta committee previous to the start that such alteration has been made, she may be disqualified.

7. If a winning yacht be disqualified, the next yachts in order shall e awarded the prizes.

RULE XXX.—AWARDING OF PRIZES.

1. Prizes shall be awarded in all classes in which two or more yachts start.

2. Before receiving a prize, the owner of a winning yacht, or in his absence the person representing him on the yacht, shall sign a declaration that the rules governing the race have been complied with.

RULE XXXI.—SUSPENSION OF RULES.

The regatta committee shall have power to suspend any of these rules provided that it is specially stated in the notice of the race or agreed to by the competing yachts.

Spruce, Ethelwynn and "?"

THE *Yachting World* of March 13 contains the following letter from the owner of the 15-footer Question "?":

Editor Yachting World:

In your article of Jan. 17 I see an article on ½-rater "?". I don't know to whom you are indebted for your information, but it is, to say the least, not correct, and has caused me much trouble. Let me correct you.

In the first place, I am a boat builder by profession, as also a designer; am in business for myself and expect to be for some years. I designed and built Question. Sails were made by R. Hathaway. She is well constructed, of cedar, oak and pine, with spars of white spruce. The cost of materials, including sails and steel board, rigging, etc., together with twenty-six days' labor at regular ship carpenter's wages, amounted to $345 or £49, and if you figure out such a boat you can readily see that such is the case.

Now, I had as good an order from a party in London for a ½-rater, and your article, besides putting me in a bad light, of course lost me the chance of getting one of my boats in English waters, as I had offered to build it at a loss to myself, so badly did I wish to have one "over there." I had inquiries from several, both in England and Scotland, and have not even a reply from one of them, and can account for it in no other way.

Q. beat Spruce and Ethelwynn over 14m. in one of their races for the cup last fall in a good breeze. Mr. Brand can vouch for this. Will you be so good as to correct your mistake, and by so doing you will greatly oblige yours truly,

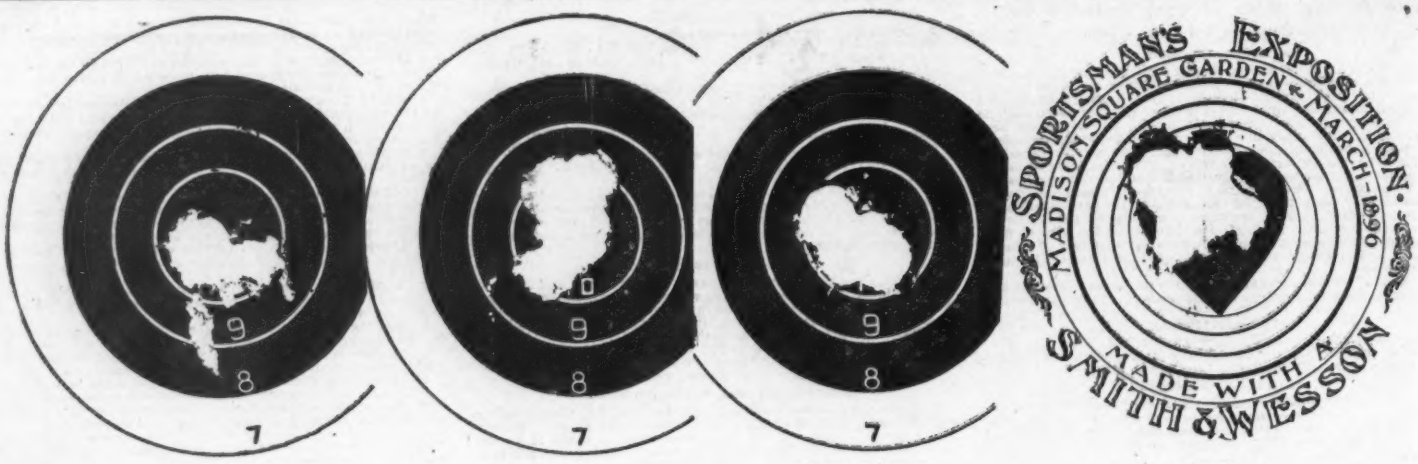
L. D. HUNTINGTON, Jr.

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., Feb. 15.

We are not interested in the issue between the *Yachting World* and Mr. Huntington, but as far as the statement that Question beat both Spruce and Ethelwynn is concerned, it is by far too little to say that it is incorrect, as it contains inferences that are entirely unfounded in fact. The same statement has found a place in many American papers since the final race for the Seawanhaka cup, and only within ten days we have had an inquiry from a French yachtsman, a designer and owner of small raters, as to its truth.

The facts, which we can vouch for, being present, which Mr Huntington was not, are as follows: Question came over to Oyster Bay on Friday, Sept. 27, in charge of Mr. Huntington's younger brother, to sail in the special open races for the 15ft. class on the next day. Friday was the day of the sixth match between Spruce and Ethelwynn, the former having thus far won two races and the latter but one, so that the only chance of holding the international cup depended on Ethelwynn retrieving the reputation she had lost. It was blowing very fresh early in the morning, and when the two boats went out about 2 P. M there was still wind enough to induce Spruce to reef, though Ethelwynn carried full sail.

The two sailed a hard and exciting race in a strong wind and sea, fighting every inch of water for nearly three hours. During the first part of the race they were together all the time, each jockeying the other. Question, sailed by Mr. Huntington's younger brother, who had been in the boat in many races through the season, knowing her and the locality to perfection, was out for fun only, with absolutely nothing to lose and everything, as it now proves, to gain. Had she capsized, or lost a spar, it would have been of no special consequence, as she was not racing. The conditions were those in which she has done her best work, a wind and sea. She went out to the starting line and crossed it several minutes after the international race was



Bear Chief. J. E. Goodrich. S. A. Axtell. S. A. Axtell.

Specimen targets made in the Smith & Wesson gallery at the Sportsmen's Exposition, S. & W. revolver, 20ft., regulation target, here shown exact size. Bear Chief three shots, the others five shots each.

started. By this time Spruce and Ethelwynn, running free, were well off their course, each bothering the other. Paying no attention to them, Question laid a perfectly straight course for the first mark and then stood it, past out into the center of the Sound, where there was the most wind, she having a small sail plan. She sailed wonderfully fast, as she has done before under special conditions, and made the two rounds of the course some time ahead of the true contestants, but of course was not timed, as she had nothing whatever to do with the race.

While done thoughtlessly, out of mere fun at the time, there can be no question of the very bad taste, not to characterize it more strongly, of now attempting to represent her as sailing on even terms with Spruce and Ethelwynn in an international race and beating both. Unfair as it is to Ethelwynn, the case would have been still worse had Spruce won, as her victory would undoubtedly have been discounted in the daily papers by the alleged fact that she was at the same time beaten by another American boat.

Fortunately for Question, she has a reputation honestly won in some very hard races through the season, and as a heavy-weather boat does not need any such doubtful international honors as are claimed in the above letter.

As she was, however, indirectly connected with the international races, having been one of the competitors in the earlier trial races in which Ethelwynn was selected, it may be interesting to look at her record. In the first trial race, Aug. 26, she was third, the first boat, Ethelwynn, beating her by 9m. 58s. In the second race, next day, Ethelwynn was again first and Question third, the difference in time being 8m. 23s. The third day found Ethelwynn again first and Question third, the difference being 6m. 31s. In all three races the Herreshoff boat Olita was second. In these races the crew of Question won the special prize for superior handling from six competitors. On Sept. 28, the day of the final international race, when Ethelwynn beat Spruce 10m. 41s. in a good sailing breeze, Question sailed in the special race of the S. C. Y. C. for 15-footers, in which Trilby was first and Olita second, the latter beating Question 6m. 38s.

Ethelwynn was designed for one specific purpose—to win races off Oyster Bay in summer. How near she came to this end is shown by her record; of the eight races made in the trial and cup series she won six. Of the other two one was won by Spruce by the small margin of 23s. and the other was thrown away by the groundless withdrawal of the boat when in perfect condition. We are willing to concede any claims of Mr. Huntington as to Question's exceptional speed and ability in a wind and sea, but we deny all claims that she has in any way raced against Spruce or Ethelwynn in the races for the Seawanhaka cup, or is entitled to any credit whatever for the questionable performance of Sept. 27.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Defender's broken topmast, presented by Mr. Iselin to St. Mary's Hospital, Brooklyn, will be awarded intact to whichever armory, club or association in the United States contributes the largest number of votes. Should the winner desire to have it converted to the uses of a flagstaff, a U. S. post flag, 10 × 20ft., made of the best quality N. P. U. bunting, with full number of stars sewed on both sides, will be furnished. Should an association desirous of carrying a flag in procession prove successful, the regulation U. S colors, 6 × 6½ft., made of the best banner silk, with full number of stars embroidered, silk ribbons to tie flag on pole, gilt fringe 3in. wide, and a pair of gilt tassels 7in. long, with the necessary cord, surmounted with gilt eagle, will be supplied. The following prominent gentlemen have kindly consented to act as committee of award: Latham A. Fish, Esq., Gen. James McLeer, J. Roger Maxwell, Esq. The price of votes has been placed at 25 cents. For convenience they have been bound in booklets, each containing Mr. Iselin's letter, a photograph of the two yachts, and votes to the value of $10. Applications for booklets until June 2 to be addressed to Mrs. Dr. John Byrne, 314 Clinton street, acting for the Sisters of Charity, St. Mary's Hospital, St. Mark's avenue, Brooklyn.

—Murray & Tregurtha, South Boston, Mass., have been quite busy all winter. So largely has their business grown that they have been obliged to make many additions to their plant, and their facilities for turning out work have been nearly doubled. They have shipped two complete sets of launch machinery, including Tregurtha boilers and compound engines, to Kobé, Japan, and a Tregurtha boiler to Capt. F. Davies, R. N. R., of London. Among other shipments are a Tregurtha boiler for the launch belonging to the U. S. steamer Enterprise, and another for Sig. Heinzelman's high speed launch, and another for E. G. Pond, of Needham, Mass. A large number of Tregurtha boilers are being built under royalty in the Dominion of Canada.

The second general meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on March 30, with Com. Brown in the chair. The following members were elected: Edward Eyre, Arthur W. Francis, John H. Hewson, Louis L. Lorillard, Jr., Samuel F. Barger, Albert J. Wise, Harry A. Van Liew, J. Williams Beekman, Geo. L. McAlpin, Henry Gliser, Jr., Joseph E. Fletcher, Com. Richard P. Leary, U. S. N.; Chas. Fletcher, Lieut. H. C. Roundstone, U. S. N.; R. Hall McCormick, Henry S. Kerr, Robert Temple Emmet, U. S. A.; Frederick C. Fletcher, Frederic de P. Foster, Isaac E. Emerson and John D. Crimmins. Honorary Members—Edward J. Phelps and Capt. Alfred T. Mahan, U. S. N. Flag Member—Miss Eloise L. Breeze.

The special committee appointed to provide cups to be presented to the owners of Defender and Vigilant delivered the completed cups to the club. Lord Dunraven's acknowledgment of Secretary Oddie's notification of his expulsion was read. An amendment to the by-laws giving the partial right of representation, without a vote, to owners of yachts under 15 tons, but not under 10 tons, was passed. The regulation governing the admission of non-members to the club house was changed so as to allow a member to introduce two guests at any time, provided that the same persons may not visit the club house oftener than once in 30 days.

The Corinthian Y. C., of Baltimore, has elected the following officers: Com., N. Tipton Slee; Vice-Com., Henry F. Dorton; Rear-Com., P. W. Hemsley; Fleet Captain, H. W. Meredith; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. A. C. Wightman; Meas., E. W. Graef; Sec'y-Treas., Emil C. Mantz. The treasurer's report showed the club to be in a very flattering financial condition, the remodeling of the club house at Stone House Cove and other improvements to the club property having been easily met by the current receipts. The fourth anniversary will be celebrated by the usual club banquet.

The firm has also added to its specialties the building of gasoline launches and engines, and has already quite a number of orders booked for the coming season. Among those nearing completion are an 18ft. launch fitted with 1½ h. p. gasoline engine for H. L. Howard, of Boston; an 18ft. mahogany yacht tender for another Boston owner; a 32ft. launch fitted with 5 h. p. engine for a West Virginia owner, and an 8 h. p. engine for a 30ft. launch for W. H. McLeod, of Boston. The firm is also building a 30ft. high speed gasoline launch for use in Boston Harbor.

Intrepid, steam yacht, Lloyd Phœnix, sailed from Norfolk on March 25 and reached Bermuda on March 29 after a rough passage.

The annual dinner of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. took place at Delmonico's on March 26.

The annual meeting of the New Jersey Y. C. was held on March 27. The following officers were elected: Com., Frank S. Ketcham, sip. Charm; Vice-Com., Alfred Wenzel, sip. Wanderer; Sec'y, Edward V. Ketcham; Fin. Sec'y, Frank Springling; Treas., Edward F. Fischer; Meas., William Sherman; Regatta Committee, Alfred Wenzel, chairman; John W. Dickinson and William Sherman; Trustees, Frank S. Ketcham, chairman; Edwin A. Stevens, Theophilus Butts, William T. Salter and Alexander Berry.

Margarita I., ex Semiramide, has been sold by J. R. Drexel, owner of Margarita II., now building, to Henry Walters, of Baltimore, who will rename her Narada.

Corimta, 46ft. bulb-fin, has been sold through J. R. Purdon to Wm. Caswell.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Name.	*Club.*	*City.*
Harry D Priest	Wawbewawa C. C.	Boston.
Edwin K. Abbott	Wish-ton-wish C. C.	Northampton.

Steam Yachts and Marine Machinery.
COMPLETE machinery "outfits" for boat builders, made by Marine Iron Works, Chicago. Light draft work a specialty. Catalogue free.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

April 6.—PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—All-day shoot of the Forest Gun Club; grounds at Twenty-seventh street and Lehigh avenue. Wm Morison, Sec'y.

April 7.—DEXTER PARK, L. I.—Live bird handicap, open to members of clubs shooting at Dexter Park and all Long Island clubs.

April 14-16.—CHARLESTON, S. C.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Palmetto Gun Club.

April 14-17.—ATCHISON, Kansas.—Thirteenth annual open to all, and second annual manufacturer's amateur tournament; $1400 added money and manufacturers' prizes. Lou Erhardt, Sec'y.

April 15-17.—PEEKSKILL, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the Peekskill Gun Club; first two days, targets; third day, live birds. O. J. Loder, Sec'y.

April 20-24.—HOUSTON, Texas.—Twentieth annual tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's and Game Protective Association. J. Emmett Haney, Manager.

April 21.—NEWARK N. J.—Third monthly competition of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the South Side Gun Club. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.

April 21-23.—ZEELAND, Mich.—First tournament of the Michigan State Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Zeeland Gun Club.

April 21-24.—OMAHA, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament; $1,000 added to the purses. Frank S. Parmalee, Sec'y.

April 22-24.—WELLINGTON, Mass.—Tournament of the Boston Shooting Association; targets. O. R. Dickey, Manager.

April 28-29.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Seventh bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds. Open to all.

April 28-30.—JOPLIN, Mo.—Annual Owl Shoot of Kansas and tournament of the Missouri Trap-Shooters' Association; also open-to-all programme; $1,375 added to the purses. W. G. Sergeant, Sec'y.

April 29-30.—BIRMINGHAM, Ala.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Birmingham Rod and Gun Club.

April 30-May 2.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

May 5-6.—BEDFORD, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Bedford Rod and Gun Club. R. R. Braxton, Sec'y.

May 5-6.—ALGONA, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Algona Gun Club.

May 5-8.—NEW YORK.—Tournament of the American E. C. Powder Company; $2,000 added money.

May 13-15.—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Tournament of the Memphis Gun Club. $2,000 added money.

May 19-20.—NEPONSETT, Ill.—Semi-annual tournament of the Neponsett Gun Club. E. H. Miller, Sec'y.

May 19-22.—CINCINNATI, O.—Tournament of the Hazard Powder Co.; $2,000 in cash added to the purses. R. S. Waddell, Agent.

May 19-23.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Nineteenth annual convention and tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. J. H. Durkee, Sec'y.

May 22-24.—MISSOULA, Mont.—Annual tournament of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Missoula Rod and Gun Club. Will Cave, Sec'y.

May 26-28.—FRANKFORT, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.

May 26-28.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club; nobody barred; targets. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

May 26-28.—BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the Binghamton Gun Club; first two days, targets; third day, live birds.

May 30.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Tournament of the Canajoharie Rod and Gun Club; targets. Chas. Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30.—BRANCHVILLE, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Branchville Gun Club. Henry R. Cabrs, Sec'y.

May 30-June 1.—MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Eleventh annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club.

June 2-5.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Twenty-second annual tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. H. B. Meyers, Sec'y.

June 3-4.—NATCHEZ, Miss.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Gaillard Sporting Club.

June 8-13.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Thirty-eighth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, under the auspices of the Audubon Gun Club. E. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—DAVENPORT, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association. R. B. Cook, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—DAYTON, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap Shooters' League. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y.

June 10-11.—FARGO, N. D.—Second annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association; targets; $600 added money. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 16-18.—URBANA, Ill.—Third annual tournament of the Crystal Lake Gun Club. Frank L. Bills, Sec'y.

June 17-19.—CLEVELAND, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company. Targets thrown free; $770 in cash also added to the purses.

June 23-26.—PITTSBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Pittsburg Gun Club; targets; $500 added money.

June 30-July 2.—WOPSONONOCK, Pa.—Fourth annual tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club; targets. W. S. Bookwalter, Sec'y.

July 22-25.—PORTLAND, Me.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club.

July 30, 31.—GOSHEN, Ind.—Midsummer tournament of the Goshen Gun Club.

Aug. 4-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Tournament of the Du Pont Smokeless Powder Company. E. S. Rice, Mgr.

Aug. 26-27.—BURLINGTON, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 318 Broadway, New York.

The New York State shoot this year promises to be a very large affair indeed. Secretary E. W. Smith, of the Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo, under whose auspices the shoot will be held, June 8-13, is most enthusiastic over the prospects for a big affair. Reviewing the situation he writes: "We are getting along very nicely. Have received over $1,000 in cash donations and many valuable merchandise prizes, including an elegant upright piano, seven hammerless guns of different makes, two building lots, fine bicycle, graphophone and lots of others. Ex-Governor R. P. Flower sent check for $25 and writes that he will try and be here during the shoot, and from every indication we will have the largest State shoot ever held in New York State. We expect to add $500 in cash to the open sweeps. Besides the great merchandise and regular State events there will be a contest for the E. C. Powder Co.'s silver cup, the shoot for Dean Richmond trophy and the Lefever diamond badge contest. The Gold Dust Powder Co. has presented us with $50 and a quantity of loaded shells as prizes for a separate event. We want all sportsmen in the State to come and we will try and make it pleasant for them and give each and every one an equal chance to win."

Mr. W. L. Agnew, secretary-treasurer of the Virden Gun Club, of Virden, Man., Can., writes us as follows: "The annual meeting of the Virden Gun Club was held on March 21. The following are the officers elected for the year 1896: President, J. H. Agnew; Vice-President, G. N. Miller; Secretary-Treasurer, W. L. Agnew; Managing Committee—The officers and J. D. McNiven, Geo. Sanford and G. Silvester. Club shoot every Monday, 25 targets, 3 traps, unknown angles and traps, American Shooting Association rules. Trophies have been offered by prominent dealers in sporting goods for the highest percentage made during the season, each member competing to have attended at least two-thirds of the shoots of the club. Gold and silver buttons are offered for the high gun in the weekly meeting. All shooting class shooting. The managing committee is also a committee on handicaps. The club is ready to meet all comers, either in teams or individual matches, at targets or live birds."

President David Brown, of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association, of Newburgh, N. Y., writes us as follows: "On April 30 and May 1-2 we hold our spring tournament. We have named these dates in order to give those that will attend the great E. C. shoot convenient practice. We divide $50 to the highest averages on the first two days, which will be at empire targets. The third day will be at pigeons only. There will be twenty regular events at clays, total entrance $40. As you well know, we have fine grounds and good accommodations. Terms at hotels, $1.50 per day and up. Stage from No. 44 Water street."

The match for the live-bird championship arranged for March 16 between E. W. Hoffman, of Galena, and C. H. Calhoun, of Weir City, did not take place owing to Hoffman being returned as *non est*. As a matter of fact Hoffman has been suddenly attacked with the gold fever and has gone to Alaska to search for the yellow metal. He was therefore not on hand to defend the trophy, which was, of course, forfeited to Calhoun, who now stands ready to defend the emblem against any person qualified to challenge for it.

H. S. Lippack, of Dexter Park, announces that the third monthly live-bird handicap will be held on April 7. The event is open only to members of clubs regularly shooting at Dexter Park and to all Long Island clubs. The conditions are: 25 live birds, 50yds. boundary; handicaps from 25 to 31yds.; entrance fee $15, birds included; if ten entries, $10 will be added to the purse; if fifteen entries or more, $20; if twenty entries or more, $30; class shooting; four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent; American Association rules to govern.

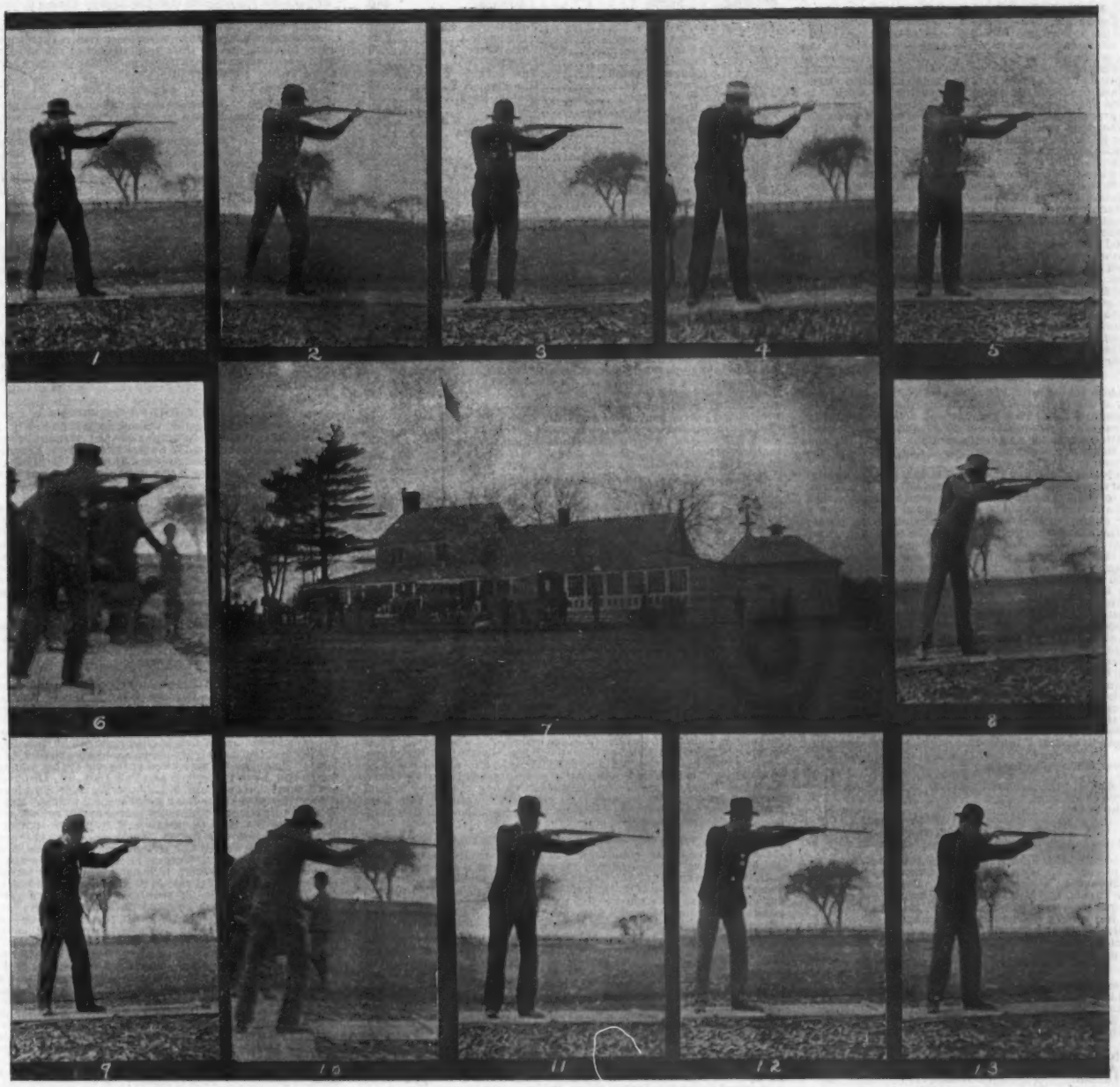
The Lake Side Rod and Gun Club, of Burlington, Vt., has elected the following list of officers for the year commencing March 11: President, E. A. Worthen; Vice-President, W. L. Stone; Secretary, J. S. Deming; Treasurer, W. S. Phelps; Captain, L. O. Harding; Directors, E. E. Morgan, H. E. Spear, E. H. Shattuck, B. H. Eagan and C. F. Reynolds. The Interstate Association announces in our column of shooting fixtures that it will hold a tournament at Burlington, Vt., Aug. 26-27, under the auspices of the above club.

The Brunswick Gun Club, of New Brunswick, N. J., held its annual meeting and election of officers on Tuesday evening, March 10. The following officers were elected: President, Frederick Weigel; Vice-President, Irving Hoagland; Corresponding Secretary, H. H. Stevens; Financial Secretary, Rush Burton; Treasurer, Joseph Fisher; Captain, Clarence Oakley. The board of governors is constituted as follows: William E. Sperling, W. W. Pettit, V. S. Voorhees and W. W. Miller.

The Palmetto Gun Club, of Charleston, S. C., under whose auspices the Interstate Association will hold a three days' target tournament April 14-16, announces that it has secured rates for a fare and a third from all the railroads in the South for persons attending its tournament. All goods, such as shells, etc., should be shipped in care of L. W. Bicaise & Co., Charleston, S. C., who will take charge of same and deliver them at the grounds free of charge.

Frank Lawrence, who came recently from Chicago to reside in New York city, and who has since his arrival here loaded many thousands of shells for Henry C. Squires & Son, has resigned his position with that firm. Mr. Lawrence is now in business for himself in the sporting goods line. The firm's name is Lawrence & Lichtenstein; its address, 39 Beekman street, New York city.

The following is a list of officers elected by the Central Gun Club, of Duluth, Minn., at its recent annual meeting: President, J. W. Nelson; Vice-President, J. H. Moork; Secretary, R. Little; Treasurer, Phil. Pastoret; Captain, D. H. Day; Lieutenant, C. Carlson. The club has decided to purchase three medals to be contested for during the coming season.



GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP, ELKWOOD PARK, 1896.

1. G. W. Coulston. 2. James Hood. 3. O. R. Dickey (winner). 4. J. G. Messner (winner in 1895). 5. W. C. Price. 6. Fred Gilbert (winner of Du Pont trophy at Baltimore, 1895). 7. Elkwood Inn. 8. Ernest F. Thomas. 9. George Cubberly. 10. Neaf Apgar. 11. T. J. Eley. 12. B. W. Claridge. 13. Fen Cooper.

The Washington Gun Club, of Conshohocken, Pa., has elected the following list of officers for the season of 1896: President, James C. Carter; Secretary, H. M. Johnson; Corresponding Secretary, Geo. H. Knisbel; Captain, Thomas Smith; Assistant Captain, S. L. Carter; Treasurer, F. B. Righter; Trustees: F. B. Righter, S. L. Carter and Joseph Ruth.

Miss Margaret Kirkwood (the "Miskay" of the Boston Gun Club) was a visitor to the New York Sportsmen's Exposition. Miskay is an excellent shot at targets, singles or doubles, known or unknown angles. She has few, if any, superiors of her own sex in that branch of sport.

The annual meeting and election of officers of the Hingham (Mass.) Gun Club was held on Saturday evening, March 21. The following officers were elected: President, Dr. Samuel H. Spalding; Secretary, Ernest E. Lincoln; Treasurer, Gus O. Henderson; Executive Committee, Thomas Howe, David Breen, Jr., and William Allison.

The North Shore Gun Club, of Port Richmond, Staten Island, N. Y., held its annual meeting recently and elected the following officers: President, George B. Seawood; Vice-Presidents, J. R. Dickson and J. A. Howard; Secretary, L. A. Scofield; Treasurer, Henry Seawood.

W. L. Davis, of the Worcester (Mass.) Sportsmen's Club, finished the afternoon's practice shoot on March 24 with a run of 65 straight; 25 were at unknown angles and 10 expert rules.

The Neponset (Ill.) Gun Club claims May 19-20 as the dates for its semi-annual tournament. E. H. Miller, secretary of the club, will furnish all needed information.

A gun club has been organized at Sandy Hill, N. Y., quite recently. The club will soon be in working order for target smashing, a committee having been appointed to procure traps and targets as soon as possible.

W. P. Rayland, of Rome, N. Y., writes us as follows: "The Rome Gun Club desires the assistance of its friends, hoping to secure the 1897 State shoot for Rome." Rayland carries considerable influence with New York State shooters and will doubtless have a strong delegation to back him up at the meeting of 1896, to be held in Buffalo, June 8-13.

Those who saw Du Bray go into ecstasies over the victory of the Parker gun in the Grand American Handicap of 1896 will be glad to learn that his temperature was normal on the morning of March 30. He was, however, still repeating "First and second with 100 competitors!"

The third competition of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League will be held on the grounds of the South Side Gun Club, Newark, N. J., on Tuesday, April 21. Sweepstakes at 10 A. M.; league team race at 2 P. M.

At the last monthly live-bird shoot for the club cup donated by the West Side Gun Club, of Topeka, Kan., the cup was won by J. C. Clark with the score of 14 out of 15 live birds. The birds were a good lot, but a driving snowstorm from the east bothered them a good deal.

FOREST AND STREAM'S tournament squad pads are just what you need when you want to run a tournament as it should be run. They save time, and time is money when it comes to throwing as many targets as possible. Send for sample and prices.

Our correspondents will readily appreciate the troubles that threaten to engulf the editor of these columns when they read the account of the Grand American Handicap, note the space it takes up, and realize the amount of good matter that must be reposing in the pigeonholes of his desk.

MARCH 31. EDWARD BANKS.

The E. C. Tournament.

WHEN the E. C. Powder Co. gave notice last fall that it intended giving a tournament at targets somewhere in the vicinity of New York city, adding $2,000 in cash to the purses, it was very generally predicted that the tournament would in all probability break all records for attendance. There were many reasons why this should be: New York is a central point for a section of the country that contains more trap-shooters to the square mile than any other portion of the United States; everybody is glad of an excuse to come to New York, and $2,000 of added money is an excellent excuse; the popularity of Capt. A. W. Money and his son, Neal E. Money, was felt to be a big drawing card. All things considered, it did look as if the E. C. tournament of 1896, the first tournament on "the circuit," would be a monster affair. Since that time nothing has occurred to alter that opinion; if anything, it has been strengthened.

The tournament will be held at Guttenburg Park, N. J., one of the few places in this country absolutely perfect in all its details for the holding of a big tournament. It is very easily reached from New York city; ferries run frequently from the foot of Franklin and Forty-second streets to the Weehawken depot of the West Shore R. R.; it is then only about fifteen minutes by electric car to the park. Another way to reach Guttenburg Park is to take either one of three other ferries—foot of Barclay, Christopher or Fourteenth streets, New York—to the D, L & W. R. R. depot at Hoboken; electric cars will then land you at the park in from twenty to twenty-five minutes.

When preparing its programme for this tournament, which is to take place May 5-8, the E. C. Co. felt that in view of the hospitality which has always been tendered trap-shooters from this section when visiting other portions of the State, it would be doing the right thing if it gave the clubs of this vicinity some chance to return that hospitality in kind. In response to an invitation from the company the following gentlemen have signified their willingness to serve as an entertainment committee:

T. H. Keller, Climax Gun Club; Col. B. Heber Breintnall, Southside Gun Club; Col. Chas Lenone, Passaic Gun Club; Louis H. Schortemeier, Emerald Gun Club; Harry Folsom, Elizabeth Gun Club; Henry Thurman, Keystone Shooting League; W. N. Drake, Maplewood Gun Club; E. D. Miller, Union Gun Club; Paul A. Jeanneret, Rolling Springs Gun Club; August Schmitt, New York German Gun Club; Wm. L. Davis, Worcester Gun Club; W. C. Gibb, Newburgh Gun Club; O. J. Loder, Peekskill Gun Club; Dr. Geo. E. Pool, New Utrecht Gun Club; the secretary, Riverside Gun Club, Red Bank, N. J.

The programme is the same for each day of the tournament, with a single exception as stated later; it is therefore only necessary to give the first day's list of events: Nos. 1, 2, 3, 7 and 8 are 30 targets, unknown angles, $3 entrance, $40 added in each event; these events are termed the "regular events." Nos. 4, 5 and 6 are the "championship events" and are respectively at 25 targets, unknown angles, $3.50 entrance, $45 added; 25 targets, expert rules, one man up, one shot and retire, $3.50 entrance, $65 added; 15 pairs, $3 50 entrance, $65 added. The exception referred to above is in No. 6, which is at 10 pairs on the last two days of the shoot instead of 15 pairs. The total number of targets called for each day is 180 on the first and second days, 170 on the third and fourth days; total amount of entrance money each day is $36.50, with $395 added to the purses on every day of the tournament.

The "championship events" will carry out the scheme suggested by FOREST AND STREAM for finding the shooter who is entitled to the honor of styling himself the "champion of the world at inanimate targets." To gain that title the shooter will have to make the highest aggregate score in events Nos. 4, 5 and 6 on each day of the shoot; that means that he will have to fire at 100 targets, unknown angles; 100 targets, expert rule, one man up, 5 unknown traps; and at 50 pairs.

This schedule makes 300 targets at the different styles of shooting most generally recognized in the gun clubs of the United States. A silver cup, value $300, will be given to the man that makes the coveted "grand aggregate" in these events. This cup will be a challenge trophy to be held under certain conditions that are fully set forth in the programme. The company wishes it to be fully understood that it bars nobody and no powder (except black powder) in any event shot during the four days of its tournament.

An important feature in these "championship events" is defined in the following notes in the programme: "Of the net purse in Events 4, 5, 6, in each day's programme, 10 per cent. will be taken to create a championship fund. The challenge trophy (a silver cup, value $300) and 85 per cent of this fund to go to the shooter scoring the highest aggregate number of breaks in the above events. Fifty per cent. of the balance to be divided equally between the next four high guns, the remaining 50 per cent. of the balance being divided equally between the next six high guns." This fund will act efficiently as a suitable balm for disappointed shooters who have shot well up in the race.

Of course there is also an "average money fund." This amounts to $150 and will be divided as follows among those shooting in every programme event during the entire four days: First $60, second $30, third $30, fourth $30, fifth $15, sixth $15, seventh $10, eighth $10, ninth $10, tenth $10.

Hotel headquarters will be the Bartholdi Hotel, Broadway and Twenty-third street, New York city, where a special low rate has been made for shooters. All purses at this tournament will be divided in 5 moneys—50, 25, 30, 15 and 10 per cent. Under the head of "general information" comes the statement, "Black powder and 10-gauge guns barred." Under the same head comes the following:

"Four sets of traps will be run continuously during the whole tournament; two sets of empire traps and targets under the supervision of O. C. Hebbard, and two sets of blue rock traps and targets under the supervision of Paul North. Traps will be ready for practice on Monday, May 4. W. Fred Quimby, 204 Broadway, New York, cordially invites all sportsmen to make his office their headquarters during the tournament. Shells sent by express to Mr. Quimby's address will be delivered to the shooting grounds.

"The management of the tournament will be in the hands of Elmer E Shaner, Pittsburg, Pa., assisted by John Parker, Detroit, Mich. W. R Hobart, of the Elizabeth Gun Club, will officiate as cashier, and W. M. Parker, of the same club, will be the assistant cashier.

"Memphis tournament.—A special Pullman car will leave for the Memphis tournament via the Royal Blue and Shenandoah Valley Route from foot of Liberty street, New York city, on Saturday, May 9, at 3:30 P. M. Reduced rates have been secured."

Boston Shooting Association.

BOSTON, March 28.—The above club held its weekly shoot to-day under very unfavorable conditions, the wind blowing a perfect gale and making terrible slaughter with the scores. The merchandise match gave the following results: Gordon first, Spencer second, Sewell third, Williams fourth, Chester fifth, Sheffield and Horace sixth, Lewis and Morse seventh. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
Targets:	5	6	10	5	6	10	5	10	10	5	6	10	10	6	10	10	10	5
Gordon	3	5	8	1	4	7	4	6	9	3	3	8	5	4	9	4	8	3
Sheffield	3	0	5	1	2	6	0	5	3	3	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sewell	3	3	8	..	4	8	1	3	6	3	3	5	6	5	9	3	8	2
Morse	0	2	4	..	1	5	0	5	2	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Chester	3	3	4	3	1	6	3	5	8	1	0	5	4	3	9	3	6	2
Horace	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	4	3	1	..	..	3	..	3	4
Lewis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	3	0	3	3	3	4	7	5	3
Williams	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	3	4	1	4	4	1	..	..	0
Spencer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	0	3	3	5	3	5	6	9	3

Events Nos. 6, 8, 9, 13, 15, 17 at regular angles; Nos. 3, 12, 16 at reversed angles; Nos. 1, 7, 10, 18, unknown; Nos. 2, 5, 11, 14, doubles; No 4, battery shooting.

Grand American Handicap.

ALL PREVIOUS RECORDS BROKEN.

THE Interstate Association, through the agency of its Grand American Handicap for the year of 1896, has succeeded in breaking all previous records for number of entries in a live-bird sweepstake in the United States. A grand total of 109 entries with 104 acceptances is far ahead of anything of the kind ever held in this country, and with the possible exception of the Grand Prix du Casino at Monte Carlo, won by Mr. Lo illard in 1872, is the best on record for the world. In the Grand Prix this year there were 103 shooters, two less than took part in America's great event. In comparing the two events we should not overlook the fact that the Interstate's annual affair is only in its infancy, this being its fourth annual tournament.

The most astounding feature about this large entry list is that the Association does not add any money, whereas the management at Monte Carlo adds a most valuable consideration. Of course the Association and the Monte Carlo management are on an entirely different footing; the Interstate only holds this one live-bird shoot during the year, and instead of deriving a monetary benefit directly from the shoot, has to be content with the advertising it brings the members of the Association, who pay for that advertising by putting their hands in their pockets and satisfying the bills of expense for carrying out its yearly programme. That bill this year will be no small one, the weather having had a most disastrous effect upon the birds, the sudden cold snaps and heavy snowstorms carrying off a large number. In order, also, to make sure that the birds would be of the best, the Association paid a good price for them; that the birds were of a high class is shown by the scores, many of the totals being the result of really first-class work with the gun. The expenses attending the running of such a shoot are very high, and it is no breach of confidence to state that the Association is considerably out of pocket owing to its venture this year.

THIS BREW THE SHOOTERS.

The Grand American Handicap of 1895 closed with 57 regular entries and 4 post entries; of this total of 61 entries 56 accepted, the value of the purse amounting to $1,530. That amount was divided nominally among the 3 high guns in the proportion of 50, 30 and 20 per cent.; actually a combination was made among the straight men at the end of the 10th round, Messner, the ultimate winner, being, we believe, the only one of the 11 that refused to combine.

This year a new system of dividing the purse in this event was suggested, the secretary-treasurer of the Association, Mr. J. A. H. Dressel, being the first to suggest a change. Mr. Dressel's idea was that the Grand American Handicap would be more popular if there was a chance for a larger number of shooters to get a portion of the purse; he suggested that the Association guarantee $1,000 to the 3 high guns, and no matter what the number of entries might be, not to divide a larger sum among that number. The surplus, if any, was to be divided in some manner between a certain number of "next highest guns." Justus von Lengerke took hold of the idea and elucidated the scheme given later; the fact that the number of entries was nearly double that of last year speaks volumes for the scheme.

Had the same system of division of moneys that prevailed last year been in force this year at Elkwood Park, it is safe to say that there would have been a strong effort to make a combination at the end of the 10th round when shooting practically closed for the first day. At that time there were 13 straight scores of 10, Dickey, the winner, being one of the 13; Sim Glover and G. W. Coulston, who finished second and third respectively, would not have been in the combination, the former having lost his 6th bird, while Coulston's 5th fell dead out of bounds. There can be no question as to the popularity of the new system of dividing the purse, interest in the shoot being kept up long after a man had lost a couple of birds; at one time, so rapidly did the misses come, it began to look as if the 23 men might get a piece of the purse.

The purse itself was made up as follows:

103 entries at $10	$1030
98 acceptances at $15	1470
6 post entries at $35	210
	$2710

LIST OF ENTRIES.

Below we give a complete list of the entries, showing the order in which they went to the trap, where they hailed from, and their respective handicap distances. The work of the handicap committee—Jacob Pents, Major Taylor, Will K. Park and the editor of FOREST AND STREAM's trap department—was by no means easy, the task of apportioning handicaps for 109 competitors being a thankless one at that. With eight men finishing in the 24 hole, and 13 more with but one bird less, the committee has good reason to pat itself on the back. The entry list was as follows:

Order of Shooting.	Name.	Address.	Handicap.
1	M F Lindsley	Cincinnati, O.	27
2	E S Rice	Chicago, Ill.	26
3	Fred Hoey	Long Branch, N J.	31
4	E S Thomas	Denver, Col.	26
5	Eddie Hill	Trenton, N J.	30
6	G S McAlpin	New York, N Y.	30
7	John A Flick	Ravenna, O.	26
8	T W Latham	Cleveland, O.	28
9	George Corning, Jr.	Auburn, N Y.	27
10	F Emond	Buffalo, N Y.	30
11	S Glover	Rochester, N Y.	30
12	W G Clark	Hoboken, N J.	30
13	John R Blamey	Holyoke, Mass.	27
14	Old Hoss	Pittsburg, Pa.	27
15	R V Disbrow	Manasquan, N J.	28
16	W L Shepard	Chicago, Ill.	26
17	W H Green	Newark, N J.	28
18	Irby Bennett	Memphis, Tenn.	26
19	M M Mayhew	Utica, N Y.	28
20	D A Upson	Cleveland, O.	29
21	A H King	Pittsburg, Pa.	29
22	George Cubberly	Yardville, N J.	28
23	G L Nichols	New York, N Y.	26
24	Paul I Clark	New York, N Y.	27
25	L H Schortemeier	New York, N Y.	29
26	R E Grey	New York, N Y.	26
27	U M C Thomas	Bridgeport, Conn.	26
28	Wm Wagner	Washington, D C.	26
29	J G Knowlton	New York, N Y.	26
30	J A R Elliott	Kansas City, Mo.	32
31	S Cunningham	Washington, D C.	27
32	S D Burke	Northumberland, Pa.	27
33	Wanda (Mrs M F Lindsley)	Cincinnati, O.	25
34	P F McKeon	New York, N Y.	27
35	B F Smith	Buffalo, N Y.	27
36	A S Hunter	Utica, N Y.	27
37	Jas Timmons	Morristown, N J.	26
38	W S King	Pittsburg, Pa.	26
39	E W Price	Pleasure Bay, N J.	26
40	Geo W Coulston	Brooklyn, N Y.	28
41	James Loonie	New York, N Y.	27
42	J G Messner	Pittsburg, Pa.	29
43	E C Burkhardt	Buffalo, N Y.	27
44	E B Harris	Macon, Ga.	26
45	E D Fulford	Utica, N Y.	31
46	Fen Cooper	Mahanoy City, Pa.	26
47	Dr G V Hudson	New York, N Y.	27
48	O R Dickey	Boston, Mass.	30
49	R E Merrill	Milwaukee, Wis.	29
50	G E Greiff	New York, N Y.	29
51	Eddie Morgan	Paterson, N J.	27
52	M A Beers	Bridgeport, Conn.	27
53	E S Singleton	Williamsport, Pa.	28
54	H T Brown	Pittsburg, Pa.	26
55	S J Held	New York, N Y.	26
56	Dr Weller	Rochester, N Y.	27
57	B W Claridge	Baltimore, Md.	29
58	E A Geoffroy	Newark, N J.	29
59	Annie Oakley	Newark, N J.	27
60	R O Heikes	Dayton, O.	30
61	Geo Mosher	Syracuse, N Y.	26
62	G W Hepler	Harrisburg, Pa.	29
63	W T Vincent	Jacksonville, Fla.	27
64	Phil Daly, Jr.	Long Branch, N J.	28
65	F G Moore	New York, N Y.	28
66	Carl von Lengerke	Jersey City, N J.	28
67	H L Gates	Utica, N Y.	28
68	Capt A W Money	Oakland, N J.	29
69	E B Coe	Baltimore, Md.	28
70	A W du Bray	Dayton, Ky.	28
71	D M Porterfield	Vicksburg, Miss.	29
72	W H Lair	Brooklyn, N Y.	28
73	T J Eley	Dorrancetown, Pa.	26
74	C R Wise	Passaic, N J.	27
75	T W Morfey	Paterson, N J.	28
76	Justus von Lengerke	Orange, N J.	29
77	W W Watson	Louisville, Ky.	28
78	W C Price	Pleasure Bay, N J.	28
79	Fred Gilbert	Spirit Lake, Ia.	31
80	W S Edey	New York, N Y.	28
81	R Phister	Brooklyn, N Y.	28
82	Lloyd Taylor	New York, N Y.	26
83	Andrew S White	Syracuse, N Y.	28
84	C B Lewis	Philadelphia, Pa.	27
85	Noel E Money	Oakland, N J.	28
86	Hank White	Little Silver, N J.	28
87	Smith Hill	Paterson, N J.	28
88	August Schmitt	New York, N Y.	26
89	James Hood	Brooklyn, N Y.	28
90	W W Bennett	Boston, Mass.	29
91	Neaf Apgar	Plainfield, N J.	30
92	Frank Class	Morristown, N J.	32
93	H McPherson	Pittsburg, Pa.	27
94	J S Dustin	Newark, N J.	27
95	Aaron Woodruff	Elizabeth, N J.	29
96	Dr Van Zile	Brooklyn, N Y.	28
97	Alles Willey	New York, N Y.	30
98	Geo W A Wina	Arlington, Mass.	27
99	Chas Zwirlein	Yardville, N J.	28
100	J F Paddleford	Sherburn, N Y.	27
101	B Le Roy	Campello, Mass.	28
102	W J Simpson	New York, N Y.	29
103	N H Astfalk	Elizabeth, N J.	27
104	L T Davenport	Brooklyn, N Y.	30
105	E M Cooper	Red Bank, N J.	28
106	John H Shaffer	Pittsburg, Pa.	27
107	Frank Hyde	Ridgewood, N J.	28
108	G M Height	Red Bank, N J.	28
109	B A Bartlett	Lakewood, N Y.	28

Of the above 109 entries, 104 accepted the awards of the handicap committee. Five forfeited their entrance money "for cause." No. 2, E. S. Rice (26) and No. 16, W. L. Shepard (26), were unable to spare the time to take part in the great event. No. 21, A. H. King (29), one of the best shots in Pittsburg, Pa., was detained at home by sickness that confined him to the house, being threatened with typhoid fever. No. 25, L. H. Schortemeier (29), was dissatisfied with a mark that some good judges considered decidedly light. No. 90, W. W. Bennett (29), also a rattling good shot, who scored 18 out of 21 from the 30yds. mark at Paterson, N. J., in the Grand American Handicap of 1895, registered a mild kick with us against this year's mark, but also showed us a letter calling him back to Boston, Mass.

CONDITIONS OF THE EVENT.

Before giving the story of the shoot and the scores in detail, showing number of trap, flight of each bird and the result of each shot, it will be as well to recapitulate the conditions of the race as follows:

Grand American Handicap. 25 live birds, $25 entrance, birds extra, handicaps 25 to 33yds. rise. $1,000 guaranteed by the Interstate Association, and all surplus added. $300 and silver cup to first high gun, $200 to second high gun, and $300 to third high gun. In its programme the Interstate Association stated that it would divide all the surplus over and above the $1,000 guaranteed to the three high guns as follows: "Should there be more than 70 and not exceeding 100 entries, all money in the purse in excess of the $1,000 will be divided 12, 12, 10, 10, 10, 8, 8, 8, 5 and 5 per cent. to the 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th highest guns." This was the scheme finally suggested by Mr. Von Lengerke, referred to above.

From these conditions it will be inferred that the Interstate Association hardly expected the number of entries to reach the great total of 100. It did provide, however, for that contingency in a measure. The last sentence in the following paragraph taken from the programme for the Grand American Handicap shows that. The quotation runs thus: "The Interstate Association for its fourth annual Grand American Handicap Tournament has deemed it advisable to make such division of the money in the main event whereby a greater number of shooters will participate in the division of the purse. Therefore the following method of dividing the total amount will be adhered to: The Interstate Association guarantees $1,000 in the Grand American Handicap, which will be divided among the three highest scores as follows: $500 for first high gun, $300 for second high gun, $200 for third high gun. No more—no less, no matter what the number of entries may be."

WEATHER CONDITIONS WERE UNFAVORABLE.

While the handicap committee was at work in Room 318 of the Astor House on Monday, March 23, a light snow began to fall, and with it fell the spirits of the Association's manager, Elmer E. Shaner. The snow was coming from the northeast and out of a leaden-colored sky; it looked as if we were in for a good fall of snow. Before the labors of the committee were over there were 2in. of nice soft snow on the ground, with more to follow. When the sun rose on the morning of the 24th, between 5 and 6in. of "the beautiful" made pedestrianism a sorrow. The sidewalks of New York were in no condition for Mamie Rorke to cut didoes on. What must have been the state of affairs at Elkwood Park?

We did not reach the park until about 1 P. M., and at that hour there was lots of snow, while the sandy roads of Monmouth county were in a state of liquefaction that can scarcely be expressed. The glare of the sun on the snow was found too trying for the eyes of the shooters, hence Jim Elliott got in his fine work and gave the boys a wrinkle in the use of burnt cork, blackening his cheeks below the eyes and the sides of his nose, relieving the glare to a very great extent, but making the whole gang look like a set of toughs from "de Fift' Ward" after an election argument. It was next to impossible to recognise one's best friend under the circumstances, many hearty thumps in the back being the direct result of our seeming negligence. Not a man on Wood street, Pittsburg, would have known Old Hoss in his sun-ray disguise, while other equally respectable citizens of this great republic would have been denied admittance to their own homes by those nearest and dearest to them, so complete was the change wrought in the features of even the best favored.

The Nitro Powder Handicap was in full blast at the upper sets of traps, Nos. 1 and 2, known technically as the "old grounds," the event having 66 entries. The conditions of the event were: 15 live birds per man, $15 entrance, birds included, class shooting, 4 moneys. The handicaps were the same as those apportioned for the Grand American Handicap. So large was the number of entries that the shooters shot in squads, shooting 8 birds on one set of traps and 7 on the other set. All ties were divided.

The Elkwood Park Introductory was shot on the third set of traps, which were located to the southeast of the grand stand. This event had 73 entries. Its conditions were: 10 live birds, $10 entrance, birds included, class shooting, 4 moneys, 30yds. everybody.

With such a large number of entries in each of these two events, it was of course impossible to finish either of them under the existing circumstances. The distance between the grand stand and the "old grounds" is about 350yds., and this 350yds. was covered with a mixture of water, sand and melting snow that necessitated a hack ride unless one was provided with good gum boots.

PLANS HAD TO BE CHANGED.

At this point it would be a good idea to give the general public and the shooters themselves some notion of just how much the unexpected fall of snow on Monday afternoon and evening interfered with the plans of the Interstate Association for shooting off the Grand American Handicap. The intention was to have two sets of traps in front of the grand stand—one where the No. 3 set was located and one to the left of that set, placed just at the inner edge of the race track. This would have enabled the Association to run off the big shoot without inconveniencing the shooters in the slightest, as they would then only have had to walk a few yards from the warm room under the grand stand to the score. Those who were present will understand now what a difference that snowfall, added to the heavier one of the week before, made to themselves and the management. As it was, the Grand American Handicap was decided on the two sets of traps located on the "old grounds," where the turf was in good condition, the change causing much anxiety to the management and much discomfort to the shooters themselves, the accommodation at that point being wholly inadequate for the big crowds that gathered in rear of the traps.

FIRST DAY OF THE HANDICAP.

Wednesday, March 25, opened fine and with a tinge of frost in the air. There was enough wind too to make the birds fly well. By culling all the white and parti-colored birds for the first day's shooting the management was able to give the boys strong all-blue birds that were very fast, starting well and being hard to stop within bounds. So far as we know not a single kick was registered against the quality of the birds provided for the Grand American Handicap. We cannot recall a single instance where a better lot of birds have been trapped in a large handicap event, that is, outside of the big proprietary clubs, where the price of birds is often higher than it was at this shoot.

At the No. 1 set of traps Jacob Pents acted as referee, W. Dutcher as official scorer, W. N. Drake taking the number of traps pulled and direction of the birds for FOREST AND STREAM. Tom Keller added very considerably in getting the shooters to the score at this set of traps, his work being of great assistance to the management. At the No. 2 set of traps Herbert Wallack officiated as referee, J. Vone Emmons, of Long Branch, keeping the official score, taking bird tickets, and performing the duties undertaken by W. N. Drake at the No. 1 set of traps.

The conditions being one bird at each set of traps and then retire until everybody had shot at two birds necessitated the shooting of the odd numbered birds, viz., 1, 3, 5, 7, etc., at the No. 1 traps; the even-numbered birds, viz., 2, 4, 6, 8, etc., were shot at the No. 2 traps. This involved the transferring of the two scores to one score sheet as frequently as possible, so that the scorers might be able to keep track of those who had dropped out. This portion of the work was placed in the charge of the editor of FOREST AND STREAM's trap department, who is hardly aching for that job again. Owing to the large number of entries it was impossible in the early stages of the game to keep the official scorers accurately posted, hence as will be noticed some shooters shot a bird or two after they had really dropped out of the race; this was due to their being called to the score by the scorers, who were unaware that those particular shooters had at that time three misses to their credit.

THE FIRST ROUND.

The first round gave the shooters a taste of what sort of birds the Association had provided for them. Out of the 103 shooters just 25 lost their birds, among the number being J. G. Messner (last year's winner), Fred Gilbert (winner of the Du Pont championship at Baltimore last fall), Fred Lucre (a 31yds. man shooting under a *nomme de fusil*), W. G. Clark, Capt. Money, James Hood, etc. Of the above number Hood, Gilbert and Messner all went out with 23, thus getting a part of the purse after all. Justus von Lengerke was unlucky enough to lose a bird through the hammers of his gun not being cocked.

In the second round there were 20 ciphers registered, making a total of 43 birds lost out of the 206 shot at in the first two rounds. Leroy's loss of his bird, which fell dead out of bounds, was a piece of hard luck; still the conditions of the contest were such that no man could lose heart on securing a single cipher. Fred Emond, of Buffalo; E. B. Coe, of Baltimore; Old Hoss and Annie Oakley were among the number to score losses in this round.

The average of misses was kept up well in the 3d round, 22 goose eggs being scored by Dutcher at the No. 1 set of traps. August Schmitt shot in remarkably hard luck, losing his first 3 birds and falling out for good in this round, thus gaining the doubtful honor coveted by Old Hoss of being the first man to retire. Louis Duryea, Tom Morfey, Old Hoss and Wanda scored their first losses, their birds falling dead out of bounds. Eddie Hill, of Trenton, N. J., also lost his bird in this round, but ultimately got in for the money by going out with 22.

PLENTY OF LOST BIRDS.

Round 4 was a deadly one, Vone Emmons finding it hard to keep track of both losses and bird tickets. Out of the 103 shooters left in 29 scored losses in this round, W. G. Clark, Taylor, Lewis and Dr. Weller each securing their 3rd ciphers. Upson, F. G. Moore, Frank Class, Dick Merrill, W. S. King, Allen Willey, McAlpin and Wanda (their second zero), Gus Greiff, Noel Money, etc., were among the unfortunates in the 4th round.

The 5th round should have had only 99 shooters; as a matter of fact Dr. Weller was called up to shoot his 5th and 6th birds, owing to the scorers not being aware that he had dropped out. This made the number of shooters in the 5th round 100 even; of that number 21 scored losses, the average of 80 per cent. of kills being well maintained in the above 5 rounds. Among the number to lose their birds were: Coulston and Hood, both dead out of bounds; Dr. Hudson and Hank White also lost their birds, while Dick Phister had the bad luck to see his bird drop dead over the wire. This round saw the retirement of Annie Oakley, Gus Greiff, S. J. Held and Frank Hyde.

Round No. 6 had ninety-six shooters to try conclusions with the birds from No. 2 set of traps; of that number twenty-six scored lost birds, making the total of lost birds in the last two rounds at this set of traps (No. 2) 55 out of 199 shot at. Those who finally retired in this round were: Dr. Weller, McAlpin, W. H. Green, James Loonie, Billy Wagner, Wanda, S. D. Burke and P. F. McKeon; George Height and W. S. Edey were also out under the rules, but each was called up to shoot. Bird on the No. 1 set of traps for reasons above explained. Sim Glover lost a bird in this round, while Tom Eley, W. C. Price and Charlie Zwirlein, all of whom got in for money, each lost a bird dead out of bounds. Jim Elliott spoiled his straight score in this round.

The 7th round had eighty-seven shooters, thirteen of whom scored losses. Height and Edey retired at the end of this round; Noel Money, Smith Hill, Dave Porterfield and Phil Daly, Jr., also dropping out for good, Singleton and Capt. Money scoring their third losses, but shooting another bird at the No. 2 set of traps. Fulford and Dr. Knowlton spoiled their chances of straight scores in this round.

In round No 8, J. R. Blamey, E. A. Geoffroy, W. T. Vincent and Allen Willey retired for good, having scored the requisite number of ciphers. There were 17 lost birds in this round, several straight scores being ruined—Bartlett, Watson, Flick and Mayhew each scoring their first losses. Fred Gilbert lost his bird in this round dead out of bounds, this making his second cipher and placing him on the anxious seat for the remainder of the shoot; how the bird got over the wire was a mystery. It was knocked down with the first barrel, but the second barrel seemed to wake it up, the contents only serving to act as a bracer, the bird rising and clearing the deadline before the dog got it.

The 9th round commenced with seventy-six shooters left in the race out of the 104 that had started in the morning. E. F. Thomas and Neaf Apgar both broke their straights by scoring lost birds, Thomas drawing a good bird from No. 5 trap that got over the wire before being retrieved. The total number of lost birds in this round was 11; Irby Bennett, John Shaffer, G. L. Nichols, W. J. Simpson and R. V. Disbrow making their third ciphers in this round; Disbrow scored 3 more birds before being called out for the reasons stated above.

In the 10th round, with seventy-two shooters, only eight ciphers were recorded. E. C. Burkhardt spoiling his straight score with the loss of a nasty bird from No. 5 trap. This round saw the final retirement of Jim Elliott, Paul I. Clark, U. M. C. Thomas and E. B. Harris.

STRAIGHT SCORES WERE SCARCE.

With the close of the 10th round a large number of the shooters left the grounds to catch their trains back to the city. As, however, there was ample light to shoot a few more birds, and as the birds themselves were flying as well if not better than ever, shooting was continued for another half hour. At the end of the 10th round there were only 13 out of the 104 starters with straight scores to their credit. These were: Dickey, Heikes, Fen Cooper, Carl von Lengerke, B. W. Claridge, J. F. Paddelford, A. W. du Bray, J. S. Dustin, Aaron Woodruff, G. Wellington, James Timmons, Dr. Van Zile and George Cubberly. Among those who shot their 11th and 12th birds the first day were Dr. Van Zile and George Cubberly; the former scored his first loss in the 11th round, following it up with a dead out of bounds in the 12th round; Cubberly had his 12th bird also drop dead out of bounds. This left only 11 straight scores in the morning.

A LOVELY SPRING DAY.

The second day of the Grand American Handicap (the third day of the meeting) was a truly lovely one. It was just like spring, the song sparrows trying their best to cheer the spirits of the mortals who had just come through about the toughest February and March on record. The birds at the start seemed a little slow, but misses came remarkably fast anyway. As the day wore on the birds flew splendidly, reflecting great credit on the Worden Bros., of Harrisburg, Pa., who provided all the birds for this shoot. As on the first day of the handicap, the pigeons were all blue, and as there was scarcely a vestige of Monday's snow to be seen, they were by no means an easy lot to get on to quickly.

The first thing to do was to shoot up those who were behind on the 11th and 12th rounds. When these had been completed it was found that there were 87 shooters left in the race. Of that number there were only 9 straights, Dustin and Woodruff spoiling their clean scores by losing their 11th birds. There were 15 lost birds in the 11th round, 7 in the 12th. Those who retired at the end of the 11th round were: Cunningham, Gray, A. S. Hunter, E. W. Price, George Corning, Jr., George Mosher and Nate Astfalk; H. McPherson and R. F. Smith, of Buffalo, were the only ones to retire at the end of the 12th round.

THE UNLUCKY THIRTEENTH.

The 13th round was an unlucky one for three of the straight men. Dickey, Paddelford and Timmons were the three that spoiled the looks of their scores. This left five men still with clean scores to their credit. W. C. Price, who was shooting well, also had the misfortune to score his second loss, dead out of bounds like his 6th bird. In all 10 ciphers were recorded in this round, Lucre, Latham, Knowlton and Phister retiring from the contest, the two last named losing their birds dead out of bounds.

In the 14th round Flick, Burkhardt and Mayhew retired, Mayhew's bird falling dead out of bounds. Class also scored his second loss, while Coe, Fulford, Watson and Timmons each scored a dead out of bounds, the losses placing them on the ragged edges with two misses each.

The 15th round was fatal to two of the straight-score men—Wellington and Du Bray—both of whom had their birds drop dead out of bounds. Beers lost his bird, scoring his second loss, while Gates, Morgan and Brown retired from the contest, leaving 47 survivors to fight it out for the $2,710 in the purse.

The 16th round saw four more men retire—Timmons, Lair, Merrill and Justus von Lengerke—the latter losing his bird dead out of bounds. Hank White, Paddelford and Dustin each scored their second losses in this round, 7 out of the 47 that shot in the round scoring lost birds.

The 17th ended Fen Cooper's hopes of a straight score, as a fast bird from No. 2 trap seemed to jump clear of his shot, causing a cipher to go down on the score sheet. Messner, Du Bray and A. S. White scored their second losses, Beers retiring for good on three misses. White had made a good run of 13 straight between his first and second lost birds.

The 18th and 19th rounds were negotiated in safety by Heikes, Carl von Lengerke and B. W. Claridge, the only three straight-score men left in the race. Milt Lindsley dropped out in the 18th round, Apgar, Wellington, Morfey and Winn scoring their second losses in that round. The 19th was responsible for the final retirement of Tom Morfey, A. S. White, Old Hoss and Fred G. Moore, the two last-named losing their

birds dead out of bounds. Old Hoss, who had lost his 2d and 3d birds, made a nice run of 15 straight before ultimately succumbing to fate; of his three lost birds two fell dead out of bounds. Bartlett was the only person to score a second miss in the 19th round.

HEIKES LOSES HIS 20TH.

There were 4 zeros recorded in the 20th round, one of them a very important one, as it ruined Heikes's chances of making a straight score of 25. The bird Heikes drew was a fast driver from No. 1 trap that managed to get over the boundary before being gathered by the dog. Woodruff scored his second loss in this round, while Wellington and Watson, both of whom were favorites at the start, retired on three losses, Watson's bird getting over the boundary before coming to the ground.

NOT A STRAIGHT SCORE NOW.

The close of the 20th round found 35 shooters left in the race, presumably the best men in it, as the result of the survival of the fittest. However that may be, there were just 11 lost birds scored in the 21st round, Carl von Lengerke and Claridge, the two remaining straight score men, being answerable for two of the losses. Carl's bird was a good one from No. 1 trap that fell dead over the wire. Elsy and Upson made their second ciphers, while Du Bray, Hank White, Frank Class, Dustin, Woodruff, Winn and Fulford were forced to retire with three lost birds apiece. Fulford's bird fell dead out of bounds, two of his losses being for just such birds.

With not a single straight score now to watch, those with only a single miss to their credit felt much better. Of the 28 shooters in the 22d round, three—Dr. Hudson, E. B. Coe and W. S. King—were forced to retire. Coe's bird fell dead out of bounds, while King was beaten by a good one from No. 2 trap. This left 25 men in at the commencement of the 23d round, and of that number only one lost his bird; the unlucky one was D. A. Upson, who thus scored his third loss and consequently had to withdraw. In the 24th round Emond's bird got away without being very much damaged, but Duryea and Van Zile had the disappointment of seeing their birds drop dead out of bounds; in each case it was the shooter's third loss, thus causing his withdrawal. This left 21 in at the end of the 24th round.

With only eight 24s and 14 moneys, it was a moral certainty that if a man killed his bird in the 25th round he would get part of the money. This made the pressure quite severe, but nevertheless all 21 got through the round in safety. This left 8 men tied for the cup and first 8 moneys, with 13 men with 23 each tied for the remaining 6 moneys.

A recess of half an hour was taken in order that the full score might be compared with the two official half scores so that no mistakes might be made. The result of the comparison was satisfactory, and preparations were at once made for shooting off for the cup.

DICKEY WINS THE CUP.

Owing to the large number of ties for the cup and first money it was agreed that the shoot-off should be miss-and-out for place and cup. In the first round Carl von Lengerke and George Cubberly lost their bird; E. F. Thomas retired in the second round. Fen Cooper came next, his bird in the 4th round dropping dead out of bounds. Heikes drew a corker in the 5th round and fell out, leaving Coulston, Glover and Dickey to fight it out. Glover drew a hard one from No. 5 trap that clearly beat him; then Coulston went to the score. He got a bird from No. 3 trap that was a doubtful kill; the referee, Jacob Pentz, being of the opinion that it was killed on the ground, ordered him to shoot at another bird. The next he drew was a very fast one from No. 4 trap that went sailing away toward the coops with but little, if any, damage done to it. Dickey then had to kill to win; this he did, grassing a good bird from No. 4 trap, the FOREST AND STREAM camera being lucky enough to catch him at the score while calling "Pull" for that last bird. He was immediately seized by his friends and carried off the ground shoulder high.

ALL TIE BIRDS WERE FREE.

Prior to the shoot-off for place and cup Manager Shaner announced that the Association had decided, in order to have an honest shoot-off for every place from 1 to 14, to supply the shooters with their tie birds free of charge. The result was a very pretty struggle in many instances for the honor of ranking one above another. It cost the Association the price of just 136 birds to give the spectators a good chance to see some capital shooting. This move of the Association should not be forgotten readily; it is but one more effort on the part of this energetic corporation to elevate and purify the sport of pigeon shooting, toward which it has done so much in the past.

Thus was brought to a successful close the largest event of its kind ever brought off in this country. To those who took part in it, we would like to say a word in regard to the management of the shoot before passing on to the consideration of other matters: It is a very easy thing to see how some things might have been changed with advantage when a shoot is *over*, but bear in mind, when criticising the management, the difficulties it labored under. First of all, an avalanche of entries at the very last moment, the whole aggregating a sum total far above its expectations; secondly, a couple of extremely heavy snowfalls within a short time of the commencement of the shoot, the second fall occurring only the day prior to the opening day of the tournament.

ONE WHO WAS ABSENT.

It would seem as if we could not properly close this report of the Grand American Handicap of 1896 without paying a tribute to the memory of one who had its success so dearly at heart. We refer, of course, to the late John Shaw Hoey, chosen to fill the post of chairman of the handicap committee, and also to act as referee in the main event. To bring the Grand American Handicap to Elkwood Park was what he wanted first, and then to make it the biggest event of the kind ever held was what he desired next. Regrets often count for very little, but the honest regrets expressed by all present at his absence from the banner shoot of his country surely meant much.

GUNS AND LOADS OF THE WINNERS.

The following is a table of the guns and loads of the 21 men who were in the shoot-off:

Name.	*Gun.*	*Powder.*	*Shell.*
O R Dickey	Parker	E. C., 47grs	Rapid.
S Glover	Parker	Schultze, 50grs	Trap.
G W Coulston	Greener	E. C., 48grs	Trap.
R O Heikes	Winchester	E. C., 45grs	Leader.
F Cooper	Parker	King's Smokeless, 4drs.	Smokeless.
E F Thomas	Greener	E. C., 48grs.	Trap.
G Cubberly	Parker.	Schultze, 3½drs	Smokeless.
C von Lengerke	Francotte	Schultze, 45grs	V. L. & D.
T J Elsy	Francotte	Schultze, 45grs	V. L. & D.
B Leroy	L. C. Smith	E. C., 47grs.	Rapid.
J G Messner	Greener	E. C., 54grs. / Dupont, 54grs.	Trap.
N Apgar	L. C. Smith	E. C., 50grs.	Rapid.
J Hood	Francotte	Schultze, 45grs. / Schultze, 48grs.	V. L. & D.
F Gilbert	L. C. Smith	Dupont, 4¾grs.	Smokeless.
B A Bartlett	Winchester	E. C., 47grs.	Rapid.
W C Price	L. C. Smith	E. C., 45grs.	Smokeless.
B W Claridge	Lefever	Dupont, 48grs.	Leader, Smokeless.
C Zwirlein	L. C. Smith	Schultze, 48grs	Smokeless.
E M Cooper	Parker	American Wood, 4drs.	Smokeless.
E Hill	L. C. Smith	Schultze, 48grs	Smokeless.
J F Paddelford	L. C. Smith	Walsrode, 51grs.	Walsrode Special.

The score in full was as below:

GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1896, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

O R Dickey (29)	3413888133833455581314355322	—24
S Glover (30)	5244384122831442552232232	—24
G W Coulston (28)	4443841429544225211115444 2	—24
R O Heikes (20)	4558221453383411133115185	—24
F N Cooper (28)	4154114123334552141112332	—24
E F Thomas (28)	4283312854422223355451342	—24
G Cubberly (28)	3231445244343324433554321	—24
C von Lengerke (28)	5152221415145545451314422	—24
T J Elsy (28)	4243434525555333242345145	—24
B Leroy (28)	1225552321514323432255351 5	—23
J G Messner (29)	1441541412131545553535151	—23
N Apgar (30)	2523334453548455425452151	—23
J Hood (28)	2541434813513152345255324	—23
F Gilbert (31)	1144344229421532355531233 44	—23
B A Bartlett (28)	2155442431833421234234 34	—23
W C Price (28)	3452533444444433834433233	—23
B W Claridge (29)	3253121331411423543233123	—23
E M Cooper (28)	2353325234413321333411314	—23
E Hill (30)	3525552444232313323333554	—23
J F Paddelford (27)	3143532434535451351241 5341	—23
C Zwirlein (28)	1242433143144432131141254	—23
Dr Van Zile (28)	4244412344444443355555222	—21

O. R. DICKEY,

Winner of Grand American Handicap, 1896.

L T Duryea (30)	5322444141141514445211355	—21
F Emond (30)	5242442231442552484242444	—21
D A Upson (29)	5412211153483334141118241	—20
Dr G V Hudson (27)	2284312211183255484224 28	—19
E B Coe (28)	1141545541833255384231	—19
W S King (28)	2222552533333533513315332	—19
A W du Bray (28)	2514253425511342552321 81	—18
H White (28)	2324434129243151245442	—18
F Class (29)	4224145521145252254441	—18
J S Dustin (27)	3458422413425452284312	—18
A Woodruff (29)	3423251834523412154 82	—18
G A Winn (27)	2831214551235548532354	—18
E D Fulford (31)	3244233814141511351431	—18
G Wellington (29)	2322231125421214434	—17
W W Watson (28)	3214221353312915423 44	— 7
T W Morley (30)	3522445441224412132	—16
A S White (26)	3643524542114514225	—16
Old Hoss (27)	2254355221553544413 24	—16
F G Moore (28)	4541255332931241345 3	—16
M F Lindsley (27)	3111454431411112134	—15
M A Beers (27)	4214485432952224 35	—14
Jas Timmons (26)	4234344445241128 5	—13
B B Merrill (29)	2221814554552581	—13
W H Lair (26)	1515522143222244	—13
J vonLengerke (29)	1481433121221441	—13
H L Gates (26)	1144385443244433	—12
Eddie Morgan (27)	4343324145431 54	—12
H T Brown (26)	1244434511432 54	—12
J A Flick (26)	5542524135412 5	—11
M M Mayhew (26)	5485115233424 43	—11
E Burkhardt (27)	4225442254554 54	—11
B Phister (26)	4413223341452	—10
Fred Lucre (31)	5342415141253	—10
T W Latham (26)	2425444241154	—10
I G Knowlton (26)	2134214123242	—10
H S McPherson (27)	4432454251 23	— 9
G Corning, Jr (27)	3221534442334	— 9
R V Disbrow (26)	4233421535535	— 9
B F Smith (27)	3212215134 54	— 9
S Cunningham (27)	1411333554 42	— 8
R E Gray (26)	3445553541 3	— 8
A S Hunter (27)	3123532231 14	— 8
E W Price (26)	2141234345	— 8
Geo A Mosher (26)	2125455151 5	— 8
N H Astfalk (27)	2434413354 5	— 8
C R Wise (27)	1535211223	— 7
Paul I Clark (27)	4284443145	— 7
U M C Thomas (26)	1531541214	— 7
J A R Elliott (26)	4522424121	— 7
E B Harris (26)	2333533245	— 7
Irby Bennett (26)	8343334 54	— 6
G L Nicholls (26)	4423322531	— 6
J H Shaffer (27)	4243221231	— 6
W J Simpson (29)	5343324 14	— 6
J R Blamey (27)	1483341 5	— 5
E S Singleton (26)	1331523 32	— 5
E A Geoffroy (29)	4294432 31	— 5
W T Vincent (27)	4535545 53	— 5
Capt Money (26)	4253532 43	— 5
A Willey (30)	2342551 51	— 5
P Daly, Jr (23)	4544114	— 4
D M Porterfield (29)	2333224	— 4
W S Edey (28)	4131114	— 4
Smith Hill (28)	2115441	— 4
G M Height (27)	4123432	— 4

1 2 3 2 3 1 2
↙←←↑←↑↗
N E Money (28)....2 2 0 2 • 2 0 —4

3 2 3 2 1 3
↓↘↙↘↓↑
G S McAlpin (30)...2 2 0 • 2 0 —3

4 2 4 4 5 1
↖↘↙←↑↙
W H Green (28)....2 • 2 2 0 0 —3

5 3 4 3 5 1
↑↑↙→↗↗
James Loonie (27).0 2 1 2 0 0 —3

5 3 3 2 4 3
↗←—→↗
Wm Wagner (26)..2 • 1 0 2 0 —3

4 5 3 2 3 5
↙←↖↗↙↗
S D Burke (27).....0 2 1 0 1 0 —3

4 2 2 2 3 2
↑↖↖←↖↗
Wanda (25) ....2 2 • 0 1 0 —3

1 3 3 3 4 1
↙H↙↗←↗
P F McKeon (27)...0 2 2 0 2 0 —3

4 3 2 2 2 1
↖↗↓↖↖↖
Dr Weller (27)......0 0 2 0 2 • —2

4 2 4 2 2
↑↖↘↖↖
Annie Oakley (27)..2 0 1 • 0 —2

1 5 3 2 2
↘↗↑←↖
G E Greiff (29)......1 2 0 0 • —2

1 4 4 5 1
↘↗↘→↖
S J Heid (26) ....0 • 1 2 0 —2

3 4 3 1 2
↙↑↖↙↖
Frank Hyde (28)...0 2 2 0 • —2

5 4 4 2
↗↗↖↗
W G Clark (30).....0 • 1 0 —1

2 5 2 2
↖←⟷
Lloyd Taylor (26)..2 0 0 0 —1

2 2 3 2
↖←↙←
C B Lewis (27).....0 0 2 • —1

1 1 3
←←←
A Schmidt (26).....0 0 0 —0

Ties for cup on 24:

3 1 5 5 3 4
↓↗→↖↙↗
O R Dickey (29)....2 2 2 2 2 2

1 4 3 2 2 5 3 5 2 3 4 2 4 3 1
↙↙←↖→↖↑↘↖↙↑↙↑↖↑
S Glover (30)........2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2

3 2 5 5 1 4 2 2 1 2 3 3 1 4 1
↗←H↖↖↖H↖←↖↓↘↖↖↖
G W Coulston (28).2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 0

5 5 3 3 3
↑↖↙←↑
R O Heikes (30)....2 2 2 2 0

3 2 3 1
↑↖↖↖
F W Cooper (28)....2 2 2 •

1 2
↗↖
E F Thomas (28)....2 0

3 4 5 3 2 4 4 2 4 3
↖↑↑↖↑H←↗↖↖
F Cubberly (26).....0 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 1

5 5 2 3 4 3 3 1 3 1
⟷↖↖T↶↙↙↖
C von Lengerke (28)0 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 •

Ties on 23 for 9th to 14th moneys:

5 2 5 2 3 3 2 3 2 3 4 3 5 1 5
↙←↗↑⟷↗←H↖↖↘↖→
T J Eley (29)........1 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 1

3 4 4 5 2 4 3 5 1 5 1 3 1 4
⟵↗T↖↗←↑H↖→T→↑
B Leroy (28).......2 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 0

3 1 2 5 2 5 5 1 3 1
↗↖←↗↙↗↘↶↖↖
J G Messner (29)...1 3 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 •

3 5 2 3 3 5 2 4 4 3
⟷⟵↖↗↖→↖T
Neaf Apgar (30)....1 1 2 2 2 2 1 • 2

1 4 5 5 2 5 4 5 2
→↑T↙H↑↘↗↖
James Hood (28)...2 1 2 1 1 2 1 0 0

4 1 4 3 3 4
↑↖↗↖←↗
Fred Gilbert (31)...2 1 2 2 1 •

1 1 1
↖↑↖
B A Bartlett (28)...2 2 0

4 4
←↖
W C Price (28) 2 0

4
↑
B W Claridge (29)..0

3
↖
E Hill (30)..........0

5
↙
C Zwirlein (26)......0

5
↙
J F Paddelford (27).0

3
↑
E M Cooper (28)....•

MANY ENTRIES IN OTHER EVENTS.

The Nitro Powder Handicap and the Elkwood Park Introductory Sweepstake were both started on Tuesday morning, March 24, the first day of the tournament. As stated previously, the Nitro Powder Handicap, 15 live birds, $15, had 66 entries; the Elkwood Park Introductory, a 10-bird event, $10, had 73 entries. There were very few 15s in the Nitro Powder Handicap, but plenty of 14s, 13s and 12s. The scores in both these events are given below:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
J A R Elliott (32)	222222222122222—15	2212222222—10
D A Upson (29)	122122211222222—15	2122221022— 9
Capt A W Money (30)	1222222221•2022—13	2222222222—10
G A Mosher (26)	222102222202220—12	0000w
Dr Weller (27)	222221002022200—11	2102220022— 7
O R Dickey (29)	211•22022120222—12	2222102222— 9
Seth Clover (30)	222220•22221022—13	2022221222— 9
A P Pope (27)	221212201100202—11	2211121222—10
J D Cavanaugh (27)	111•21212202220—12	0020222212— 7
J F Paddelford (27)	211112112102222—14	2102222201— 8
T W Latham (28)	222111122221222—15	....
R O Heikes (30)	22222•22212222—14	0222222222— 9
Annie Oakley (27)	2•2022222222202—12	....
W T Vincent (27)	•22122221202022—12	0112122011— 8
F W Cooper (30)	001121221212112—14	2222221222— 8
G S McAlpin (30)	12112•2•112222—13	....
R R Merrill (29)	1112.2•11111222—14	2222022222— 9
S Cunningham (27)	1221121222•0210—12	2222222222—10
T W Morfey (30)	22222222?202222—14	2222222222—10
W S King (26)	122102411122122—14	2201212220— 8
H McPherson (27)	121122220212122—14	....
E C Burkhardt (27)	022021001102210— 9	0100022222— 6
F Emond (30)	22111022111212•—13	1222222210— 9
B F Smith (27)	2222222.2222222—15	2222202022— 8
W G Clark (30)	221222011122222—14	2221022211— 9
G Wellington (29)	222121222210202—13	2222222222—10
James Timmons (26)	11121112211 1•22—14	2122222212—10
F Class (32)	221220220222002—11	2222022220— 8
W Wagner (26)	1102122•111212—13	0102221111— 8
G W Coulston (28)	012222221222112—14	2020120222— 7
M M Mayhew (28)	021222222202012—12	1212012122— 9
W W Bennett (29)	2222•2222122201—13	2202022222— 8
G Cubberly (28)	12•221•22111112—13	2221212101— 9
A W du Bray (28)	210222212200102—11	0122020122— 8
E Morgan (27)	2220•010w.	1222222002— 8
James Hood (28)	102111•111•1112—12	....
T J Eley (29)	112211202111212—14	2202222212— 9
R Phister (28)	112221222020222—13	2122002222— 8
A S White (26)	112•01222012200—10	2220220112— 8
F Gilbert (31)	011•22200122112—11	2122221112—10
J G Messner (29)	122121222222210—14	2211222222—10
H T Brown (26)	221222122222222—15	....
J A Flick (26)	121222112102010—12	0012211022— 8
B Leroy (28)	222222222222202—14	2202222212— 9
B A Bartlett (29)	220222112222221—14	2222122212—10
W W Watson (28)	221112022221222—14	0222222211— 9
W W Lent (27)	222222220222202—13	....
F Lucre (31)	222222022222222—14	0222222222— 9
E B Harris (26)	122222220222220—13	....
G H Piercy (28)	2022210202222•21—11	2222222022— 9
W H Green (28)	1122002122•0120—10	0122220202— 7
D M Porterfield (29)	222221112012212—14	2220000w
B W Claridge (29)	22222122222•2222—14	2222222221—10
F G Moore (28)	22202222•022222—13	2222022222— 9
E D Fulford (31)	121202121222202—13	2211211100— 8
L Taylor (26)	122111021112221—14	....
W J Simpson (26)	222222222222•22—14	....
E Hill (30)	220202022222222—12	2222022221— 9
S Glover (30)	120112221222122—14	2222220221— 9
A Willey (30)	222222222222222—15	2222222222—10
H C White (28)	221112011211012—13	....
E S Singleton (28)	222222200022221—10	2222222220— 9
P Daly, Jr (28)	220202221222022—12	1210212222— 9
C Zwirlein (28)	222221202122222—14	2222021222— 9
Old Hoss (27)	212022120112212—13	....
G A Winn (27)	2212222•2222222—14	0022022222— 7
H S Welles (27)	2•222•22022222—12	....
T H Keller		0222122012— 8
Capt Jones		2122122222—10
W F Quimby		2012220222— 8
G Corning, Jr		2222200022— 7
Wanda		0002021200— 4
W H Conklin		2200102220— 6
Neaf Apgar		1210221121— 9
U M C		0011020102— 5
C von Lengerke		0102222022— 7
L D Thomas		0102122220— 7
G Davis		0221222221— 9
J G Knowlton		2220222222— 9
H L Gates		2011222022— 8
M F Lindsley		2202222022— 8
E W Price		2222102222— 9
E M Cooper		2222222010— 8
J von Lengerke		2111022221— 9
L Schortemeier		1222102022 – 8
E S Rice		2020200202— 5

OTHER EVENTS ON THE THIRD DAY.

So many shooters having dropped out of the Grand American Handicap, Manager Shaner decided to shoot off as many of the programme events as possible on the third day of the shoot (Thursday, March 26), utilizing the No. 3 set of traps for that purpose.

He commenced with the Branchport Sweepstakes, 7 birds, $5, birds extra, three high guns, 30yds. rise everybody. This event had forty-four entries, ten of whom scored their 7 birds and divided the purse. The Sportsmen's Handicap, 7 birds, $5, birds extra, was, as its name implies, a handicap affair, the figures that follow the names in the score referring only to this event. There were forty-seven shooters in all, ten of whom, as in the Branchport Sweepstakes, scored all their birds and divided the pot.

Three miss-and-outs were also shot on this day, No. 2 set of traps being pressed into service after the completion of the 24th round of the big event. The entries were few in number, the chief interest centering in the ultimate possession of the cup that went to the winner of the Grand American Handicap.

No. 1, $5 entrance: Bones and Capt. Money 3, Bonday and Lucre 2, Morfey 1.

No. 2, same: Bones and W. S. Edey 10, Bonday 9, Lucre 7, Porterfield 5, Money and Morfey 4, Fulford 1.

No. 3, same, 26 entries: Upson, Wellington, Lucre, Edey, Greiff, Woodruff, Merrill and Shaffer 7 (divided), Fulford 7, H. T. Brown 6, Gates and Hill 5, Capt. Money 4, Morgan, N. E. Money, Burkhardt and Bonday 3, Clark and King 2, Coe, Old Hoss and Corning 1, Daly, McPherson, Smith and Morfey 0

The scores made in the Branchport Sweepstakes and the Sportsmen's Handicap follow:

	Branchport Sweepstakes.	Sportsmen's Handicap.
B F Smith (27)	2222222—7	20
E A Geoffroy (29)	221212•	2220
G Nichols	2210	......
G E Greiff	10	22220
L D Thomas (27)	•	122120
W S Edey (28)	22220	20
S J Heid (26)	2222222—7	220
E C Burkhardt (27)	220	0
H McPherson (27)	222220	2220
F Lucre (31)	222220	0
E D Fulford (31)	1121211—7	0
J H Shaffer (27)	10	220
P I Clark (27)	1222222—7	2212222—7
W H Green	220	....
D M Porterfield (29)	1110	1212111—7
C E Bonday (27)	2212210	2222220
Smith Hill (28)	2120	20
P Daly, Jr (28)	1222222—7	2220
M M Mayhew (28)	0	2220
T W Morfey (30)	2220	2222222—7
E Morgan (27)	120	1
J A Flick (26)	0	220
J G Knowlton	122220	....
Capt Money (29)	0	2222221—7
W G Clark (30)	2111211—7	220
H L Gates	2222220	....
E Hill (30)	122220	220
G E Loeble	0	....
W S King (26)	21220	2211122—7
G A Hopper	0	....
F G Moore (26)	2222120	20
M F Lindsley (27)	0	20
G Wellington	20	....
J Cavanaugh (27)	0	1212222—7
A P Pope (27)	221120	2111221—7
Fred Gilbert	212220	....
Neaf Apgar	0	....
J S Duston (27)	2122221—7	2212111—7
R E Gray	2221222—7	....
F J Paddleford (27)	210	2210
G A Winn (27)	2220	20
R R Merrill (29)	1222112—7	20
A Woodruff	10	....
C Zwirlein (28)	2212122—7	22220
F Emond (30)	....	2120
Old Hoss (27)	....	•
Annie Oakley (27)	....	22•
E B Coe (26)	....	2120
N E Money (28)	....	2222220
M A Beers (27)	....	20
D A Upson (29)	....	2211222—7
H T Brown (26)	....	2222220
Jas Timmons (26)	....	0
G Corning, Jr (27)	....	2211222—7
G L Nichols (26)	....	22220
H L King (26)	....	22120
M Herrington (27)	....	0
B W Claridge (29)	....	220

A DAY OF EXTRA EVENTS.

Friday, March 27, was just such a day as one would have asked for if fast birds were a desideratum. The change in the temperature from the spring-like weather of Thursday to the midwinter chilliness of to-day was only another proof of the fickleness of this northern climate during the month of March. A gale from the northwest swept across Elkwood Park, finding its way under the tails of the birds and lifting them off the traps as fast as the quickest shot could have wanted. The birds were corkers and the shooters who put in an appearance enjoyed themselves to the utmost as long as the birds held out.

Two miss-and-outs, $2 entrance, were decided, the first having seventeen entries and the second twenty-one, just a nice number, making the pot large enough and giving everybody a chance to shoot. The results in these events were as follows:

No. 1: E. W. Price, G. A. Winn, Eddie Hill, Fred Gilbert and G. Wellington 4 (divided); E. D. Fulford, G. Cubberly and A. P. Pope 3; J. G. Messner 2; B. F. Smith, C. Zwirlein and H. T. Brown 1; E. C. Burkhardt, B. W. Claridge, J. H. Shaffer, W. C. Price and W. S. King 0.

No. 2: B. F. Smith, P. Daly, Jr., H. T. Brown and G. Cubberly 6 (divided); B. W. Claridge, Fred. Gilbert and C. Zwirlein 5; W. G. Price 4; E. D. Fulford 3; H. S. McPherson, Old Hoss, W. S. King, E. W. Price and T. W. Morfey 2; J. Shaffer, E. C. Burkhardt and G. A. Winn 1; J. G. Messner, E Hill, G. Wellington and A. P. Pope 0.

This last event brought to a close the Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap tournament of 1896, the birds having given out. From all that we have written on the subject, the success of this meeting can easily be grasped. It was the greatest event in live-bird circles ever held in this country and, given fine weather instead of 5 or 6in. of snow, there would have been no hitch in the carrying out of the programme. Of course the extremely large number of entries, a number totally unexpected up to the last day for receiving entries, had a great deal to do with the elimination of several events from the programme. The snowfall, however, coming as it did on Monday morning and causing a complete change in the plans for shooting off the Grand American Handicap, must be taken into consideration by everybody who feels at all inclined to criticise the management of the Grand American Handicap at Elkwood Park.

"PIGEONWINGS."

Old Hoss is a happy man, although he did not get just what he went to Elkwood Park for. He was the first to enter for the Grand American Handicap, and he wanted to be the first to the score and the first to drop out. "I always want to be first in everything," said he, adding, "I left Pittsburg with a bunch of stogies, a box of matches, a quart and two shells; they've finished the quart, taken my matches, smoked nearly all my stogies and now some one has stolen one of those shells! How can I win the Grand American?" Still he stayed till the 19th round, having two of his three lost birds drop dead out of bounds, and making a run of 15 straight after losing his 2d and 3d birds.

Art, the Pittsburg setter, the property of Harry Vandergrift, and Milo, Vone Emmons's Irish setter from Long Branch, divided the honors in the retrieving line. Art and Bill McCrickart can come pretty near to running a shoot themselves.

One of the surprises of the shoot was the dropping out of Bill Clark at the end of the 4th round. At the tournament of the Cobweb Gun Club on the previous Friday and Saturday he scored 48 out of 51, making a clean score of 29 on the Friday.

Of the two scratch men, Class and Elliott, Class lasted the longest, not dropping out until the 21st round. Elliott fell by the wayside at an early hour, losing his 6th, 9th and 10th birds, the latter falling dead out of bounds.

Annie Oakley was not in her true form. She has shown time and again in the past that she could handle a gun with some of our best shots. She is now much in need of practice, and unquestionably feels the effects of the exhibition work she did while with the Wild West show. In all other respects Annie Oakley is the same as ever and just as popular as she always was.

B. W. Claridge, of Baltimore, Md., was looked upon by many as very liable to cause trouble for anyone who was after the cup. Up to the 21st round he killed all his birds, not scoring a loss until that round. In the 8th round he knocked down a bird and the dog was sent for it; the dog did not see the bird and hunted everywhere except in the vicinity of the pigeon. A man with a switch in his hand went out and called the dog to him, drawing its attention to the bird by pointing a stick at it; this was too much for the pigeon, which rose and fluttered over the boundary. Referee Wallack, a brother-in-law of the late John S. Hoey, and a thoroughly impartial judge, decided that Claridge should have another bird on the ground that the man's actions scared the bird out, adding that in his opinion the bird could have been gathered. This we take it was a perfectly correct decision, and outside of the fact that a referee's decision is final left no ground for any protest such as we understand was made.

Milt and Wanda won't forget their reception by the shooters of the North. If they have left New Jersey for Ohio, they are well aware by this time that New Yorkers and New Jerseymen do not possess short memories.

It is hard to say which was the most pleased man at the outcome of the big event—Dickey or Du Bray. Dickey won the cup, it is true, but Du Bray rejoiced because a Parker gun was once more to the fore in this event. Last year it was a Parker gun and Du Pont; this year it was a Parker gun and E. C.

Rolla Heikes kept pumping the birds out of the air with a regularity that made many bank on a 25 straight from him. Then came that bird in the 20th round which "flew de coop."

Sim Glover, the second man in the race, shot a 12-gauge Parker, having long since discarded his 10-gauge that caused the boys so much trouble at the tournaments in years past. Sim says now that the man who shoots a 10-gauge instead of a 12 is hardly right in his head.

Carl von Lengerke seemed to have a cinch on the cup when Claridge lost his 21st bird; it was hard luck for Carl to see his bird go out of bounds before dropping to the ground. He shot well in this race, scoring 33 out of 35, two of his lost birds falling dead out of bounds.

B. A. Bartlett made his first appearance in a tournament of any size since he joined the ranks of Winchester experts; 23 out of 25, one dead out, is a pretty fair record for anybody on the class of birds furnished for the Grand American Handicap.

The Pittsburg contingent was a strong one, comprising as it did such shots as Messner, W. S. King, Old Hoss, Harry Vandergrift (McPherson), John Shaffer and H. T. Brown; Alex King's absence was a cause of much regret to the Smoky City team. Brown was an unknown quantity until this shoot, having done very little live-bird shooting in his career. His work toward the close of the week showed that he can point his gun just about right.

U. M. C. Thomas made his debut as a live-bird shooter at this meeting. U. M. C. doesn't think live birds are quite as easy as targets, but says that he could make quite a score with a little more practice. Thomas is about our size now: if he needs practice we can tell him where he can get it. He attributed his lost birds to his trying to count, while at the score, his company's shells, which were scattered all over the place.

Ernest F. Thomas, known as Denver Thomas to distinguish him from U. M. C. of that name, was right in it again this year, scoring 24 out of 25. Last year he did the same thing, going straight until the twenty-second round; his mark then was 27yds.; this year it was 28yds.

A complete list of the shells used by those who took part in the Grand American Handicap shows that out of 104 shooters about 90 used shells manufactured by the U. M. C. Company, of Bridgeport, Conn. Is there any wonder that U. M. C. lost his three birds so early in the race?

Just before leaving Pittsburg, Pa., to attend the Grand American Handicap, John G. Messner, last year's winner, was greatly surprised by a visit from a number of his friends and business acquaintances. These gentlemen called on him for the purpose of presenting him with a token of their esteem of him as a man and as a good shot. The token was in the shape of a remarkably handsome diamond badge that cost $250, and a round trip ticket from Pittsburg to New York. It is unnecessary to state that Messner is very proud of it.

EDWARD BANKS.

Answers to Correspondents.

B. F. C., Jr.—Send your address to the editor of the trap department.

C. N. K., Hartford, Conn.—The canoe-yawl could be built for about $400, with sails and all rigging. You can return paper.

J. S. D., Bethlehem, Pa.—Working drawings of several sizes of house-boats will be found in the FOREST AND STREAM, April 13-20, 1893.

H. J. B., St. Johnsbury, Vt.—We have published lines of many catboats and flat-bottomed boats, and can furnish back numbers of most of them.

H. H., St. Augustine, Fla.—Defender is not an extreme fin-keel, but approaches the type very closely, and her lead is similar to the bulb of a fin-keel boat

O. B. J., Orion, Ill.—My English setter is very thin and his hair is red or rusty under his belly and thighs, but the latter has mostly disappeared now, though he is still very poor after having fed him well for over a month. He scratches himself a good deal and urinates often. I think he has worms. Ans.—Treat for worms. Give him two teaspoonfuls of syrup of hypophosphites with three drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic three times a day. Feed well. Wash him once a week in a 3 per cent. solution of creoline.